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EDINBURGH REVIEW,
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FOR
OCT. 1836 . . JAN. 1837.

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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1836.

N^o. CXXIX.

ART. I.—*Sir Thomas Browne's Works, including his Life and Correspondence.* Edited by SIMON WILKIN, F.L.S. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

THE name of Sir Thomas Browne is one of considerable importance in the history of English literature. His writings made a strong impression in his own time, and they still command, among all who turn for inspiration and delight to our earlier authors, a vivid admiration. Johnson has been his biographer; Coleridge and Hazlitt his critics: but we are yet without any dispassionate estimate of his works; or any clear analysis of the texture and character of his mind. The hard sense of Johnson was not calculated to enter into the visionary and ecstatic enthusiasm of the Knight of Norwich; nor did his critical canons furnish him with an adequate rule whereby to test a philosophy that had nothing of the severity of logic, or a style which did not derive its singular beauties from the methodical correctness of its arrangement, or the regular cadence of its periods. Johnson never once appears to be alive to the *poetry* of Browne, whether as exhibited in his diction or his thoughts. He never examines, much less accounts for, the startling phenomena of an intellect that reconciled so many extremes—in some things so devout, in others so sceptical. The sturdy rejector of ‘vulgar errors’ was yet the credulous believer in witchcraft; and the philosopher, who ‘had of the earth such a minute and exact geographical knowledge, as if he had been by Divine Providence ordained surveyor-general of the whole terrestrial orb,’*

* Some Minutes for the Life of Sir Thomas Browne. By John Whitefoot, M.A., reprinted in Johnson's Life.

could pause amidst his gravest chapters to notice the old story in *Ælian* about *Æschylus* and the eagle, as an argument against the system of *Copernicus*.* Johnson acknowledges Browne to have been a very eminent man; but it is principally to his erudition that the homage is rendered. Of his style, the author of *Rasselas* says, 'it strikes, but does not please . . . His tropes 'are harsh, and his combinations uncouth.' The Doctor allows that he has 'great excellences,' as well as 'great faults.' But what these excellences are, is very unsatisfactorily explained by antitheses applied principally to mere diction; or praises like the following:—'His innovations are sometimes pleasing, and his 'temerities happy.' And when the Doctor very sensibly observes that 'it is on his own writings that Browne is to depend for the 'esteem of posterity,' we are scarcely prepared for this saving sentence—'of which he will not easily be deprived while *learning* 'shall have any reverence among men.' Learning Browne certainly had—learning vast and varied. But his learning forms a very small part of his claims upon the attention of posterity; and, had he only that merit to depend upon, we suspect that Mr Wilkin would not have employed nearly twelve years of his life on the present edition of Browne's works, nor ourselves have willingly devoted twelve pages to his memory. A reader even superficially acquainted with Sir Thomas Browne, will be amused to perceive the uneasy pains with which the grave lexicographer endeavours to tame down the wild and eccentric subject upon which he had fallen, to his own level of probable motives and ordinary conduct. He is convinced that the first surreptitious edition of the *Religio Medici* 'was conveyed to the press 'by a distant hand,' so that the circulation of a false copy might be an excuse for publishing the true; and then gently moralizes upon a fraud which he himself invents, as 'inimical to the confidence which makes the happiness of society.' Undoubtedly, the stratagem supposed by Johnson has been practised by some authors; but one more egregiously foreign to the majestic self-esteem of Browne, or more contradicted by all internal evidence, could not well have occurred to the ingenuity of conjecture. When, in the spirit of his gorgeous and Platonic mysticism,

* 'It is no small disparagement unto baldness, if it be true what is related by *Ælian* concerning *Æschylus*, whose bald pate was mistaken for a rock, and so was brained by a tortoise which an eagle let fall on it. Some men, critically disposed, would from hence confute the opinion of *Copernicus*, never conceiving how the motion of the earth below should not wave him from a knock perpendicularly directed from a body in the air above.'—BROWNE'S *Works*, Vol. III. p. 365.

Browne asserts that 'his life has been a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not history, but a piece of poetry,' Johnson can only observe, that 'a man may visit France and Italy, reside at Montpellier and Padua, and at last take his degree at Leyden, without any thing miraculous.' He fairly confesses that he believes there is no hope of guessing rightly at the signification of this arrogant boast; and then proceeds himself to guess that it is but the conclusion at which every human being, if he had leisure and disposition to recollect his thoughts and actions, might arrive.

If Johnson, from want of sympathy with the Abstract and the Visionary, gives no satisfactory analysis of Browne as an author and a man, Coleridge and Hazlitt, unfitted for the task by a fault precisely the reverse, do not appear to us to supply the deficiency. Hazlitt himself has disposed of the remarks of his eloquent contemporary with concise and summary justice. But when he favours us with his own definitions, it is not Browne criticised, but Browne imitated. Deep calleth unto deep. The Obscure of the author is elucidated by the Unintelligible of the commentator. What can we possibly learn of Browne by being told that 'the antipodes are next door neighbours to him, and 'doomsday is not far off;' 'that nature is too little for the 'grasp of his style—that it is as if his books had dropped from 'the clouds, or Friar Bacon's head could speak.* If the 'romantic prettinesses' of Coleridge have not thrown much light upon the subject, certainly no better success has attended the cloudy metaphors and colossal conceits of Hazlitt.

We had hoped that an edition professing to contain so complete a collection of the works of so singular an author—an edition which, as already mentioned, occupied the labours of the editor for nearly twelve years—would have supplied the want of which we complain;—filled up an important gap in historical criticism;—and presented the general reader with a clear and elaborate view of the merits and peculiarities of one, nor the least, of those gigantic writers, who conducted the progress of language and of mind through that memorable interval which, commencing with the solemn and imperial-pomp of Bacon, closes with the stern simplicity of Locke. This task has not, however, been included in the designs of the editor. He has attached, indeed, to the biography by Johnson a supplementary memoir, which exhibits great research and care, and furnishes us with some novel information. But what we principally desired is still wanting. We confess we

* Hazlitt's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, p. 293.

do not very greatly care whether the Christian name of Browne's father-in-law was Sir Ralph or Sir Thomas; nor are we highly interested in the information afforded to the worthy editor by 'Augustus Brigstocke, Esq. of Blaenpant, county Cardigan,'—that 'Anne, sixth daughter of Dr Edward Browne (eldest son of Sir Thomas), had no children.' These, and other matters of genealogical knowledge, furnished to us by the industry of the editor, we think might have been advantageously exchanged for an enlightened criticism of the author's works, and a searching and candid appreciation of his intellectual character; assisted by such evidence as may be collected from his own correspondence, and the testimony of his contemporaries. But to this negative complaint, not of what he has done, but what he has omitted, we confine our animadversions on Mr Wilkin's execution of his pleasing duty. He has enriched this edition not only with some of Browne's miscellaneous essays hitherto unpublished, but with a mass of interesting and valuable correspondence; and in this he has provided many materials for the task, which too modestly he has declined himself to accomplish.

Thomas Browne, descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, was born 1605, educated at Winchester and Oxford, took his degree of master of arts, practised physic in Oxfordshire, travelled into Ireland, thence into France, Italy, and Holland, obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, and settled as a physician at Shipden Hall, near Halifax. So far there is nothing peculiar in what we know of his history. His record is not in restless actions, but in adventurous and roving thoughts. He wrote a book, and his true history began. This work, entitled *Religio Medici* (the Religion of a Physician), lay for several years unknown to the public. The writer professed to consider it but an exercise to himself, 'contrived in his private study;' and not intended for publication. There is no reason to dispute the assertion. But it was shown to friends—it was transcribed by admirers—and in the seventh or eighth year after its composition, an anonymous and very incorrect edition of it found its way into the press. It attracted, at its first appearance, the attention of the subtlest minds. Sir Kenelm Digby reviewed it for the satisfaction of my Lord Dorset. The author acknowledged and revised it—edition followed edition—annotators enriched, scholars translated it. Some found the author an atheist, others a Catholic. Alexander Ross sought to crush it with a hostile reply; Levin Nicol von Moltke, to bury it with notes; Guy Patin speaks of the impression it made in Paris;—confesses the book has *gentilles choses*, but doubts its orthodoxy, and half regrets the man is alive, 'because he may grow worse, not better:' Buddeus reviled all

physicians, in wrath at the impiety of the English doctor; while, with greater justice, Conringius fervently wished every theologian was as pious. Thomas Browne, the obscure practitioner, rose at once to a level with the most famous wits, and the most erudite dreamers of the time. In the interval between the composition and the formal publication of this remarkable work, the young physician had married the daughter of a Norfolk gentleman, and settled at Norwich. Four years after its publication appeared the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or 'Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors,' a work of brilliant learning and consummate ingenuity. Browne's name was now established. Scholars pressed on him their correspondence upon subjects the most various; criticisms and encomiums were showered upon his head; and, at last, as a climax or a bathos to his career, he was knighted at Oxford, by Charles the Second.

The most remarkable of Browne's subsequent works are 'The Garden of Cyrus, or The *Quincuncial Lozenge*, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered;' and '*Hydriotaphia*; Urn Burial, or a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns found in Norfolk.' In his miscellaneous tracts, as throughout his whole correspondence, may be found proofs of his grasping and inquisitive mind, his multiform and copious knowledge; but on the four works enumerated, viz.—The *Religio Medici*, the Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, the Garden of Cyrus, and the Urn Burial, rest his fame as a writer of extraordinary powers of thought and language. It is the general characteristics of these writings that we propose briefly to examine.

It seems to us that a principal error of those who have bewildered themselves and their readers in endeavouring to describe and dissect the genius of Browne,—who have been so much at a loss to account for its singularities and contradictions, and who have only attempted to seize its subtle spirit in meshes of antithesis and hyperbole,—arises from this cause: they have regarded the man apart from his age—they have set him up as a moral curiosity, who thought 'that the proper object of speculation was 'by darkening knowledge to breed speculation,' and who 'loved 'to converse chiefly with the spectral apparitions of things'—they have thought (and what is worse, written) of a man living in the seventeenth century as if he were living in our own day,—as if he *voluntarily* adopted the strange errors, and, from irresistible temperament, combined the motley paradoxes they find in him,—as if he insisted upon 'rounding' every study with a 'dream,' and losing every fancy in a labyrinth. The result of this view is, that they have represented a very enlightened and

studious man as a rare and incomprehensible anomaly that never existed out of Laputa, and had no archetype except in that illustrious philosopher who passed his time extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

But the moment we begin to look around us—to contemplate the literary character of the time—to compare the psychological nature of the man with that of his contemporaries, the mystery dies away; the marvellous fades into sober colours; and Sir Thomas Browne, like most other men of genius, is but an author of great imagination and original habits of thought and study, reflecting back upon us the fantastic light that he received from the influences that gathered and played around him. In the earlier stages of the literature of a nation, the demarcations between Prose and Poetry are comparatively faint and confused. The prodigal superstitions, the credulous errors, from which men emerge into the dawn of truth, still linger around the footsteps of the hardiest adventurers. They enter the domains of Reason guided by the Imagination, and carry not only the language, but the temperament of poetry into the severest provinces of prose. Whoever looks into our own early literature will find a strong illustration of this general truth. When, fresh from the giant impulse of the Reformation, the intellect of England broke forth under Elizabeth, a variety of causes combined to quicken and exalt the imagination. The defiance of Rome,—the discovery of America,—the effects of the Press,—the almost simultaneous burst of the Greek, the Roman, the Italian poetry upon the wonder and emulation of men, born precisely at an age when thought was most broadly and deeply agitated by political circumstances—were not events that tended to divide the poet from the philosopher. On the contrary, no channel of research, however guarded and fenced about, could resist the rush of the great deeps, so universally broken up. Poetry flowed into every course, and sparkled upon every wave, in which men could launch what Bacon has so nobly called the ‘ships of time.’ The Greek and Italian authors exercised to the utmost the strength of the language to find adequate translation for their unfamiliar beauties—a profusion of new words and new combinations was the result of the new ideas—the nervous and concise Saxon style became gorgeous with foreign riches, while its periods grew long and stately to the swell of a borrowed music, and, oppressed with their own triumphs, marched, laden and encumbered, amidst the spoils of nations. Whoever turns from Chaucer and his earlier successors to the literature of Elizabeth and James, will see how completely the revolution, produced in great measure by translations, had changed the genius of the language from the

simple to the splendid. The wonderful translation of the Bible familiarized the ear to, and coloured the language with, the expressions of the East. The Reformation was our Pisis-tratus—the translation of the Bible was our Homer. A new inspiration and a new audience were produced; for the most popular book in England was the most glorious poetry in the world.

To the sacred volume—which, in a form at once popular yet sublime, was brought home to every man's breast—succeeded the marvels of classical invention. The gigantic images of Homer—the royal majesty of Virgil—were contrasted, or wildly amalgamated, with the chivalrous grotesque of Ariosto, the adventures of Tancred, the enchanted gardens of Armida. Even in history—the boasted province of Fact—the fictitious embellishment was the first imparted to the popular mind of England; and the romances of Plutarch were cherished and admired long before our ancestors appreciated the grave profundity of Thucydides—the tragic epigram of Tacitus.

These importations were hailed with the delight of novel impressions. Of acquisitions so important a scholar could not but parade his knowledge; quotations, and allusions, and authorities crowded his pages and guided his conclusions. He did not only quote his authors, he believed in them. He supported an axiom out of Plutarch or Ælian. If he could have written a treatise upon the doctrine that two and two make four, he would have been enchanted to find a passage in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* to authorize the proposition. What coloured his thoughts animated his style. Living amidst poetry, its soil clung to his steps whenever he walked abroad. His disquisitions required but rhyme to become poems. To say nothing of the 'Arcadia' of Sir Philip Sidney, the exceeding popularity of which attests the taste of those scholastic coteries that then constituted 'THE PUBLIC;' we have only to open the 'Advancement of Learning,' to see how the attic bees clustered above the cradle of the new Philosophy. Poetry pervaded the thoughts; it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of 'the wisest of mankind.' A very masculine sense—a very observant and inductive mind, in Bacon, prevented the imagination getting the better of the reason; and to those natural gifts must be added the sobering effect of an early entrance into life—the dry pursuits of law and politics—and a vast practical knowledge of mankind. But the sense of Bacon was not exempt from the prejudices, any more than his style was devoid of the poetry, of the time. He who wrote the *Novum Organum* did not disbelieve in witchcraft. In fact, as some kings have transmitted to posterity,

in their single person, the image and representative of all that is glorious in an age, so James the First, not as a monarch but a student, embodied all of his own time—except the glory; he had the learning and the pedantry—he had not the genius; he had an unlimited credulity, and an insatiable appetite for the marvellous;—he had the notion that in apophthegms, and aphorisms, and historical fables, and poetical maxims lay the craft of government, and the philosophy of experience; he quoted all the Latin he could remember; and he believed unhesitatingly in ghosts and witches. All these were not the peculiarities of James I.; they were the characteristics of the great bulk of English scholars in his time. It was reserved for a vicious and degenerate period to correct the literary faults of a virtuous and a great one. There are two cures to the errors that belong to superstition;—one is the influence of an experimental philosophy, another is that of a gay and polite scepticism. Perhaps the wit and the ease, the profligacy and *insouciance* of the court of Charles II. did as much as causes more solemn and acknowledged, to counteract the old Gothic superstition; and the light hand of court poets and court freethinkers brushed away from the page of philosopher and poet the clinging devotion of the old belief, and the gorgeous pedantry of the old expressions. The short and clear succinctness of the French diction began to break up the colossal sentences of the earlier English. The petulant and lively spirit of French disquisition began to undermine the bastions and outworks, with which men had fenced round the citadels of their faith. Time in its usual progress, and the mighty events of the Civil War, had raised up new generations of thoughtful and anxious men; who, by combining research with practical ends, took Philosophy out of the fairy meads in which, with dreams peopling every tree, she had so long wandered. To a small and scholastic, well-born and accomplished tribunal of readers, succeeded a large and miscellaneous and sturdy Public. A popular style, and popular subjects, were necessary to ensure popular favour; gradually our literature lost its euphuism, and went back to something of its Saxon origin. It was not for gallant and graceful nobles, intoxicated with the Italian Helicon, and ‘enamelling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold,’*—neither was it for clerkly and enthusiastic students, making their memory the museum for all antiquities, that Locke wove his plain and unembellished periods. It was in the wide circle of a stern and a practical public, that he found

* Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

space to wield the iron-flail that demolished those stately and glittering errors, which, in a preceding generation, were the idols of the wise. But while a growing people became the audience of the philosopher, who shall say how far a licentious court, with which nothing was too sacred for a jest, prepared the way for his opinions. The Rochesters were the pioneers of the Lockes.

But it was before this second Revolution began—it was while, indeed, the fashion of composition, at once pedantic and poetical, which characterised the reign of James, was daily growing more pedantic and more poetical under that of his unfortunate son, till it found its euthanasia amidst the Latian flowers with which Milton crowned and buried it, that Sir Thomas Browne received his intellectual education and lavished its fruits. Though he lived on amidst the wits and freethinkers of the time of Charles II., ‘he wore the cloke and bootes’ of the old style. He probably read little of the works of his younger contemporaries; for in his correspondence he scarcely observes upon what made the current literature of his day. Even *Hudibras*,—the opinions, the learning, the humour of which must have been delightful to his taste,—appears only to draw from him an erudite comment upon the antiquity of burlesque poems.* He seems more at home with *Hipponactes* than with Samuel Butler. He continued to the last to live apart and aloof, amongst his ancient authors, and his quaint but sublime thoughts;—a scholar by habit, a philosopher by boast, and a poet by nature.

Viewing Browne, then, in this light, associated with such of his contemporaries as were similarly educated, placed, and influenced, the more startling contradictions in his intellectual character are easily solved. It is true, that with a luminous understanding, and a cautious and, in some respects, sceptical mind, he believed in witchcraft. But so did others, with even broader views and acuter comprehension. Bacon, but little his senior in time, and far less inclined by temper to revere ancient belief erroneously propped on Scriptural authorities, was no wiser upon this point. The marvellous so largely entered into the temperament of every scholar, that if checked in one channel, it was sure to cast its humours through another. Sir Kenelm Digby, who gravely argues against astrology, believed the wonderful effects of sympathetic powders—is respectfully doubtful of chiromancy—but persuaded that ‘at the approach of the murderer, the slain body suddenly bleeds again.’ If, when asked by ‘My Lord Chief Baron,’ whether the fits of an old woman were from disease

* See *Works*, Vol. IV., 253.

or the Devil, Sir Thomas Browne answered, that 'they were heightened by the Devil co-operating with the malice of the 'witches,' we are not to find his excuse in Dr Aiken's slovenly dogma, that in his mind 'fancy and feeling were predominant over 'judgment,' nor to adopt all the fantastic apologies of pseudo-metaphysical admirers. His excuse was in the trial itself—in a Lord Chief Baron (who, much more a man of the world than the studious physician, should have been a much deeper philosopher in such a case) putting the question, and summing the evidence—in a jury of twelve men finding a verdict of guilty. There was nothing in Browne's genius nor in his studies,—we do not say that should have rendered him wiser than Bacon,—but wiser than twelve Englishmen, with a Lord Chief Baron to boot, upon a matter of witchcraft, then almost a matter of religion. Nay, his very learning only plunged him deeper into error; since it supplied his memory with all past instances of witchcraft, sacred and profane, and even assured him 'there had 'been a great discovery of witches lately in Denmark!' Still less can we wonder at the Knight's leaning towards astrology; or (with Newton, equally cautious as bold, in our recollection) at an amusing curiosity about the philosophers' stone. The truth of the saying of Luther, that 'the human mind is like a drunken peasant on 'horseback—set him up on one side and he falls on the other,' is startlingly visible, if applied to the giants of the past when examined by the merest pigmies of the present. The great men who have lived before us have lighted us from their knowledge to a survey of their follies. While we breathe and move, while we imagine and invent, we ourselves are laying up new stores for the ridicule of posterity. Who knows but what the present struggle against the principle known to all other states, that the majority of a people should have an interest in the Church for which they pay—who knows but what that struggle, which divides a senate, and menaces a constitution, may seem hereafter as great an absurdity as the trial of an old woman for witchcraft? And who knows whether the denial of that principle, with all the immorality, and wrath, and violence, and bloodshed it occasions, may not appear as barbarous a profanation of religion, and as grievous a blot on humanity? Tithes are in the Bible, but so are witches. Piety demanded once a Rathcormac for women who rode on broomsticks—piety demands a Rathcormac now for Catholics who refuse to pay tithes. The Law was the Law in both; the Gospel in both the pretext; perhaps in both our descendants may find the true apology in THE TIME!

Like his contemporaries, Browne's thoughts were strongly

steeped in a passion for the marvellous and recondite; like his contemporaries, he was a reverent and enthusiastic scholar; and with his contemporaries he shared also the redundant periods—the florid diction—the exuberant poetry, which were thought to give classic beauty and importance to prose. How much in these latter attributes he resembled the greatest of his coevals may be seen on comparison with Jeremy Taylor and Milton. When all that belongs to poetry, except the rhythm, glowed from the sober pulpit, or found its melodious way into the ungenial and angry elements of political dispute, or theological dissertation, there is no reason why critics should be so amazed to behold it bright and living in the pages of enthusiastic reverie, or ideal contemplation. This poetical spirit pervaded the reasoning, as well as the expressions, of the writers of that time. When Jeremy Taylor wishes to prove the insensible progress of ‘a man’s life and reason,’ he does not set about it by a syllogism, but a picture. He is not contented with a simple illustration—he raises up an elaborate landscape. ‘As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of Heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and, by and by, gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God, and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers;—even so is a man’s reason and his life!’

It is in the same poetical spirit of *painting* thoughts, that Browne often conveys to us his meaning. Thus, at the close of his ‘Garden of Cyrus,’ wishing to denote that it is late, he tells us, that the Hyades (the Quincunx of Heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.’ On this Coleridge exclaims, ‘Was there ever such a reason given before for going to bed at midnight? to wit, that if we did not, we should be acting the part of our antipodes!’ Begging pardon of ‘the old man eloquent,’ we should say that Browne did not conjure up these images for the cold purpose of ‘giving a reason.’ He was not arguing upon the matter—he was delighting himself, as he sought to delight the reader, by such vivid and rich associations and shapes, as the idea of sleep and midnight could

evoke. He was not writing as a logician—but a poet; and so far from being alone and peculiar in this mode of expression, reasons (if so they are to be called) equally far-fetched and exuberant, as applied to some simple proposition, may be found in abundance, not only in the purple eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, but the complacent dissertations of Sir Kenelm Digby, and even in the interminable prosings of Alexander Ross. Literature was still in that stage when things were presented to the eye, not in the brevity of words, but in the life of pictures. The arts of composition resembled even less the Egyptian hieroglyph than the Mexican painting.

In Browne, the scholar and the sage could never subdue the poet. He felt this himself. He was often conscious that, as the poet, he said many things which he could not gravely defend as a philosopher. Thus, in the advertisement prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, he warns the reader, that ‘there are many things delivered rhetorically—many expressions therein merely tropic; and therefore, also, there are many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason.’ We believe that this warning, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, is applicable, though in a less degree, to all the works of the author; and that hence many of his critics have confounded the fantastic embellishment, the wild conjecture, or the quaint and sweet perversity of a sportive genius, with the assertions of grave and positive belief. Thus, our author did not conceive that he was advancing the most sensible and practical, but the most pleasing and solemn argument in favour of Gardens, when he observes, ‘that Paradise succeeds the grave—that the verdant state of things is the symbol of the resurrection, and that to flourish in the state of glory we must first be sown in corruption.’ Neither, probably, when commenting on marriage and the sexual ties, did he mean us to conceive it to be his deliberate wish that ‘men might procreate like trees;’ he merely, in a quaint extravagance, expressed the usual desire of philosophy to escape the tumults of the passions; or conveyed the trite and ancient morality, that possession sates, and that the coarser gratifications are unworthy follies.

Perhaps this twofold way of examining things is more common amongst writers than we are aware; especially with men like Browne, who rather write to throw off an exuberance of sentiment and thought, than for the stern design of effecting some particular and defined object. Of a mild and kindly temperament, fond of his books and his curiosities, and spinning out his subtle and aerial thoughts from materials which the crowded world casts out of its busting way into nooks and corners,—moderate as a politician, averse to all disputes in theology, in-

clined in both to leave things in their beaten course, beneath the shelter of unexamining veneration,—there did not exist for Sir Thomas Browne those great and exciting interests which gird up the loins of a man's mind, and make him in earnest in all that he undertakes. Even in philosophy, he rather philosophized, than can be called a philosopher. He was curious, observant, and laborious; but it was in all those solemn trifles and minute prodigies which amuse the leisure and enrich the memory, but do not educate the mind to great practical results. He did not keenly exert his reason, unless he was seduced to it by one of the brilliant visions which delighted his fancy. Thus, perhaps, his most argumentative work, the one in which he most deliberately proceeds through the links of effect and cause, is that in which he attempts to prove the universal operation of *quincuncial* forms and combinations throughout the works of nature, and the mystical application and importance of the number FIVE!—‘Quincunxes,’ as Coleridge pithily says, ‘in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of men, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in every thing.’ We cannot subscribe to the grave opinion of the editor, as to the importance of this theory, nor attach any very reverential faith to ‘Mr Macleay’s persevering and successful advocacy of a quinary arrangement.’ But if Sir Thomas Browne required an apology for devoting his learning and his genius to such a subject, the apology is before us when we see that, in the nineteenth century, his wildest conceits have their admirers and followers: as Browne himself well and gracefully expresses it—‘as though there were a metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them.’ In fact, Browne neither adopted this subject of the quincunx purely as a brilliant whim, nor yet as a wholly serious and important discovery in philosophy. The thought charmed his imagination—it afforded scope for his curious and scattered learning,—for his golden and fantastic thoughts. It was of a nature that united both his passions—that of the Learned and that of the Marvellous. He saw that he could please himself by a work congenial to his thoughts and studies; and not less, that he could please the public by a very remarkable composition. And, how much he considered all the far-fetched illustrations and anecdotal learning in which he indulged in the light of episodical ornament, rather than of sober argument;—digressions intended to keep alive the reader’s interest, and beautify his work;—in short, how much he regarded such extraneous matter as *an art of composition*, may be seen in his correspondence. Thus, for instance, in giving his

son some hints in the meditated publication of a 'Journey into 'Upper Hungary to the Mines,' he specially reminds him to add 'the story of the man that put a snake's head into his mouth in 'the bath, and of the hussar which bathed in a frost at midnight.' He tells him 'that he need not be so particular as to give the 'full account of separating the metals in this narration, but bids 'him remember to put in the green jasper-coloured tomb at Larissa, in the barber's shop:' In short, the advice of the great master is that of a man accustomed to think less of the plain practical nature of any selected theme, than of all the embellishments of anecdote and allusion which may be wrought in 'purple patches' upon the stuff. That Browne himself believed in the operation of his darling quincunx, may perhaps be possible; just as he believed in apparitions and sorcerers, but perhaps with the same unexamining and poetical faith; for it is difficult to know when that writer is gravely and honestly in earnest, who tells us that 'he has one common and authentick philosophy he 'learned in the schools, whereby he discourses and satisfies the 'reason of other men; another more reserved and drawn from experience, whereby he contents his own.*' Whether, in the discourse on the quincunx, the disciple of Pythagoras meant to satisfy the reason of other men, or by experience to content his own, it is difficult to determine. Perhaps he thought little about it; and did not mean to found a philosophy, but to write a book.†

But if it be disputable whether, in the higher or stricter sense of the word, Browne was a philosopher, no one has ever written sentences more beautifully philosophical. He was worthy to be a disciple of the sage who said, 'man was born to contemplate.' His pages are filled with a lofty and ideal morality, and his maxims are bright with luminous, if unconnected truths. In some respects he was among the prose writers of that day, what Wordsworth is among the poets of this—dedicating even

* *Religio Medici*, Vol. II., p. 105.

† A chapter in the more serious work of the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, makes it, however, highly probable that Browne put little faith in his own ingenious deductions in the Garden of Cyrus, viz., Chapter XII., Book IV., 'of the great climacteric year, that is, sixty-three.' In this chapter he contends with great vigour against the very doctrine of the efficacy of numbers that he advocated in defence of the quincunx; and observes that 'not only one set of numbers, but all or most of the digits 'have been mystically applauded,' and says, that though 'God made all 'things in number, weight, and measure, yet nothing *by* them, or 'through the efficacy of either,' &c.

the Familiar to the Beautiful, and not disdaining 'to suck divinity from the flowers of nature.' He cannot allow ugliness to a toad or bear—and 'even that vulgar and tavern music, which 'makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in him a deep fit 'of devotion and a profound contemplation of the FIRST COM-
'POSER. There is in it an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of 'the whole world and creatures of God—such a melody to the 'ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding.' It is from such hints and suggestions of thought that Browne, as Wordsworth, plumes his wings and raises himself beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere.' A temperament somewhat common to both was in both fed by similar political tenets, and theological veneration;—apart from the anxious and exciting cares of men, who struggle actively with or against the multitude. The *Religio Medici* is one of the most beautiful prose poems in the language; its power of diction, its subtlety and largeness of thought, its exquisite conceits and images, have no parallel out of the writers of that brilliant age, when Poetry and Prose had not yet divided their domain, and the Lyceum of Philosophy was watered by the Ilissus of the Nine.

It is difficult to conceive a deep and a just thought more eloquently expressed than in the following words:—'Nature is not 'at variance with art nor art with nature—they being both the 'servants of His Providence. Art is the perfection of nature. 'Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a 'chaos. Nature hath made one world and art another. In 'belief all things are artificial, *for nature is the art of God.*'

We cannot refuse to our readers, well known as it is to many, that noble piece of egotism, in which all believers in our spiritual immortality may share:—'For my life it is a miracle of thirty 'years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, 'and would sound to common ears like a fable.* For the world

* This boast, which Dr Johnson could not explain, and even the super-refining Sir Kenelm Digby took literally, evidently refers not to external and bodily adventures, but to the progress and operations of the soul. Nor, while in this passage the author alludes to such moral and spiritual mysteries as have been wrought within himself, does he mean to imply that his life has been more miraculous than that of another; since in a former passage (*Rel. Med.*, vol. ii. p. 21), he utters the same sentiment, but applies it generally.—'We carry,' he says 'with *us* the wonders we seek without *us*; there is all Africa 'and her prodigies in *us*, &c.' It is not because, as Dr Johnson imagines, Browne thought himself distinguished from all the rest of his species, but because he thought himself *like* them, that he calls his life a mira-

‘ I count it not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but
 ‘ to die in. The world that I regard is myself, it is the micro-
 ‘ cosm of my own frame, that I can cast mine eye on—for the
 ‘ other I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes
 ‘ for my recreation. . . . The earth is a point not only in respect
 ‘ of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part
 ‘ within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not
 ‘ my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end,
 ‘ cannot persuade me I have any. . . . Whilst I study to find
 ‘ how I am a microcosm or little world, I find myself something
 ‘ more than the great (*one*). There is surely a piece of divinity
 ‘ in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no
 ‘ homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God
 ‘ as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much, hath
 ‘ not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the
 ‘ alphabet of man.’

Coleridge and others have spoken of the egotism of Browne; but Browne was not an egotist, though he wrote one work which, not composed for publication, but as a closet confession of his own opinions, was necessarily egotistical. It is rather remarkable, on the contrary, that, despite the great success of the *Religio Medici* and the delicious temptation to go on in the same strain which a man incurs when he has once made the world a confidant, and finds it listen to all he says of himself, it concluded, as it began, his self-dissections. His tale once told, Browne seems to have felt, like Göethe, after the composition of his *Werther*,—as if he had unburdened his mind of anxious secrets; the confession was made and the absolution given. He wrote the book while young, unsettled, and unmarried. Youth is generally an egotist. Most young gentlemen and young ladies, if they write at all, write greatly about themselves. A settled life, household cares and affections, scatter their thoughts insensibly over a wider surface; and sentiment becomes less intense and more diffused.

The *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or ‘ Enquiries into Vulgar and ‘ Common Errors,’ was Browne’s second, and from its extent and elaborate learning, perhaps his most important work. It is, indeed, in this performance, that we lose sight, in great measure, of the ideal and extravagant poet, and find ourselves with the sober and laborious scholar. The style has little, if

cle. Thus, in the very passage built upon the assertion that his life is a miracle, he says that ‘ *he who understands not thus much has yet ‘ to begin the alphabet of man.*’

any, of the eccentric flights, or stately music of the knight's other works. It is, indeed, dry, quaint, and pedantic, as was the peculiarity of the day ; but has not the ornament and digressions which form, elsewhere, the peculiarities of the writer. It is evident that, as he himself says in his preface, he addresses his pen unto the ' knowing and leading past of learning.' The work properly consists of two main divisions; the one devoted to the correction of such errors (mostly in chemistry or natural history) as he encountered in his professional pursuits; the other to the examination of miscellaneous matters which came before him in his capacity of a curious and indefatigable student. In the first, it is noticeable how much his profession served to sober and restrain the wild and speculative temper he displays in all else. That profession made, indeed, the great link between himself and the common world—it tied him down to the Practical: the moment he gets rid of it he is in the seventh heaven. In his remarks as a chemist and naturalist, we cannot but observe a habit of cautious and zealous experiment. Many of the then popular fallacies he refutes with plain common sense, or by the testimony of actual experience; and his observations and inductions contain the outline and suggestion of some of the important discoveries of modern science. The fatal and unexploded errors of the alchymists, indeed, occasionally vitiate his most ingenious arguments; and these he sufficiently venerated, not, in some instances, to submit their dogmas to that test of experiment, which he enforced towards authorities not a whit less equivocal. In natural history, also, his passion for the marvellous breaks out at times. He stoutly rejects the basilisk and the griffin; but he believes it not impossible that elephants may have spoken rationally; and says, with earnest pleasantry, ' that ' to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, ' the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches, may afford ' some encouragement.' *

* We ourselves have witnessed an example of the curious and credulous exaggeration which has construed certain articulations in animals into rational speech. Some time since, in travelling through Italy, we heard, in grave earnest, from several Italians, of the prodigy of a Pomeranian dog that had been taught to speak most intelligibly by Sir William Gell. Afterwards, in visiting that accomplished and lamented gentleman at Naples, we requested to hear an animal possessed of so unusual a gift. And, as the friends of the urbane scholar can bear witness, the dog undoubtedly could utter a howl, which, assisted by the hand of the master in closing the jaw at certain inflections, might be intelligibly construed into the words, ' Damn grandmamma.' Such a dog, with such an anathema in his vocabulary, would have hanged any witch in England three centuries ago.

The nature of the more miscellaneous essays may be conjectured from the following titles:

In Book IV. (on many popular and received tenets concerning man), 'That Jews stink,'—'On Pigmies.'

In Book V. (of many things questionable as they are commonly described in pictures), 'Of the Picture of Dolphins,'—'Of the Picture of Haman Hanged,' &c.

In the Seventh Book (of popular and received tenets, chiefly historical, and some deduced from the Holy Scriptures)—'Of Methuselah.' 'That a Man hath one Rib less than a Woman.' 'Of the Wish of Philoxenus to have the Neck of a Crane,' &c. With these, however, are interspersed many of more gravely philosophical, and antiquarian importance; such as 'The River Nilus,' the 'Origin of Gypsies,' 'Of the Blackness of Negroes,' &c.

Nor are we to suppose that in many of those subjects which now seem to us so obsolete and frivolous, Sir Thomas Browne was engaged in attacking errors without life and defence. Scarce the absurdest delusion he demolished but had its stubborn champion; and every inch of the bridge, from Fable to Truth, was fought with all the knight-errantry of men who see in ignorance the beloved country in which they were born, and for which they are contented to die. No invaders ever found patriots so desperate, as a man who attacks a prejudice finds the peaceful possessors of its realm. Error lives in the hearts of its subjects; it is the most venerated and beloved of monarchs. Thus Sir Thomas Browne could not even assert, in opposition to the ancients, that garlic did not hinder the attraction of the loadstone, but what an antagonist started up to declare that the ancients could not be mistaken; and, therefore, they must have had 'a *stronger kind* of garlick than is with us!' Another critic (whose lucubrations are, however, confined to manuscript*), in opposition to Browne's scepticism as to the existence of griffins, clenches the question by asserting that he has himself seen a griffin's—*claw*. Yet both these commentators were men, not of the ignorant multitude, but of the learned few. Alexander Ross (the first referred to) is in many of his notions even more enlightened than Browne. The *Pseudodoxia* is the Book of 'Popular Fallacies' of the sixteenth century; not so valuable, perhaps, from the subjects it embraces, as the spirit in which it is conceived—a spirit of bold, but not irreverent scepticism, built upon experimental induction.

In the 'Garden of Cyrus' and the treatise on 'Urn Burial' we again see the dreaming and poetical mind that breathes

* Sir Hamon L'Estrange, quoted Vol. II. p. 173.

its beauty through the *Religio Medici*. Of the main object of the 'Garden of Cyrus' we have already spoken. Of the ingenuity and learning with which the idea is followed out through innumerable forms, it is impossible to convey an adequate conception. The genius of the author never proceeds to conclusions in a straight line of argument; it undulates and serpentines through a landscape of fertile images, wherever it can find a sunbeam, or repose upon flowers. With what grace and eloquence this remarkable writer has in the following passage * availed himself of an old Aristotelean sentence the reader will judge:—'Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.' † Both in the 'Garden of Cyrus' and the 'Urn Burial' the author has resort to the ancient scholastic art of exalting as much as possible the nature of his theme by the grandeur of the exordium. In the first, mindful of his own profession, he observes upon its antiquity and sacred origin, 'that physick may plead high from that medical act of God in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent; and chirurgery find its whole art in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam.' Yet (preferring, as in duty bound, the dignity of the theme to that of the author) he proceeds to remark that even medicine can have 'no rivalry with garden contrivance and herbary; for if Paradise were planted the third day of the creation, as wiser divinity concludeth, the nativity thereof was too early for horoscopy. Gardens were before gardeners, and but some hours before the earth.' In like manner our author commences the 'Urn Burial' by making the world itself a grave. 'That great antiquity, America, lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us.' It is injustice to the spirit of such passages to consider them merely

* Garden of Cyrus, Vol. III. p. 436.

† It was said by Aristotle that 'light is the shadow of God.' And the passage in the text is but a series of the most poetical illustrations of that sublime aphorism.

as pieces of far-fetched and humorous quaintness—their extravagance is but that of a wild and noble poetry. They are absurdities only to those who consider the author as the logician—they are but fanciful, yet appropriate flights, if we regard him as the poet.

Like the 'Garden of Cyrus,' the subject of the 'Urn Burial' afforded to Browne a theme especially congenial to his motley erudition and creative imagination. But as in the latter he had no whim to enforce, no system to pursue, so his genius is far less restrained and perverted; and for noble thoughts, and in lofty diction the 'Hydriotaphia' greatly excels the 'Garden of Cyrus.' The author reviews the customs of burial from all time and in all nations. He brings before us a panorama of graves. But this is done in the spirit of a poet conversing with antiquity. He is happy to take an illustration from the shades of Homer. The beryl ring on the finger of the mistress of Propertius, when she appeared to him as a ghost, assures us that 'the dead buried with them the things wherein they delighted.' No touching sentiment that can be extracted from the dry pedantries of learning escapes him. The sole point in the biography of Domitian that can please us is introduced with the careless delicacy that belongs to a master hand. 'The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia.'—'Unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.' No criticism ever so wholly misrepresented a work as that of Coleridge upon this beautiful treatise. He tells us that it is 'earthy;' 'that graves and sepulchres are redolent in every line.' 'You have now,' he says, 'dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a skull, then a bit of mouldered coffin, &c. or the echo of a November psalm wafted on a November wind, and the gayest thing you shall meet with shall be a silver nail or gilt Anno Domini from a perished coffin top.' In the first place, as Mr Hazlitt justly observes, 'with such things you do not meet at all in the text;' and, secondly, which Mr Hazlitt omits to observe, so far from the subject being treated in a gloomy spirit, its darker parts are relieved by a prodigal fancy, and exalted by all that belongs to a Christian's imperishable hopes. He who recalls the light and cheerful customs of classic sepulture—the perfumed ashes, the urn 'laden with flowers and ribbons'—will scarcely conceive that a less gloomy character belongs to the Gothic terrors and dreary aspect of a modern chanel. But Browne views not the contrast in this light—he sees the Christian burial through the rites that typify resurrection—he thinks that 'Christians have handsomely glossed the deformity of death by civil rites which take off brutal (*i. e.* 'brute-like or mortal) terminations.' Nor, if his subject neces-

sarily lead him to dwell upon the vanities of human life, does he ever fail to soften that bitter truth by some sweet or elevated recurrence to the life beyond. It is in this sense that he thus concludes his remarks upon 'pyramids, arches, obelisks, those irregularities of vainglory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity.' 'To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, were large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.'

Of his tolerant and thoughtful spirit, whether as applied to the physical infirmities of some trembling martyr, or to the fame of a long calumniated, because long uncomprehended heathen, we select the two following examples:—'The contempt of death from corporal animosity promoteth not our felicity. They may sit in the orchestra and noblest seats of Heaven who have held up *shaking hands in the fire, and humanly contended for glory.*'

'Epicurus lies deep in Dante's hell, wherein we meet with tombs enclosing souls which denied their immortalities. But whether the virtuous heathen who lived better than he spake, or erring in the principles of himself, yet lived above philosophers of more specious maxims, lie so deep as he is placed, at least so low as not to rise against Christians, who believing or knowing that truth, have lastingly denied it in their practice and conversation, were a query too sad to insist on.'

Of the more weighty and solemn peculiarities of his style the following passage will furnish an adequate and sufficient specimen:—'Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle. Oblivion is not to be hired. The greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the Flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Luccina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live

' were to die—since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and
 ' makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before
 ' we lie down in darkness and have our light in ashes—since the
 ' brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time,
 ' that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration—diutur-
 ' nity is a dream, and folly of expectation. Darkness and light
 ' divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a
 ' great part even of our living beings—we slightly remember our
 ' felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short
 ' smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows
 ' destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Af-
 ' flictions induce callosities—miseries are slippery, or fall like
 ' snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity.
 ' To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a
 ' merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of
 ' our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing
 ' into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the
 ' edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their
 ' hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a
 ' good way to continue their memories, while, having the advan-
 ' tage of plural successions, they could not but act something re-
 ' markable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of
 ' their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last
 ' durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable
 ' night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being,
 ' and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was
 ' no more than to return into their unknown and divine original
 ' again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving
 ' their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their
 ' souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The
 ' Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, ava-
 ' rice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize. Miz-
 ' raim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.* . . .
 ' There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever
 ' hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the
 ' peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and
 ' the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constitu-
 ' ted as not to suffer even from the power of itself—all others

* Upon this profanation of applying mummies 'to base medical uses,'
 the author has a similar idea, less solemnly expressed, in his treatise
 on Mummies, first published in the present edition. 'Shall Egypt,' he
 says, 'lend out her antients unto churgeons and apothecaries, and
 'Cheops and Psammetchus be weighed unto us for drugs—shall we eat
 'of Chamnes and Amasis in electuaries and pills?' &c.

'have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy* of his nature.' No one can read this beautiful passage without being deeply impressed with the wrong done to the author by those who consider him only valuable for his learning or amusing from his quaintness.

The above works are, as we have said, the best of Sir Thomas Browne's productions. To these, however, are added in the present collection 'The Christian Morals,' to an edition of which Dr Johnson prefixed his biography of Browne—a work containing all the worst faults of the author's style, with far less frequent and elevated evidence of its beauties, but still pregnant with occasional sentences of noble morality, expressed with exquisite felicity of diction. Perhaps, too, in proportion as we miss the sublime flights and vein of charmed and unearthly contemplation of the *Religio Medici*, we gain in homely sagacity and practical sense. The nature of the subject—the office of a moral teacher to others—necessarily imposed much restraint upon the fancies the writer might indulge, when, as in the *Religio Medici*, conversing as it were with himself. We pass over the more trifling of the miscellaneous works hitherto published, which contain little very valuable, except as evidence of the lively and indefatigable scholarship of the man, and the singular questions to which he delighted to apply it;—Fishes, Birds and Insects, Cymbals and *Ropalic* Verses, Languages and Garlands, Artificial Hills and Burrows, the Situations of Sodom, Admah, and Zeboim—such are among the subjects which form the pastime of his leisure. Nor should we wholly omit mention of a very curious catalogue, in which he has drawn up, for the despair of biblomaniaes unborn, a series of what, alas! he too justly calls 'rare and generally unknown books'—such as 'A Poem of Ovid writ in the Getick language,' 'a Submarine Herbal, describing the several vege-

* Dr Southey in his 'Colloquies' proposes to read 'infimy' for infamy. The emendation is ingenious but wrong; infamy is the proper antithesis to 'bravery' in the old signification of the latter word.

' tables at the bottom of the sea,' and ' the Oneirocritica of King Mithridates !'

In addition to Sir Thomas Browne's lesser miscellanies, hitherto not familiarly known, Mr Wilkin, as we have before mentioned, has enriched this edition by some works not before published. Among these is a chapter on Mummies ; which, as might be expected, draws many a stately period and mystic reflection from the *Hydriotaphia*. Perhaps indeed none of the more celebrated passages of Browne excel the animated and picturesque imagery of the following sentences :—' Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes ; while his sister Oblivion reclineth semisomnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. *History sinketh beneath her cloud.* The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her who builded them, and she *mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not.*' The other papers, now first presented to us by the industry of Mr Wilkin, are of less general interest. They consist principally of petty extracts from commonplace books, some of which are to be found kneaded up in Browne's completed works ; Latin exercises, including an Harveian oration ; and desultory observations on subjects connected with his profession or favourite pursuits. Not unworthy, however, are they of a place in these volumes, since even the most trivial of them tend to increase our admiration of the piety or research, the perseverance or ingenuity of a man, whose very eccentricities serve perhaps to sharpen our interest in his character and pursuits. And this interest is yet more excited by the very curious family correspondence which Mr Wilkin has judiciously introduced into the present edition. It is delightful to see this recondite scholar—this contemplative and refining dreamer—in the centre of his happy nor unworthy household. The correspondence of his elder son Edward (himself afterwards a distinguished physician) is singularly amusing. Edward appears to have inherited much of his father's passion for his profession. He had also, unconsciously perhaps to himself, much of the paternal eccentricity in pursuits and studies. But though possessed of fair abilities, with untiring perseverance and zeal, he had nothing of the knight's brilliant fancy and subtle intellect. In his whole journal (inserted in the correspondence) not a spark of poetry is to be found. He travelled much, and through lands then little visited by our countrymen, but even adventure cannot extract much more from Mr Edward Browne than the names of places and persons. He never stumbles on a vivid image or an original remark. He is quaint and solemn,

but lifeless; like the ghost of one of his father's most pedantic periods. In fact he strongly reminds us of Moses in Goldsmith's charming tale; and indeed the worthy knight has, through the correspondence, a little resemblance to the Vicar, while Dame Dorothy, his lady, has all the generic features of the notable Mrs Primrose. But we must allow the embryo doctor to speak to his own occupations through the medium of his own journal kept in his youth.

'January 1663-4.—On the 2d he cut up a bull's heart and 'took out the bone, &c.

'On the 3d he heard Mr Johnson preach at Christ Church, 'and Mr Tenison at St Luke's Chappell, and took notice that 'the sun rose in an elliptical or oval figure.'

On the 5th he dined with Mr Howard, 'where wee dranke 'out of pure golde, and had the music all the while,' and on the 7th he opened a dog. He spent the 9th chiefly in observing the knee-joint of a calf, and receiving a visit from Monsieur Buttet, 'which plays most admirably on the flagelet, bagpipe, and sea 'trumpet.' January the 14th was signalized by the discovery 'that a monkey hath fourteen ribs on each side.' The said monkey did not escape so easily, for on the 23d, the same day on which Don Francisco de Melo and the Queen's confessor came from London, we find a noticeable entry. 'Boyled the right 'forefoot of a monkey!'

The student was not, however, so devoted to his more scientific amusements as to forget recreations less sublime. 'On 'January 28th, after spending the morning in seeing oxen kill- 'ed, he partook of a dancing at Mr Houghton's till almost four 'o'clock in the following morning,'—a proof that our sober ancestors were not on all occasions exempt from our own vice of unseasonable hours. So again, if on February 10th Mr Edward dissected a badger, he relaxed his mind on the 13th by drawing valentines at Mr Howard's. Independent of the grave oddity of this journal, it is interesting from its description of the hospitable gaieties at the house of a country gentleman of the first rank,—Mr Howard, afterwards, by creation, Lord Howard of Castle Rising, and Earl of Norwich, and by the death of his brother, sixth Duke of Norfolk. It is pleasant, as the editor remarks, to perceive the friendly and equal terms on which this munificent and accomplished gentleman mingled with the inhabitants of the town. 'He kept his Xmas this year (1663-4) 'at Norwich so magnificently as the like hath scarce been seen. 'They had dancing every night, and gave entertainment to all 'that would come. He built up a room on purpose to dance 'in, very large, and hung with the bravest hangings I ever saw. 'His candlesticks, snuffers, tongs, fire-shovels and andirons were

'silver. A banquet was given every night after dancing, and 'three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon—the greatest of which would holde fourteen persons' (so omnibuses are no modern invention!) 'and cost L.500, without the 'harnesse, which cost six score more.' The young man afterwards went abroad, and consumed a longer time in travelling than his father approved; but, having sown his wild oats, returned to England, settled in London, and appears, while yet young, to have realized an income from his practice of about L.1000 a-year. He attained high professional honours, became Censor of the College of Physicians, and seems to have been a fashionable doctor to people of quality. It was Dr Edward Browne who attended the penitent death-bed of that most brilliant of English profligates, the Earl of Rochester.

The knight's second son, Thomas, is a more interesting character than Edward. Sent abroad at the early age of fourteen, a disposition frank, bold, and manly enabled him to make his own way without committing any errors to induce his father to repent an instance of confidence, that, displayed to most youths, would have been rash and premature. He entered the navy in 1664, partook of the Dutch war, and highly distinguished himself throughout a short but promising and proud career for ability and courage. His letters display far more spirit and life than those of his elder brother. He is evidently enamoured of his profession, and speaks of it with the zeal and gusto of a gallant spirit to which danger is pleasurable excitement. 'I thanke you' (he says in one of his letters to his father) 'for 'your directions for my eares agaynst the noyse of the gunnes, 'but I have found that I could endure it: nor is it so intolerable as most conceive, especially when men are earnest and 'intent upon their business, and unto whom muskets sound but 'like pop-gunnes: *it is impossible to expresse unto another how a 'smart sea-fight elevates the spirits of a man, and makes him despise all dangers.*'* All the wild enthusiasm which the father devoted to peaceful pursuits—all the grave earnestness with which Edward plodded on from 'boyling the foot of a monkey' to lecturing at Surgeon's Hall, this young sailor felt for his noble and active calling. In him met many of the qualities that form our ideal of the English sailor, not only the joyous daring, but the gentle and generous nature. When the seamen are distressed for want of pay, he says—'While I have a penny I cannot 'but relieve them of whose fidelitie and valour I can give so 'good testimonie.' 'I am much satisfied' (he adds in the same

* Vol. I., p. 129.

letter) 'that I have got my boy, Will Blanchot's pension settled for his life, having had his thigh broake by a splinter in the last fight butt one. . . . It will be hard to meet with a boy so boald and useful in a fight, though I have another that doeth well. I shall take all the care to bind him out, and I hope it is already done by those I have employed about it. His father was chief gunner of our shippe at Bergen, where hee was slayne, and his sonne left to the wide world, till I tooke him into my care.' Well might his father say of him with honest and delighted pride, 'God hath given you a stout, but a generous and merciful heart withall, and in all your life you could never behold any person in miserie but with compassion and reliefe, which hath been notable in you from a childe.' But our young hero was not of the Smollet school of sailors,—children and dunces the moment they touch land. The hereditary love of knowledge was strong in his breast. He reads Lucan 'while riding in Plimmouth Sound;' and characteristically enough admires the 'noble straynes' of that energetic and warlike poet. The knight, while repeating the praises he hears of his son's skilful seamanship, cannot omit expressing his delight to find that he is 'not only Marti but Mercurio.' He congratulates him on the success with which he has read 'divers bookes at sea, especially Homer and Juvenal, with Lubine's notes.' This accomplished and excellent young man unhappily did not live to fulfil the sanguine expectations generally formed of him. After his return to England, Mr Wilkin reasonably laments that all trace of him is lost. 'A solitary allusion in a letter written many years after, adverts to him in terms which prove that he had been long dead;' but how and where he died, the editor has not been able to ascertain.*

The favourite daughter of our author, Mrs Lyttleton, adds a new feature of interest to this charming family. A single sentence in one of Sir Thomas Browne's letters to her, affords a beautiful sketch of her feminine and pious character. 'Thou didst use' (he says) 'to pass away much of thy time alone and by thyself in sober ways and good actions, so that noe place, how solitary soe ever, can be strange to thee, nor indeed solitary, since God, whom thou servest, is everywhere with thee.'

Of Dame Dorothy, his wife, we are assured by the Knight's contemporary and eulogist, Whitefoot, that she 'was of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the

* Works, Vol. I. p. 116. In the Supplementary Memoir, p. 75 (note 4), Mr Wilkins hazards, indeed, a conjecture that his death was in September 1667; but no satisfactory reason is given for the surmise.

'graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.' Of this marvellous sympathy, however, Dame Dorothy's correspondence affords no satisfactory evidence. She appears to have resembled the generality of provincial ladies in that day,—to have been skilful in potting game, and making a 'pretty kind of safe wine;' while the laconic brevity of her letters denotes a modest consciousness of the weary difficulty with which the good lady threaded the labyrinth of grammar and orthography. She was evidently a thrifty and careful housekeeper. She enforces plainly upon her sons those cautions of frugality and economy which the gentler and more delicate father only tenderly hints; and she seems to have been equally careful of the piety and the breeches of her favourite grandson 'Tomey.' But the worthy pair lived happily together. Probably the plain shrewdness of Dame Dorothy was a proper adjunct to the aspiring intellect of her husband. And perhaps that man, however gifted, has reason to be contented with his nuptial lot who can find in his helpmate the staff of common sense, and the pillow of sincere affection.

The family, with its peculiarities and contrasts, forms a cheerful and pleasant picture. With some little license of chronology, we may imagine it such as it might have been when it smiled its welcome upon the graceful and accomplished Evelyn, on his visit to the knight, then in the height of his fame. We can see the quaint old house, and garden, 'being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things.'* We can transport ourselves to the principal chamber, pleasingly littered, not perhaps to the taste of Dame Dorothy, with the last received and examined 'rarities;'—plants collected abroad by his sailor-son,—or a relic of the ostrich which excited so earnest curiosity in his more scientific heir,—or the Druid urns which called forth the immortal thoughts of the *Hydriotaphia*. Sole token of the ostentation of the loyal scholar, we gaze on that high chimney-piece,† wrought with the arms of the gay king from whose sword the knight had received his chivalric honours. Nay, we can fancy we see the grave Edward, ever eager for knowledge, holding the button of the courteous and courtly Evelyn, while

* Evelyn's Account. See Supplementary Memoirs, vol. i., p. 94.

† 'In the drawing-room of the house in which he lived, there is over the mantelpiece, and occupying the entire space to the ceiling, a most elaborate and richly ornamented carving of the royal arms of Charles II.'—*Sup. Mem.* vol. i. p. 92.

the fair Elizabeth, 'who passed away much of her time alone,' is gliding noiselessly along the threshold. The frank sailor (for we must have him still alive) is drawing for the favoured 'Tomey' the picture of 'The monstrous Tartar.' Dame Dorothy is meditating upon the 'shews of the supper;' with now and then a regretful sigh that 'the gold upon her daughter's manto gown att a little distance goes but for buf-colored 'silke.'* And the knight himself, touched with a green old age, is before us as we picture him from the lively delineations of those who knew him. There he is, pointing to some new 'botanicall,' middle sized, and plainly garbed, just returned from his garden, with 'the cloke and boots which he ever wore;' grave and sober of aspect, slowly aroused to conversation, cheerful and animated when his powers are called forth, and in the sensitiveness of the quick poetical temperament, *blushing* with the emotion that his own ideas, whether couched in wit or eloquence, create in him.†

The time has long past when the creed of the author of *Religio Medici* was a matter of dispute. He was not only a very orthodox Christian, but a very orthodox churchman. He clung to an Establishment with the resolute vigour of a man who feels that if he were to wander away an inch from the magical circle, a thousand imps of imagination would hurry him off into pathless wastes, or down an unfathomable void: 'Where 'the scripture is silent' (he says with considerable unction) 'the 'church is a text; where that speaks, it is but a comment.' Perhaps, indeed, there is no period in English history in which religion exercised so powerful and direct an influence over men's minds, as the space from Elizabeth to Charles the Second. The universal concession of the Bible, and the removal of that daily control upon conjecture which belongs to the priesthood of Rome, brought divinity home to every man's hearth and heart: He was free to study and to interpret every doctrine and every text. A revolution of faith was united with a great era in liberty of opinion. Men were at once fanatics and sceptics—fanatics in their own sect, sceptics of all authority that differed from it. Hence numberless varieties of belief, combined with stern and rigid enthusiasm. All revolutions are faithful to the spirit of their origin; the Reformation was the triumph of Opinion against Authority. It sowed seeds which necessarily sprung up into

* Vol. i., p. 249.

† See Whitefoot's description, vol. i., p. 44. 'His modesty was visible in a natural habitual blush, which was increased upon the least occasion.'

great good and great evil. On the one side, earnest piety, inquisitive knowledge, heroic devotion to truth; on the other, all the chimeras of superstitious heresy, all the extravagance of political speculation. Bacon and Hampden were in much the offspring of the Reformation; but so also were Syndercomb and Prynne. Philosophers and patriots, fifth-monarchy-men, saints, and levellers, all were the distant progeny of the first great impulse which released the spirit of mankind from the thralldom of hereditary prescription. The whole reign of Charles the First belongs to the History of Religion. Living in that reign, affected by its influences, the contemplative and eager mind of Sir Thomas Browne, plunged itself betimes into the mystical abysses of theology. Perhaps his sagacity was soon deterred from attempts to find a boundary for the Indefinite; perhaps his tolerant and benevolent temper was soon revolted from speculations which in his day induced to the wildest follies and the harshest bigotry. He therefore settled, while yet young, into the large philosophy of passive belief. 'Since' (he says) 'I was of understanding to know 'that we know nothing, my reason has been pliable to the will of 'faith.' But still, more or less, his sense was darkened by the vast shadow which he refused to penetrate, and under which the age reposed. Hence most of the prejudices that detract from his knowledge;—his belief in witches, his disbelief in Copernicus. He imagined the one was proved, the other condemned by the Scriptures; and to his mind they both belonged to that part of enquiry which he thought it no sin vaguely to dream about, but an offence and a folly too curiously to examine. It is thus, we have before intimated, that most of the contradictions in his intellectual frame are to be accounted for. They were those of the age rather than of the man. As from the same general causes came the religious spirit and poetical treatment of his subjects, so also in the universal language of the time we see the reason for its occasional singularity and quaintness. Every one, then, ~~was~~ was quaint;—the Roundhead, the Cavalier, the Poet, the Scholar. Each man sought a style and diction of his own; and the general eccentricity gave a generic likeness to the individual examples. This also arose from circumstances apparent to every student of our literary history. Upon a nation not accustomed to the light, an immense blaze of fancy and intellect had been suddenly shed. Taste was not formed—critics were not known—through so mighty and so tempting a wilderness guides were not received. The common taste of the common multitude is the best critic; but the common multitude was disdained by all. Each man of genius studied, thought, and composed for himself or for the few; and strove to distinguish his toils from those of his rivals, by a consummate elaboration of painful oddities.

Writers were anxious to frame a sort of anaglyph for themselves, incomprehensible to the vulgar; and Browne himself exultingly remarks, that 'if elegancy proceedeth, we shall in a few years 'be fain to learn Latin to understand English.' The vulgar could not cope with the scholars; but in the popular fanaticism they found a language for themselves; and the ignorant Puritan rejoiced in a vocabulary as little English and as little intelligible, as the dainty affectations of the most conceited academician.

Thus much was Browne, in some of his higher attributes, and some of his weaker qualities as a writer, the creation of his times. But his calm toleration of spirit, 'condemning no man for his opinions,' his candid and modest discussion of facts and principles, were the result of his own remarkable sweetness of disposition, and the retired, though not inactive, habits of his life.

Of the force and majesty of his style in its better portions, sufficient evidence has been presented to the reader. He enriched, rather than corrupted our language, by an inundation of Latinisms, necessary, perhaps, to science, and, if judiciously managed, ornamental in poetry. The next step was that taken by Milton, who, not contented with Latin expressions, sought to form the whole language anew upon a Latin construction. Here, as in all fashions of literature, when the last step of the change is made, a new fashion is sure to be the successor. An *architectural style*, once elaborated, remains to be admired or condemned, according to the taste or associations of the beholder—a landmark of the everlasting progress of language—but the next generation are the last to imitate or adopt it; for them, like the houses of our grandfathers, it is old-fashioned, not antique. Time rolls on, and the obsolete diction, like the old-fashioned house, contracts a venerable and majestic sanctity in our eyes. Dr Johnson censures the exploded diction of Browne and of Milton; the diction of Dr Johnson is more exploded than theirs. In almost every age, when *a people* have become *readers*, there are two schools of composition;—the one closely resembling the language commonly spoken; the other constructed upon the principle, that what is written should be something nobler or lovelier than what is spoken;—that fine writing ought not so much literally to resemble, as spiritually to idealize good talking;—that the art of composition, like every other art, when carried to its highest degree, is not the representation, but, as Browne expresses it, 'the *perfection* of Nature;'—and that as music to sound, so is composition to language. A great writer of either school reaches the same shore, and must pass over the same stream; but the one is contented with the ferry, the other builds up a bridge—one goes along the stream—the other *above* it. Of these two schools of composition, the Eloquent and the Familiar, the

last, often lightly esteemed in its time, and rather commanding a wide than a reverent audience, passes with little change and little diminution of popularity, from generation to generation. But the first stands aloof—the edifice of its age—copied not for ordinary uses, however well formed by scholars in exact and harmonious symmetry. Royal, but unprolific, it is a monarch without a dynasty. It commands, is obeyed, adored—dies, and leaves no heir. Gibbon and Junius are imitated but by schoolboys, and correspondents to provincial newspapers; but the homely Locke, the natural Defoe, the familiar Swift, the robust, if boorish manliness of Cobbett, leave their successors; and find (perhaps unconsciously) their imitators, as long as the language lasts. This is no detraction from the immortality of greater and more imaginative minds. It is the characteristic of their immortality, that though they inspire, they are not copied—mediately or immediately: the spirit of Milton has had its influence on almost every great poet that has succeeded him—but poetasters alone have mimicked the machinery of his verse. He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk. As with poets, so with those prose writers who have built up a splendid and unfamiliar style;—after the first rage of contemporary imitation, no one of sound taste or original talent dreams of imitating them. They are not, however, the less certain of duration. Their spirits live apart in the sumptuous palaces they have erected; men, it is true, do not fashion after palaces their streets and thoroughfares. But Windsor Castle is not less likely to last, because Windsor Castle was not the model for Regent Street.

There was one other characteristic of our author, which we must touch upon ere we conclude; because, while it is still a common error in the men of his political party, it not only pervades the whole life and pursuits of Browne, but perhaps makes the true reason why, with all his genius and learning, his wonderful subtlety of thought and power of diction, he never accomplished as much as he might have done, and will never, perhaps, command a very numerous and popular audience. Meek and amiable as he was upon single topics and towards single opponents, he borrowed from the Roman poets what he could not have done either from Greek philosophy or Holy Writ,—a fierce and unenlightened disdain of what he calls ‘that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion,—the MULTITUDE.’

It is true that he was too refined and too just to include in this censure, as the vulgar reasoners of later times have done, only the subordinate masses. He acknowledges also ‘a rabble amongst the gentry.’ But the error is the same, when it implies a contempt for the opinions, interests, and pursuits of the

great bulk of mankind, however divided and classed. Aristotle might have told him that the public, though often contemptible individually, appear, when taken collectively, to rectify and enlighten themselves; and are the best and most consummate judge, not only of the abilities and honesty of men, but of the beauty and excellence of art. We do not mean that the public are invariably or infallibly right. In every age some men tower above them, often their guides, sometimes their martyrs. We do not mean that good and great minds are to bend to popular caprice, or worship the popular idols. It is their duty to advocate and enforce such truths as they believe essential, yet unacknowledged. But it is equally their duty to do so, not from disdain, but from affection for the public;—heartily sympathizing with their interests, while endeavouring, with equal courage and temperance, to correct their errors. Such is the position and such the character of the most venerable and beneficent reformers of their land and time. But, with all the follies of the mass, we doubt whether a history of the wise *Few*, or a history of the despised *Many*, would contain the greater number of ludicrous blunders and melancholy excesses. How long ago, and how justly was it said, that ‘no sick man ever dreamt such crudities ‘as waking philosophy has embodied in its systems.’ The philosophy of an age is often, indeed, but the condensed essence of its follies. And Browne himself, while registering his vehement and lofty contempt of ‘that great monstrosity, the multitude,’ finds from the multitude his sole excuse for his own belief in witchcraft, chiromancy, or the anti-Copernican system of the solar motion.

It was from this unwise and passionate tenet that Browne wasted so much of his genius upon scholastic frivolities. He had no sympathy with the great business of men. In that awful year, when Charles the First went in person to seize five members of the Commons’ House,—when the streets resounded with shouts of ‘Privilege of Parliament,’ and the King’s coach was assailed by the prophetic cry, ‘to your tents, O Israel,’—in that year, in fact, when the Civil War first broke out, and when most men of literary power were drawn by the excitement of the crisis into patriotic controversy on either side,—appeared the calm and meditative reveries of the *Religio Medici*. The war raged on. It was a struggle between all the elements of government. England was torn by convulsion, and red with blood. But Browne was tranquilly preparing his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*; as if errors about basilisks and griffins were the paramount and fatal epidemic of the time; and it was published in due order in that year (1646), when the cause which the au-

thor advocated, as far as he could advocate any thing political, lay at its last gasp. The King dies on the scaffold. The Protectorate succeeds. Men are again fighting on paper the solemn cause already decided by the field. Drawn from visions more sublime, forsaking studies more intricate and vast than those of the poetical Sage of Norwich, diverging from a career bounded by the most splendid goal, foremost in the ranks shines the flaming sword of Milton: Sir Thomas Browne is lost in the quincunx of the ancient Gardens; and the year 1658 beheld the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the publication of the *Hydriotaphia*.

We do not blame while we account for the seeming unconsciousness of Browne to the stormy events around him: if he despised the multitude, he was naturally lukewarm to the struggles of either party in which the multitude was divided; and, no doubt, he would have brought Archimedes and Lucretius to establish the sublimity and grandeur of a philosophy so little disturbed by the roar and strife that raged below. But this temperament is not congenial to great and serious efforts of mind. Divorced from the ends of the herd, the genius of one man, howsoever great, is apt to run riot amongst trifles. Therefore it is that, throughout all the seven books of an enquiry into 'Popular Errors,' by a man of singular acuteness, enlightened by singular learning, no searching comment attends a single error directly injurious to the political or social happiness of mankind. Therefore it is that the enquirer himself, while professing to expose the blunders of the people, disdainfully boasts, that *for* the people, 'whom books do not redress,' his work is not intended. Therefore it is that, throughout all our author's gravest and loftiest idealism, there is (beyond the affectation and quaintness of the day) something of the whimsical frivolity of a man who lives alone, with no occupation so attractive as that of sporting with his own fancies, and caressing his own conceits. Therefore it is that, while Sir Thomas Browne will always command the admiration of poets, and the respect of scholars, he will find, we fear, the justice of retaliation in the indifference of the ordinary public. Amongst writers who have won to themselves listeners in all time and from all men, the Social Principle is invariably strong. They come home to our thoughts and passions, our waking objects and ideal dreams, by the eloquence of a sympathy with ourselves. They have struggled for us, or they have felt with us. Their immortality rests less upon our tastes than our affections; and it is precisely because the multitude has *not* been, for them, a monster, that their genius appeals to an universal test and an everlasting tribunal.

We cannot conclude without expressing the pleasure we have received from seeing the works of one of our early classics collected and presented to the world in a form so handsome and appropriate; and we are glad to see that we still have amongst us Publishers who have intelligence and spirit for such undertakings.

ART. II.—*Narrative of a Residence in Koordistan, and on the site of Ancient Nineveh; with a Journal of a Voyage down the Tigris to Bagdad, and an account of a Visit to Shirauz and Persepolis.* By the late CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH, Esq., Resident at Bagdad. Edited by his Widow. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

IT is now a good many years since the Government of India first appointed a political agent to reside at Bagdad—a position which always must be of deep importance to the ruling European power in India; and which, from the designs of the French in the East, was peculiarly so at the time when the appointment alluded to took place. In 1798, Sir Harford Jones Brydges was named President; and he remained till 1806, when the hostile conduct of the Pasha obliged him to retire. But the position was too important to be permitted long to remain unoccupied; and early in 1808, Claudius James Rich, a civil servant of the East India Company, was chosen his successor. The choice could not have fallen upon a fitter person. Eminently gifted with every necessary mental and physical endowment, he had, at a very early age, and in the face of such difficulties as would have discouraged most students, made such progress in Oriental literature as to elicit the surprise and favourable regard of that eminent Orientalist, Sir Charles Wilkins; and in consequence of that gentleman's report of his talents and proficiency, he was presented by Edward Parry, Esq., with a writership on the Bombay establishment—an act of liberality and kindness as honourable to the giver as valuable at the time to the receiver.

This was the turning point of Mr Rich's fortune; and he was enabled, through the liberality of his employers, to spend a considerable time in Egypt, and in those parts of Asia which were most favourable to his perfecting himself in all those accomplishments which qualified him so eminently for the duties he was soon called upon to perform.

It was during this period of his life that he visited Damascus as a Georgian Turk; entered its forbidden mosque in safety; and so completely acted up to the character he had adopted, that a worthy Turk of that city, charmed with his manners and address,

entreated him to settle there, and offered him his daughter in marriage.

An interesting incident is related as having occurred during the earlier part of his career, in the notice of his life prefixed to this work—a notice which we cannot refrain from commending, as uniting in its composition a beauty and simplicity as delightful as it is rare.

At the time when Mr Rich, then not more than fifteen, was prosecuting his studies at Bristol, he happened, in one of his walks, to meet a Turk, whom, to the delight and surprise of the man, he accosted in his own tongue. The stranger turned out to be a merchant who had been shipwrecked, and was in distress; and Mr Rich, besides the pleasure which his acquirement of the Turkish language had thus been the means of affording, had the further and higher gratification of being useful to a foreigner in difficulty. Several years afterwards, ‘while sailing up the Archipelago, a suspicious-looking vessel was one day observed bearing towards that in which he was a passenger. It was believed to be a pirate, and every thing was made ready for a desperate defence. On her nearer approach, however, she was discovered to be a Turkish merchantman, when Mr Rich and several others went on board. He had not been long on the deck, when one of the Turks, who was richly dressed, eyed him so steadfastly for some time as to excite his particular attention. At length the Turk addressed him, saying, “Sir, I know you.” “And I,” replied Mr Rich, “have seen you before.” An explanation followed. It was the man whom he had assisted when in distress at Bristol.’

In January, 1808, Mr Rich married the eldest daughter of the late Sir James Mackintosh, who, in a letter to a friend, part of which is quoted in the notice just mentioned, has well described the character of his accomplished son-in-law. We can only make room for the concluding paragraph:—‘On my return, I found that this pupil in philosophy was desirous to become my son-in-law. He has no fortune, nor had he then even an appointment; but you will not doubt that I willingly consented to his marriage with my eldest daughter, in whom he had the sagacity to discover, and the virtue to value, the plain sense, modesty, purity, and good-nature, which will, I hope, make her a source of happiness to him during life.’ To another correspondent, the celebrated Robert Hall, one of Mr Rich’s earliest friends, who had introduced the young Orientalist to his future father-in-law, Sir James writes thus:—‘Rich, whom you recommended to me, is become my son-in-law; and he is indeed a son-in-law to whom the fondest parent may gladly intrust his child.’

These are high testimonials; but they were fully justified by

the subsequent career and conduct of their object, both in his public and private capacity. Speaking of his residence at Bagdad, his biographer says—

‘ His high spirit, his sound political views, his perfect knowledge of the native character, and his profuse generosity speedily gained him the highest reputation both with the local government and with the people. As is usual under the Turkish sway, there were many revolutions of the government, and changes of the Pasha, during the time of his residence there; and Mr Rich’s high character enabled him, sometimes under very uncommon circumstances, to give shelter in his tents to many who were in danger of their lives from these political reverses; and even, occasionally, to the family of the unsuccessful party, whom nothing could have preserved but an asylum which was never attempted to be violated. He had the satisfaction of seeing the effects of his uniform justice and good faith on all around him. The promises and engagements of their Pashas and leading men often were of no weight, till strengthened by his guarantee. He spent about six years at Bagdad with no European society but that of his wife and of Mr Hine, the surgeon to the Residency, who was also his assistant. The leisure which he enjoyed from his public duties he spent in pursuing his favourite studies. He made collections for a history, and for a geographical and a statistical account, of the Pashalik of Bagdad. He curiously examined all the remains of antiquity within his reach; and commenced his collection of Oriental manuscripts, which he spared no labour or cost to render complete. A catalogue of it, as it stood at the close of this period, may be found in several numbers of the “*Mines de l’Orient*,” published at Vienna, and proves how successful he had already been in his researches. He also formed a rich collection of medals and coins, and of the gems and engraved stones found at Babylon, Nineveh, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. He made an excursion to Babylon for the purpose of examining the remains of that ancient city. The fruit of his observation was his “*Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*,” first printed at Vienna, in the “*Mines de l’Orient*,” and since reprinted in England. The “*Edinburgh Review*” justly described it as “a modest and perspicuous account of what he saw during a short visit,”—“creditably distinguished by abstinence from fruitless enquiry and rash conjectures, and in which the classical and Oriental learning of the author is as much proved by the careful exclusion of false pretensions and impertinent display, as by the natural fruits of solid knowledge.”’

To Oriental literature and research, the loss of so ardent and highly gifted an enquirer is a serious calamity; for it is rare to find so much zeal and talent directed with such perseverance to objects of interest and utility upon the very field where they are to be found. Even the fruits of those services which he already had performed in the cause of science have, in great measure, been lost by his untimely death; for he lived not to arrange or give shape to the materials he had so industriously collected. Almost his only published works are his two well-known ‘*Me-*

'moirs on Babylon;' and the MSS. he has left require the preparation of the mind which dictated them to give them full effect.

Of all his MSS., that which is the subject of the present article is perhaps the most interesting; as it describes a country not only new to Europeans, but the knowledge of which is a great desideratum in modern as well as ancient geography. Who can hear of Koordistan, the country of the Carduchi, without thinking of Xenophon and his brave ten thousand, who made their retreat through the heart of this savage country in circumstances of difficulty and danger almost unparalleled? And who can read of Erbile, the Arbela of Arrian and Quintus Curtius, without picturing to himself the battle and the route of Gaugamela, and the brilliant career of his unrivalled conqueror, who soon was himself to become a type of the vanity of human grandeur, so near the spot where that grandeur may be said to have first begun to flourish? As the scene of these travels is so very little known, we think it may be rendering a service to the public to preface our examination of the work by a short general description of the country to which it chiefly refers.

Modern Koordistan embraces the whole of ancient Assyria, a considerable portion of Armenia, and part of the ancient Media. In length, it may extend between four and five hundred miles—that is, from Erzeroom, on the north, to near Kermanshah, on the south: and its greatest breadth may be about two hundred and fifty miles—that is, from Mardeen and Diarbeker, on the south-west, to the Arras, on the north-east. These limits do not indeed express the widest range of the Koordish people; for tribes of Koords are found all over Upper Mesopotamia, even to the banks of the Euphrates at Beer; and they pasture over and scour the country of Anatolia, as far west as Tokat. But, such as we have stated them, are the boundaries usually assigned to Koordistan.

The face of this country is generally mountainous and rugged, but it is well-watered and fertile. The great chain of Zagros or Karaja-Dagh, as it is called by the Turks, intersects it, running from south-east to north-west—throwing out to the left the huge cluster of Jewar, said to be 15,000 feet high; in which are the springs of the greater Zab, and which runs nearly to the banks of the Oroomean Lake. Farther on, it becomes connected with the elevated tract that gives birth to the streams of the Euphrates, while, on the right, it is continuous with the high lands of Sert, and Betlis, and Erzun, where the Tigris has its rise, and stretches westward till it meets the eastern branches of Taurus, and Cappadocia.

These tracts of mighty mountains enclose multitudes of rich

and sheltered valleys, watered by the innumerable streams that form so many noble rivers, and are adorned by nature with all the romantic beauty which belongs to such alpine scenes; while the gigantic cliffs above them, when they are not covered with snow, as is the case with many for the greater part of the year, or with the oak forest, which clothes great part of all Koordistan, afford excellent pasture to the numerous flocks and herds of the inhabitants. The bottoms and slopes of these valleys are covered with corn-fields; the sides of the mountains are mantled with vineyards; and the villages peep out from nooks, or are seen by the traveller from below, hanging, like birds' nests, on ledges and points of rock, each among its own gardens and orchards. Nothing can be imagined affording a more perfect picture of rustic amenity and sweetness, combined or contrasted with savage grandeur, than many of the mountainous districts of Koordistan. Nor do they present less attractions for a pastoral people. In some places are found large elevated plains, the verdure of which is maintained by thousands of perennial springs; and which are surrounded by mountains covered with odoriferous and aromatic herbs, unencumbered by wood, except here and there a solitary oak, or a willow by the side of a stream. These mountains are intersected by glens or ravines, so sheltered and so lonely, that they look like retreats for the very genius of Arcadia; and here, accordingly, is the traveller, as he winds his way in solitude, often greeted by the bleat of a stray sheep, the far off bark of a shepherd's dog, or the sight of that shepherd himself, seated on the top of some rock or hillock, as motionless as the grey stones beside him. These plains and distant mountains are the resort of the migratory part of the population, of whom we shall shortly have to speak.

A country like this, so strong, and, to strangers, almost impervious by nature, yet so fair and fruitful in reality, is formed we should say, to be the abode of a peculiar people; and, accordingly, we do find it inhabited by a nation most strongly marked with all the ruling characteristics which are found to belong to Highlanders in all parts of the world, together with many peculiar to themselves. They have the same love of country—of their native glens and hills—the same division into clans, and pride of birth and blood—the same high and haughty bearing,—the same devotion to their chiefs, and affection for their kindred—the same love of hospitality—the same martial and predatory habits—the same simplicity of manners, hardihood, and contempt of effeminacy; and also the same aversion to labour and mechanical employments that distinguished the Scotch Highlander, and the Swiss of ancient times; and which distinguish the inhabitants of the Caucasus and of the mountains of Aff-

ghanistan, in the present day. Their language, though divided into dialects, is all of the same stock, that of ancient Persia; and they are, in all probability, cognate with the other mountain tribes of the south of Persia—the Lacs, Lours, Bucklearees, &c. They speak in a soft and pleasingly sonorous tone; but even the numerous Persic words mingled with their tongue are so disguised by accent as at first to be with difficulty intelligible to a stranger.

Their dress partakes of their characteristic peculiarities, being particularly gay and attractive; and we may recognise here somewhat of the attachment to bright and various colours, which probably gave rise to the tartans of the Scottish Highlanders. A love of arms and horses is a passion rather than a sober pleasure in the Koords; and none of them is so perfectly happy as when mounted on his small but spirited steed, and clad in his steel chain armour, or his gallant apparel of party-coloured silks—with plumes in his cap, his sword at his side, his shield depending from his left shoulder, his case of javelins and terrible mace at his saddle-bow, his carbine at his back, and his slender spear in his hand—he scours along the plain, curveting and wheeling in elegant circles, engaging his comrades in a spirited mock fight, or dashing along in full career, and bringing up his steed sharp at the edge of some ravine or precipice, with a suddenness that throws the animal on its haunches, and scatters the gravel far and wide from its heels.

These Koords are divided into two classes, those who are migratory, and move about from place to place, feeding their cattle and flocks; and those who settle in villages, and till the ground. The former consist of the nobles or chiefs, and their clansmen, down to the remotest degree of relationship; and all of them, however abject in circumstances, look down with great contempt upon the latter, who are the industrious tillers of the ground, live in villages, and pay heavy rents to their far more indolent and lazy lords. There are many interesting anecdotes in the work before us, illustrative of this strong feeling of clansmanship.

‘Aman ullah Khan, the Vali of Sinna, once asked Abdurrahman, Pasha of Sulimania, to tell him why it was that his own servants, though generously treated by him, would never follow him into exile, nor ever, under trials and privations, showed any attachment for his person, such as the Baban Koords had always manifested for their princes. The answer of old Abdurrahman Pasha was very characteristic. “You are not,” said the old chieftain, “the lord of a tribe, nor are your men your tribesmen. You may clothe them, feed them, and make them rich, but they are not your cousins; they are but servants!”

‘The attachment of the Koords to their chiefs is indeed very strong. In Bagdad they live with their masters in the most miserable exile, struggling, without a murmur, with every sort of privation and suffering. Gentlemen who, in their own country, have a horse handsomely capa-

risoned, and a servant, are seen in Bagdad in rags; and are frequently known to work as porters or water-carriers, that they may take their day's wages to their master, to contribute to his support. When the brother of Abdurrahman Pasha died in Bagdad, one of his Koords was standing on the terrace or flat roof of the house, at the moment his master expired. "What," said he, "is *the Bey* dead? then I will not live another moment!" and immediately he threw himself off the top of the house, and was dashed to pieces. I have often heard this anecdote related in Bagdad. Yet an exile in Bagdad is what the Koords most dread, and even their attachment is not always proof against its terrors. Poverty and privation they can endure without a murmur; but the burning wastes of Arabia are to them, they say, truly dreadful. The other day, when Koord Suliman Pasha very foolishly allowed himself to be inveigled into Bagdad once more, after having repeatedly had proofs of the falsehood and treachery of the Pasha, some of his Beyzadehs, or gentlemen of the first rank, came to him and told him that they were ready to undergo any thing for his sake but the horrors of a long-protracted Bagdad exile, and that they desired leave to depart and seek their fortunes, with the other princes of the same family in Koordistan. When their masters are in power, they distribute the best part of the lands among these their faithful followers, and, besides, make them continual presents of horses and arms. Khaled Pasha told me that when he was deposed from the government of Keuy Sanjiak, his gentlemen came to him with their silver mounted trappings and silver horse furniture, which they laid down before him, telling him that he was now going into exile at Bagdad, where they would follow him, but where they would have no need of such finery; and that they therefore requested he would use the silver to provide himself with funds.

My excellent friend Omar Aga, in talking over his own history and his late persecution, told me that four or five of his principal men were imprisoned with him. The prison was damp and fireless; it was the depth of winter. Every day one or two of his men were taken out and severely bastinadoed, to induce them to tell where their master's money and property were. The same man would sometimes suffer the bastinadoe twice in a-day; yet not one showed the least impatience, or offered to make any confession. One day all Omar Aga's retainers combined, and contrived to let their master know that they had formed a plan for breaking open the prison on that night, putting all to the sword, and carrying off their master to Kerkook; but he positively forbade the attempt. During his imprisonment his men were almost starving; yet not one manifested the slightest wish to change his condition or seek other service. Besides being clansmen, many of Omar Aga's men are sons of those who occupied similar situations in the family of his father. Fakih Kader's (his secretary) mother, wife, little sisters and brothers, are all in Omar Aga's harem, and are considered as integral parts of his family. All his men share with him; do as he does; starve and wear rags when he is poor; make money when he is in office; and all without impatience or surprise, but just as if it were in the ordinary and unavoidable course of things. Omar Aga himself is just an instance of this attachment. The Pasha, though he really likes him, has had the weakness to treat him very ill at the instigation of Osman Bey, who

hates him. Yet Omar Aga being satisfied that the Pasha esteems him, and possessing the greatest respect for Abdurrahman, the father of the Pasha, has never offered to desert him; nor ever murmurs except in conversation with a very confidential friend, and then it is the voice of lamentation, not of querulousness or discontent. Upon my lamenting the Pasha's weakness, Omar Aga suddenly said with great earnestness, "Indeed, sir, I assure you he is not so in general: it is only with me that he is thus." There was no affectation in this speech; it burst from the heart, and was elicited by the fear that I should think less favourably of his master.'

'One of the Khans observed, when I praised some of the buildings, that they spent all their money about their houses, but that the Bebbehs invested their property in money and transportable effects, that they might be ready to fly at a moment's warning, in case of troubles or the deposition of their chief. Omar Aga immediately answered, "Yes, you spend money about houses, because it is indifferent to you who is chief; you are content to remain where you are. We are always ready to follow our chief wherever he goes, through troubles, and difficulties, and dangers, and we keep our property ready for him in his distress." This was no mere boasting, but most strictly true, as I could prove by many anecdotes of circumstances which have occurred within my own knowledge. If Aman ullah Khan were deposed, not a single man would follow him except some menials whom he could afford to pay. But if Mahmood Pasha of Sulimania were deposed, all his relations would instantly leave their country and follow him, giving him up whatever they possessed in ready money and effects, and would even work at daily labour to bring their pittance to contribute to his support and comfort. Nothing can be more marked than the difference of spirit in the clansmen and Goorans, who are a timid and heartless race, and said to be meaner, more thievish, and more deceitful even than the Persians.'

These Koords are principally Mahometans of the Soonnee sect; but among them there are many tribes of Christians, Armenians, Chaldeans and Nestoreans; and also Yezedees, the sect who are notorious for worshipping or rather deprecating the Devil.* The Christians are principally found about the vicinity of Mousul and Amadia, towards and in Armenia; and there is a very interesting colony of Nestoreans, who inhabit the inaccessible countries of Mount Jewar, between Ooroomia and the Pashalic of Amadia. They are brave and industrious, but extremely rude, and even savage in their habits; most jealous of, and admitting no strangers into their country; living exclusively under their own bishop-chief, Mac Shemaon (or 'the Lord Simeon'), who resides at a monastery called Kojinnis, or Cochannes, in a deep valley of Mount Jewar. No part of the little known country we are describing is more worthy of attention than this district and these people.

Koordistan is politically divided into two portions, the south-

* They, it is well known, adhere to the doctrines of the Manichæans.

eastern of which yields an allegiance, in some places imperfect, to Persia ; the other, or north-western part, which is by far the largest, is subject in a still more imperfect degree to Turkey. Both these portions are subdivided into a variety of petty districts or states, which fluctuate in power and importance, according to the political events of the day, and the talents and characters of the various ruling chiefs. Of Persian Koordistan, the principal state, in extent and importance, is Ardelan, which is sometimes, indeed, regarded as a province of Persia. The capital of this is Sinna, which Mr Rich, as the reader will find, visited ; but with which he appears not to have been so highly pleased as he was with the other places which came within the scope of his observation in the course of these travels. Indeed, many of the other Koords regard the reigning family of Sinna, though dignified by the title of *Walee*, or Prince, and considered as the chief of Koordistan by the Shah, as *Goorams**—that is, villagers—plebeians, and hold them in the same contempt with which a Spanish hidalgo looks down upon a rich upstart peasant. The next strictly Persian state is that of Souje-Bulagh, the country of the once powerful clan of Mookree. Then, there are Sooldooz, and Ooshnoo, and various others of still lesser importance. The country of the Hakkaree,—though that wild and predatory clan yield practically obedience to none,—belongs by treaty to the Turkish portion of Koordistan.

On the north-western part of Turkish Koordistan lies the Pashalic of Bayazeed ; the territories of which are inhabited by a variety of Koordish tribes, and whose chief was powerful, and has occasionally been very troublesome. It is through this territory that the commercial road from Trebisond and Asia Minor by Erzeroom passes. Looking westward, we find the little Pashalic of Moosh ; to the southward of which are Van, Betlis, Sert, Erzen, and Jezeerah ul Omar ; each the seat of a Koordish chieftain, more or less powerful, rude, or civilized. The latter is a savage, and a robber *par excellence*, where all are reckless plunderers. It is in that part of the country, and about Marddeen, but principally near Mousul and in Mount Sinjar, to the south-east, that the Yezeedees abound.

South-east from Sert and Betlis lies the fine and fruitful Pashalic of Amadia, which has been overrun and conquered by the Mear of Rewandooz—a chief whose natural talents for conquest have been stimulated by the disorder of the times, and who has obtained a very high degree of power in these mountainous regions. The south-eastern part of Koordistan, bordering on

* No doubt this is a corruption of the Persian word *Gholaum*—a slave—a *serf*.

the acquisitions of the Meer of Rewandooz, is occupied by the Pashalic of Soolimaneah; at one time one of the most important of the states of Turkish Koordistan, and the chief scene of the residence and travels described in Mr Rich's work.

Having thus slightly sketched the country where the scene is principally laid, we shall proceed to give our readers a short view of the work itself.

On the 16th of April, 1820, 'To escape the heat of a Bagdad summer,' as Mr Rich tells us, he left that city with Mrs Rich, and a train, calculated to impress the remote people among whom a British representative was, for the first time, to show himself, with a wholesome idea of the power and greatness of the nation he represented; and, in fact, he appears to have been every where received not only with hospitality, but with high respect. Taking the rout of Toozkhoormaltee, Leilan, and Tchenotchomal, the party entered the mountains by the pass of Derbend, and proceeded to Sulimania. A remarkable and delightful change is described as having taken place in their sensations on ascending the elevated plateau which divides what is called the *Germaseer* or (Germiân)—that is the hot country, as the low arid tract at the foot of the mountains is called, not here only, but all the way to the Persian Gulf, and along its shores—from the higher levels which are refreshed by the cool mountain breezes. Although the height of this plateau at the point in question did not exceed 300 feet, Mr Rich says, 'I seemed to inhale a new existence; my feverish anxiety and listless despondency gradually passed away like the clouds of a stormy night, and I revived to new hopes and renovated vigour. Nor was I singular in my sensations. Mrs Rich, who had been greatly indisposed, was quite restored by the time she had arrived at the end of her day's journey; and several invalids of the party declared they felt no more symptoms of illness after an hour or two's ride among the hills.'

On the 7th of May the party arrived at the Sertchinâr; one of those copious and delicious fountains which, in the arid countries of the East, often gush forth in a pure and full stream by the wayside, to gladden the heart of the weary traveller. And here they were met by Omar Aga, a Koord and relative of Mahmoud Pasha of Sulimania, who attended them on the part of that chief during the whole of their residence in Koordistan; and of whom Mr Rich speaks uniformly with an affectionate regard which the conduct of the Koordish clansmen seems to have fully justified. On his approach to the town, at the appointed 'fortunate hour,' Mr Rich was received by Ozman Bey, the Pasha's younger brother, a fine young Koord, whose appearance is thus sketched:

‘ I was much struck with the appearance of the Bey. He was not large, but lightly and well made ; the outlines of his face were perfectly regular ; he had a crispy or wavy black beard, dark blue eyes, with black eyebrows and lashes, and a manly tint of brown over a fine, clear, and ruddy complexion. He was altogether a very handsome young man. In horsemanship, and all their favourite military exercises, he is said to be unrivalled among his countrymen. He is likewise famous for his courage and generosity ; but, on the other hand, he is reported to be rather dissolute in his morals, and tyrannical in his disposition.

‘ He met me with an easy and polite address, in which was something of frankness, but not the most distant tincture of coarseness. He was perfectly well bred in his manners. I could see he was well aware of the advantages of his person. He was magnificently attired in the Koordish taste : his gown was of a rich, flowered, gold Indian stuff ; he had a superb Cashmere shawl, ornamented with gold fringe, on his head, put on in a wild loose manner ; his upper dress was a capot, or cloak, of crimson Venetian cloth, with rich gold frogs, or bosses, on it. The age of Osman Bey is thirty-two ; that of his brother, the pasha, thirty-five. Their mother is a sister of Khaled Pasha, and consequently also of the principal branch of the Bebbeh family.’

At Sulimania Mr Rich resided for nearly two months in the most friendly intercourse with the Pasha and the grandees of his court ; and the lively account which is given of the manners of so primitive a people, with the amusing and characteristic traits which are related, both of individuals and classes, cannot, we think, fail of interesting every reader. The Pasha appears to have been a kind, and worthy, and single-hearted man ;—better calculated for a life of privacy and ease than to struggle against the turbulence and difficulties of the times, and the intrigues under which even then he was suffering, and to which he ultimately fell a victim.

‘ I passed a very pleasant hour and a half with the Pasha. There is something so very natural, unassuming, and modest in his character, that makes it quite delightful to talk with him, after being used to the artificial, false, and pretending manners of the generality of men of rank in the East. I asked him why he did not wear armour, which is the favourite war-dress of the Koords. “ Because I am not strong enough to bear it,” answered he. Most natives of the East would have said that they did not like it, or that they scorned shielding themselves in battle. A person must have lived long among the Turks, and have become well acquainted with their habits of thinking and speaking, to be aware how this little trait struck me.’

The following anecdote evinces a degree of tolerance combined with piety which is very rarely found in a strict Mahometan.

‘ He displays’ (*i. e.* the Pasha) ‘ an extraordinary degree of piety and faith in his way, without any of the intolerance or arrogance which a Turk of much less devotion invariably assumes. “ The bravest man I ever

knew," said the Pasha, "was a poor Russian soldier, whom I saw when I accompanied the Prince Mahomed Ali Mirza in his inroad into Georgia. The man was carrying despatches, and was taken prisoner by the Persians, and brought before the Prince, who interrogated him as to the purport of his business. 'What I am going about,' said the man, 'is contained in my despatches; they are in Russian; read them if you can.' The Prince, finding nothing was to be got out of him, asked him to become a Mussulman. The man refused; on which the Prince threatened him with the most cruel torments; but the man's resolution was not to be shaken. The Prince therefore ordered a grave to be dug; all the while the soldier laughed and chatted with those around him with the utmost unconcern. When the grave was ready, the Prince once more asked him if he would become a Mussulman; and upon his refusal, ordered him to be buried alive, which was instantly done, though I did all I could to prevent so barbarous an act. It was a pity to see so fine and brave a fellow sacrificed for religion. What business had the Prince with his faith?"

'I could not help thinking, on hearing this atrocious anecdote, that if I commanded a Russian army, and ever took the Prince prisoner, I would infallibly hang his highness on the first tree we came to.'

Another anecdote which the Pasha related of himself, and which to us appears particularly interesting, proves that if he was not possessed of the imperturbable boldness which he admired in others, he was sustained on trying occasions by what is still better,—a strong religious dependence on that power with whom all help lies.

'During the time,' said he, 'that I was a hostage at Kermanshah for the fidelity of my late father, he was obliged by circumstances to adopt the Turkish interests. My life was consequently forfeited; and the Shah-zadeh sent for me to put me to death. It was night. I was brought before him with my arms tied behind my back. The Prince was sitting in his hall, and lighted candles were in the middle of it, and the executioner stood by ready to perform his office on me. Many a man who would face death in the field of honour would shrink at being brought up, with his hands bound, before the executioner. It was a fearful sight (may God never show it to you!); and I own my courage forsook me. In my agony, however, I had presence of mind left to call on the name of the Lord; and, praised be his name, it was instantly revealed to me. I felt it strike on my heart, as if the following words had been impressed on it:—"Am I not he who brought thee out of thy mother's womb, and protected thee through all dangers to the present hour? Might I not have destroyed thee at any moment? therefore why fearest thou now? Can this man do aught against thee, except by my will?" At that instant I felt comfort, my heart gained strength, and I stood before the Prince fearless and undaunted. Blessed be God, instead of causing me to be put to death, as had been his firm resolve when he sent for me, the Prince only remanded me back to prison, and nothing more was done to me.'

But the social enjoyments of their sojourn at Sulimania became at length so much alloyed by the increasing heats and by the

sherki,—a very hot wind that blows from the north-east, and which is much dreaded at Sulimania,—that Mr Rich resolved to retire further into the mountains. They were, however, unfortunate in the place they selected, Beestan (Beedistan, or 'the place of willows'), in the district of Kizziljee; for it proved to be so unhealthy that Mr Rich and many of his people were attacked with fever; and after remaining there for a few days, he resolved to send back the sick and the sepoy to Sulimania, and so proceeded himself to Sinna, where he arrived on the 25th of August.

Mr Rich appears not to have been by any means so much gratified by his residence at this place as at Sulimania; although we are informed that the Wâli, hearing of his approach, gave orders that he should be received and treated with the same honours as himself, and lodged in his palace. But the manners of the Arde-lânees partake more of those of the Persians than of the more primitive character of the Koords of Sulimania; and we observe throughout the work a dislike to the Persians in general, which no doubt coloured the tone of Mr Rich's mind, and threw its hue over his description of Sinna and its inhabitants. As an illustration of this anti-Persian feeling, we may quote a single passage:—'I must here observe that I never did see either a graceful or dignified Persian; indeed their dress does not admit of the first, and rough abrupt manners, with a loud voice, are now the fashion, in order to imitate the tribes-men and court party. *I should call the Persians ruffian dandies.*'—(Vol. I, p. 213). This censure we think too severe to apply to a whole people. Mr Rich must have been singularly unfortunate in his intercourse with the inhabitants of that country. We cannot doubt that had he survived to complete his work, he would have modified this severity.

The Wâli himself appears to have been no very amiable character; and indeed if he were to be taken as a specimen of Persian gentlemen, we own that the sample would not be tempting. Mr Rich thus describes his character:—

'Aman Ullah Khan, the Vali of Sinna, is forty-seven years of age, and is said to be a perfect master of Persian politeness, elegance, and policy. The Persians themselves say he can outwit any of them; and all agree that his cunning and duplicity set all precautions at defiance. His manners are represented to be so insinuating, and his *tact* so perfect, that he can gain whomsoever he pleases; but he has always a selfish object in what he does, and no reliance can be placed on him. He is cruel and avaricious even beyond the generality of Persian governors. All the province trembles when his name is mentioned. He is splendid in his establishment, and is supposed to be possessed of immense wealth. The greater portion of it has been gained in commerce, and he has money in the hands of many merchants, who trade with it for him. He has more than fifty thousand sheep, which he distributes about to differ-

ent people to take care of for him ; with the proviso, that whenever he calls for them, however distant the period may be, they must always be forthcoming ; that is, that they must never grow old, never get sick, never die, or be eaten by wolves. He is partner with every merchant and tradesman in his territory ; or rather he is the general monopolizer. I wanted a new box for my sextant ; all the wood and even the carpenter were the property of the Vali, and I was obliged to get an order from Mirz Feraj ullah. The same thing happened when I wanted a green silk string for my pistols. I desired Ovanness to see if he could get me some wine. He applied to a Christian, who told him he durst not let him have any without an order, as the Vali knew every bottle in his house. All the Vali's partners must take care that his profits are regular, whatever may be their luck. The Kiurkjee Basha, or pelisse-maker to the Vali, is a Christian. The Vali gave him a hundred tomans to traffic with on his account, upon this condition, that he shall pay him regularly twenty tomans a-year. The poor man finds this a very losing concern, and would gladly give back the money, but he dare not even propose this.'

He meets this formidable merchant-chief a little afterwards, and thus describes his appearance :—

' I had expected to see the dignity and refinement of Daoud Pasha ; instead of which I found a plain, rough kind of Persian, and rather an oddity—something of what we should call a good fellow, with no dignity, and nothing remarkable in his conversation, which consisted entirely of abrupt questions and short remarks. In person he is above the middle size, has rather a short thick face, grizly beard, and bushy black eyebrows, which, being straight and contracted, gave rather an unpleasing character to the upper part of his face.'

' The Vali had on a black Cashmere shawl upper dress : he was otherwise plainly attired ; nor had he any handsome arms or trinkets about him. A ship spyglass, an old lacquered cane with a silver head, and a plate containing a common watch, two or three silver-mounted seals, with a Birmingham opium box, were all that ornamented his sadr or throne. He spoke to me in Turkish, which is the fashionable language now in Persia ; but as I have already said, I recollect little worth recording. He merely asked short questions, and had a disagreeable trick of repeating insignificant things, and making you repeat them also. He asked how old I was ; I told them thirty-three : he remarked in Koordish that I looked like forty. He then enquired about my illness, in a profusion of Oriental medical terms, with which he seemed to be quite familiar. He spoke of Malcolm in high terms, and told me that Malcolm had made him handsome presents. He asked what an English resident had to do in Bagdad, and afterwards, what was my salary. About fifty melons were then set before him : he pulled a little Birmingham knife out of his pocket, and tasted them all. Trays of sweetmeats were afterwards produced. He and I ate out of the same tray, and he insisted on breaking off bits and giving them me. A constant succession of kalioons was kept up. He asked me much about Bonaparte ; enquired if he built caravanserais, and said he had a great name.'

' In the evening the Vali came to pay his visit. He was preceded by his Serbazes, and followed by a considerable number of horse. The procession was not so showy as a Turkish one would have been. There is something mean and dismal-looking in the Persian costume, especially *en masse*. The Khan was more plainly dressed than yesterday; and had over him a dervish's coarse woollen robe. He was received at the tent door by the Serbazes with presented arms, and "God save the King," on the drums and fifes. The Khan of Serdesht, the Sultans of Banna and Sakiz, accompanied him. He showed me various arms; asked me if they were English or French; what was their value, &c. He told me the King of Persia had promised him three field-pieces, with artillerymen to drill a party of his own. "And I will learn myself, you'll see;—I will become as good a toptchee (an artilleryman) as an Englishman—that I will. You know the battlements of the palace at Sinna? I will have a gun planted there, and place some bullocks and sheep on the opposite hill. You'll see how many I will kill every day." He now became quite cordial; the conversation was indeed not very interesting in point of information, but it was quite unrestrained. He turned to Musa Khan, and said in Koordish, "Walla, I have taken to this man." He then said to me, "Will you be my brother? It is good to have such a friend as I am; I am a rich fellow." My library was mentioned. Omar Aga adroitly took the opportunity of letting him know I wanted the famous History of Koordistan, called the *Tarikh al Akrad*. He was in high good-humour. "Do you want the *Tarikh al Akrad*? Walla, you shall have it." This book I have been in search of for many years. It would alone have been worth a journey to Sinna to obtain.'

It was at Bâna, on his return to Sulimania, that Mr Rich visited this personage; and the whole description of his intercourse with the rude chief is highly graphic and interesting. His hospitality, like that of most savages, appears to have been of a questionable and capricious character; and the conduct of some of the minor chiefs upon the road was so equivocal, that we do not wonder at Mr Rich, on once more entering the Bebbeh territory, confessing that he was 'heartily glad to get out of the land of trouble and beggars to that of true hospitality.' And again, on approaching Sulimania, on the 15th September, he observes that 'all our party were in high spirits at the prospect of reaching Sulimania in a few hours. I felt something like the elevation of spirits of a man returning to his own house; and indeed the kindness and hospitality I have experienced in Sulimania are well calculated to make me esteem it as a kind of home.' All this is very natural and delightful; but while we give every credit to the Bebbehs for their hospitality and kindness, and may, to a certain extent, sympathize with Mr Rich in his preference of them to the Ardêlânees, it must not be forgotten, that among the former the British resident of

Bagdad was a far more important personage than he could be to the latter, who are subjects of another empire. In the one place he was regarded as somewhat in the light of a protector, in the other he could only be a stranger of rank and distinction. Sir John Malcolm found neither trouble nor importunity from this very Wâli and these very Ardelânees, when he appeared at Sinna as the British ambassador at the court of Persia.

The first volume closes with the account of his further residence at Sulimania; and an additional collection of interesting traits and anecdotes of the Bebbeh Koords and their kind-hearted chief, who was most obviously unfit for the position in which he was placed; and we cannot help agreeing in opinion with the simple-hearted Pasha himself, that he would have done well to resign his uneasy seat and unprofitable sway.*

To this volume there is an appendix, containing routes and notices, both topographical and historical, concerning Koordistan; but that which will, probably, be most interesting to the general reader, is the fragment of a journal of Mrs Rich's, which describes in a very pleasant and lively manner all that she saw and heard. By means of this journal the English reader obtains some glimpses into that forbidden place, a Turkish harem, and is introduced to a few of the fair inmates. We much regret that so little of this valuable as well as very amusing journal has been preserved.

The second volume commences with the departure of Mr Rich from Sulimania, and his journal on the march to Arbela and Mousul, where are the ruins of the great Nineveh. At Arbela he discovered few relics of the Kayaman or of the Parthian Oras; these have been all overlaid by Mahometan structures of the age of the Caliphs. On his way to Mousul, while tracing the very route of Alexander, it was impossible to refrain from speculating upon the connexion of what was then before his eyes, and the events which terminated a great dynasty, and gave the empire of the East to a Grecian prince; and it is matter of much regret, that time was not given to one so highly qualified, and who had enjoyed so rare an opportunity for prosecuting his researches, to complete the enquiry on these subjects; of which a fragment is given in the appendix to the second volume.

* This event took place some years after per force. The Persian government took occasion to interfere in the affairs of Sulimania, and by its assistance Mahmood was deposed and Suleiman, his brother, raised to the pashalic. The struggle between the brothers continued for some years to agitate and destroy the country, which, now reduced by plague and civil war almost to a desert, is ruled by Suleiman Pasha.

Mr Rich reached Mousul on the 31st of October, and employed himself for four months incessantly in examining and surveying the site of Nineveh, and the not less interesting country in its vicinity. That portion of the work which describes the various remains which he discovered at Nineveh may probably prove more valuable to the antiquary and comparative geographer than amusing to the general reader; but the account of his expeditions to the convents of Mar-Mattei, and Rabban Her-muzd, and his description of the monastery of Mar-Elias, near Mousul, with the account and characteristics of the various sects of Christians who inhabit this primitive country, and of the Yezeedes, who are also numerous in this quarter, must be acceptable to every reader who takes any interest in the connection of the past with the present condition of things; and who loves to hear of the early progress of Christianity, and to trace its vestiges in regions which are now, by the mysterious ordination of Providence, overwhelmed by the dark cloud of Mahomedan bigotry, and a prey to all the evils of anarchy and predatory violence. It was here also that Mr Rich was fortunate enough to make many important additions to the valuable collection of MSS. now in the British Museum; among which may especially be reckoned two copies of the New Testament in Syriac,—the most ancient in that tongue, we believe, that are known to exist. A catalogue of these MSS. will be found in the Appendix.

The convent of Mar-Mattei, it appears, was founded A.D. 334, by a saint whose name it bears;—a companion of St George, who took refuge in these rugged mountains from the persecutions of Diocletian. The times then as now were times of trouble; and all convents were built in positions and on a plan that admitted of a stout defence against attack. That of Mar-Mattei, Mr Rich observes, has a most inaccessible and formidable appearance; and would, with little alteration, pass for ‘a very tolerable baron’s castle of the fourteenth century. It is situated on the verge of the precipice; and the bare rock rises immediately behind it, in which indeed are ensconced many chambers and parts of the structure. It is, in short, built in the abrupt face of the mountain like a martin’s nest. . . . It formerly seems to have been a place of strength, for Tamerlane took it by storm. . . . From the terrace of the south tower where we are lodged we have a noble and extended view, comprehending the whole of Alexander’s operations from the passage of the Tigris to the arrival at Arbela, after the battle of Gaugamela. The Bumadies meanders at the foot of the southern extremity of the mountain, and I am now told it rises just below Amadia. I can trace the Zâb plainly.’

This singularly placed religious edifice was at this time inhabited only by a *Matran*, or Jacobite Bishop, who had but one monk living with him, and a lad who was studying for the priesthood. This prelate, it appears, enjoyed fewer of the temporal blessings of life than many of his rank and order. 'His room,' observes Mr Rich, 'though good in itself, was filthy and wretched in all its accompaniments.' Yet he seems not to have been deficient in Christian principle, if we may judge from the following short trait, which is as creditable to the candour and right feeling of the one party, as to the piety of the other.

'I must do the old bishop the justice to record a fact, though it tells rather against myself. In affirming something, I made use of the common Mahometan form of "Wallah," by God. He stopped me immediately. "Cannot you affirm simply," said he, "without taking God's name in vain? If you believe in the Gospel, do not swear." But unfortunately, having learned all my oriental languages from Mahomedans, their profane modes of expression are so very familiar to me, that I fear I must often unconsciously have offended him in the course of conversation.'

Rabban Hormuzd, which also takes its name from the founder, —a bishop who was martyred (says Assemani) in the sixty-sixth year of the reign of Shapour of Persia, —is another of these singular convents, inhabited by Chaldean monks, who, with their wild and romantic habitation, are thus described by Mr Rich.

'The town of Al Kosh, which is entirely inhabited by Chaldeans, was before us, a little way up the foot of the mountain; and on the right of it, about a mile higher up, in a rocky defile or opening in the mountains, was the Chaldean convent of Rabban Hormuzd, whither we were journeying, and which from this spot wore a most imposing appearance. Nothing was clearly distinguishable but a heavy square building of a dusky red colour, hanging quite over a precipice, like some Lama pagoda. The dark clouds rolled over the summit of the mountain almost down to the convent, and greatly increased the gloominess of its aspect and its apparent height. We seemed to be retreating from the world and entering on some wild and untried state of existence, when we found ourselves in the rocky strait by which it is approached. The situation appeared to be well chosen for devotion, but devotion of a savage and gloomy character. The hills gradually rose very soon after the slope had terminated. An immense torrent, now dry, had brought down prodigious fragments of rock. Keeping along its edge, we reached at eleven the entrance of the defile, along a rocky and rough road. This defile expands and scoops out the mountain into a kind of wild amphitheatre, in which, not half way up, the convent is situated. It was only the latter part of the road which was very steep. The red building we had seen from afar was part of a church, or rather churches, there being several together. All the amphitheatre, from the top to the bottom, is full of little caves and grottoes, those near the church and ex-

tending up the rock far above it, being appropriated to the use of the monks, of whom there are fifty, only four or five of whom are priests. Each monk has a separate cell, and the communications between them are by little terraces. The rocks are craggy and broken, and of fine harmonious tints, being of freestone, of which the church is built. It is now undergoing a thorough repair in a very neat manner. It stands on a platform elevated from the precipice, but very little of the ancient fabric remains.

‘ We arrived at half-past eleven : we were accommodated in rather an airy lodging, in a kind of sacristy or chapel adjoining the church. Our people established themselves as well as they could in the surrounding caves, and the horses we sent back to the village.

‘ In the afternoon I went to vespers. The congregation of rustic dark-looking monks, together with the gloominess and simplicity of the church, which is merely a narrow arched or vaulted room, with no light but what is admitted from the small dome, might well remind one of the solitude of St Saba. Indeed the monks were not less Thebaid in their appearance,—being dusky-looking men, clothed in the coarsest manner, like peasants, but more sombre in their colours ; their gown being of a dark blue or black canvass, with a common Abba or Arab cloak of brown woollen over it. On their heads they wear a small skull-cap of brown felt, with a black handkerchief tied round it. The priests are rather better clothed, in black dresses, with black turbans on their heads. The monks are of all trades—weavers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, and masons ; so that the wants of the convent are entirely supplied by the convent itself. Their wants are indeed very few, the order being that of St Anthony, and very rigorous in its observances. The monks never eat meat, except at Christmas and Easter. Sometimes, indeed, if any of their friends bring them a little as a present, they are not forbidden to eat it ; but no meat is provided for the convent. The daily food is some boiled wheat and bread, and even this in small quantities. Wine and spirits are altogether prohibited, and none but the treasurer is allowed to touch money.’ *

* ‘ The monks live separately and alone in their cells, when not employed at their work, and are forbidden to talk to one another. A bell summons them to church several times a-day, besides which they meet in the church at midnight for prayer : again at daybreak, and at sunset, when they each retire to their cells without fire or candle. Some of these cells are far from the others, in very lonely situations, high up the mountains in steep places, and look difficult to get at by day ; how much more so in dark and stormy nights ! They are surrounded by wild plundering tribes of Koords, who might come down and murder them in their different retreats, without their cries for help being heard ; but their poverty preserves them from such attacks. There were several young men among them, who had retired here, being, as they told us, weary of the world, and hoping to find rest in this solitude, and

This Alkosh is interesting as being both the birth and burying-place of the prophet Nahum 'the Elkoshite.'

Having completed his researches at Nineveh and its vicinity, Mr Rich quitted Mousul on the 3d of March, upon a *kellich*, or raft of skins and branches of trees; and floated rapidly down the Tigris to Bagdad, where he arrived on the 12th, examining some interesting fragments of antiquity on his way; among which was the place called by the natives 'Nimrood,' and which he believes to be the Lavissa of Xenophon.

At Bagdad he had not continued long, when, receiving an offer of a high civil appointment at Bombay, he accepted it, and quitted the city of the Caliphs for the last time on the 11th of May; greatly to the regret of a large portion of its inhabitants, to whom he was not only endeared by his courteous manners and liberality, but who had experienced from his presence on many occasions a protection from the exactions and tyranny of the Pasha.

In truth, a residence at Bagdad had about this time become uncomfortable from many causes; and the Pasha, listening to evil counsels, exhibited a degree of hostility towards the English, of which he afterwards repented. Differences both of a political and commercial nature had arisen, which induced Mr Rich, though quitting Bagdad, to remain at Bussora (where he arrived on the 11th of May), in order to watch over the interests of those who had looked up to him as their protector for many years: But Mrs Rich being taken ill, he proceeded for change of air to Bushire; from whence that lady was forced to sail to Bombay, while he remained awaiting the final instructions which might enable him to close his business with the Pashalic, and follow her.

But the heat at Bushire became so intolerable, and the expected despatches were so long delayed, that he resolved on proceeding to the cooler regions beyond the mountains, and to visit Sheerauz, Persepolis, and other places of interest in its vicinity. Something of the delights of a sojourn at Bushire in the months of July and August, may be gathered from the following extracts.

'July 13.—A terrible night again; not a breath stirring; one rises exhausted, unrefreshed, and stupid. The weather is quite dreadful, and they say we are not at the worst of it by any means. I never felt any

acceptance with God, through religious exercises of a painful and mortifying nature. They did not look either happy or healthy; and we were told they die young.—*Ed.*'

thing so oppressive in Bagdad as this heavy damp heat, which is quite stifling. Thermometer only 95°, but it is 91° *all night*, as I have an opportunity of ascertaining; for sleep is quite out of the question. Perspiration does not cool one, for there is no evaporation, and every thing is wet with steam as in a hot bath. Indeed I can compare this to nothing but living in a Hamaum. You may imagine the exhaustion that takes place. The hot sulphureous blasts of a Bagdad Saum are quite refreshing compared with it. There seems to be something in the air, too, peculiarly favourable to the development of the prickly heat, which I never had so bad before. I am one wound all over my body and limbs down to my fingers. What I used to suffer at Bagdad was nothing to it. The effects of the irritation spread over so large a surface are terrible. How I bless God you escaped in time! Four-and-twenty hours of this would have killed you.'

'The thermometer all last night was 93°, till three o'clock this morning, when it fell gradually to 90°, which is its lowest point. It is not, however, the heat I so much complain of, as the steam and closeness, which is very relaxing, and irritating beyond any thing I ever felt or imagined. My poor *Bagdadees* look like ghosts; and even they are covered with prickly heat. "Sir," said Yusuf Aga to-day, "we can live in fire, but not in a Hamaum." He said this upon my remarking that it was quite delightful to hear the Bagdadees at last obliged to complain of heat.

'I bless God every hour of the day that you have escaped this. It cheers my spirits under the smarting and burning of the prickly heat, and the uncommon languor which I feel, and which renders it quite a labour to walk across the terrace.'

On the 23d of July he started for Shirauz, and his progress is described in three letters to Mrs Rich. These letters, as is generally the case, prove more spirited and amusing than any journal. What a pity it is that there are no more of them! We find that the writer reached Shirauz on the 2d of August; and he appears to have been more favourably impressed with the appearance of this city than most other travellers who have recorded their impressions.

'I will now proceed,' says he, 'to give you some general idea of the journey, and the impression made on me by the view of the town and gardens. I have met with no travels which give me a good idea of the country. I have forgotten what Niebuhr says. My companions were agreeable, and the whole journey a pleasant one. I often longed for you, but I also often thought how difficult it would have been to have managed had you been with us. The people of Fars are the most impudent starers, and the most troublesome fellows I ever knew. You could not have taken a walk in the garden without trouble, and certainly scarcely have stirred out without being closely veiled. The people here are renowned, even among the Persians, for their impertinence.

'My expectations were surpassed in the general view of the town and

the plain, and disappointed in the gardens. The town certainly presents itself to advantage, perhaps more so on the whole than almost any other oriental town I have seen—of course excepting Constantinople. The plain is fine, well cultivated, and pretty green even now, but miserably bare of wood, and the mountains are rocky and barren. The gardens do not surround the town, nor are they by any means so numerous as I had expected. They are scattered here and there, and I have not seen any thing that can be compared with the Khosroo-abad at Sinna. The Khosroo-abad would make three or four of the gardens here. M. de la Fosse, who is just arrived here, and Aga Seyd, of their own accords, drew the same comparison between the gardens of Shirauz and that of Sinna, so that it could not be wholly fancy on my part. Indeed from what I hear it seems that Aman ullah Khan has copied the taste of the Sefiviyahs, rather than the modern school, in his public works.

‘ Our garden, the celebrated Jehan Numa, is one of the best here, but the house, or bungalow, is in rather a ruinous condition. There is a fine terrace before it, and then a lower garden, much in the Italian style, but it is only two hundred yards square. The mere pleasure-part of the Khosroo-abad was eight hundred. Three or four walks are planted with cypress-trees, but with the exception of these and some others scattered about here and there in some of the gardens, the cypresses for which Shirauz was once so celebrated have almost entirely disappeared. They have been unmercifully cut down for common carpentry, for door and window frames, &c. The other day the prince wanted some timber to repair the roof of his kiosk in his garden, and cut down some remarkably fine tchinar-trees, which had been much celebrated for their beauty in Kerim Khan’s time. I have ordered a neat box to be made for you out of the Shirauz cypress wood, but the trees, however renowned in oriental song, are not so fine as those of Constantinople.

‘ The climate is very agreeable, and is reckoned healthy. The thermometer is at 91° for an hour or two, and this only in the hot season. The nights are cool, but I find it most pleasant to sleep in the open air, though many keep to their rooms. There is a fine bed of fragrant tool-see, or marvel of Peru, just before my window.’

From Shirauz Mr Rich proceeded to the Meshed-e-Mader-e-Subeemaun, supposed to be the tomb of Cyrus, which, together with the Nunsat Mourghâb, he examined; and then went to Persepolis, where he remained six days, laboriously employed in copying the long Cuniform inscriptions that are found at that celebrated place. This he did with the intention of having them transmitted to Professor Grotefend, who has been so long employed in the arduous task of decyphering the Cuniform character. His first impressions on seeing these venerable ruins themselves from some distance, are, we think, happily given.

‘ It was dark when we left the bridge of the Araxes. My expectation was greatly excited. Chardin, when I was a mere child, had inspired me with a great desire to see these ruins, and the desires excited

in us in childhood are too vivid ever to be effaced. Their gratification has a relish which motives suggested by reason and judgment are unable afterwards to equal. My late antiquarian researches had, however, also added their interest to my other inducements; and as I rode over the plain by the beautiful star-light, reflections innumerable on the great events that had happened there crowded on my memory. I was in the moment of enjoying what I had long wished for; and what a delightful moment that is! At last the pointed summit began to detach itself from the line of mountains to which we were advancing. Mr Tod pointed it out:—"Under that lie the ruins." At that moment the moon rose with uncommon beauty behind it. Ages seemed at once to present themselves to my fancy.

'We were lodged in a half ruined garden-house, fronting the ruins, and at the distance of about a mile from them. You may be assured that my last looks at night, and first in the morning (I did not go to bed till twelve and rose with the dawn), were directed to that spot. Yet I took a capricious kind of pleasure in not going to them, and forcing myself to be contented with this general survey. This may be foolish, but I determined to put off my minute inspection of them till our return, and enjoy for the present the general impression caused by this distant view. Lord Byron would have employed the interval better than I could do.'

'We returned to Persepolis by partly a different road, and arrived there on the evening of the 22d. We pitched our tents on the platform, close by the portals, which contain the colossal figures of the mythological animals. You may imagine I could not sleep that night. It was not a situation to steep the senses in sweet oblivion. I watched the rising of the moon, to indulge myself with a solitary ramble among the ruins by her light so favourable to contemplation; and I was well rewarded. The strange gigantic figures on the portals near which we were encamped, had a singular and portentous aspect, faintly illuminated by the moon, and by the remains of a fire our people had lighted, which cast a reddish mysterious light on part of them. As I walked among the lofty pillars, numberless were the fancies that arose, and the incomparable ode at once presented itself to my recollection. I was actually walking among the remains of those very "Persian abodes," but how changed! The fall of my own footsteps, and the cry of the fox from the hills which contain the royal sepulchres, were the only sounds heard, while above the pale moon was pursuing her tranquil course, unconscious of, or at least unchanged by, the lapse of ages.'

He returned to Shirauz on the '30th August, to learn that 'the cholera had made its appearance at Bushire, and was already depopulating it. Already had 17,000 been carried off at 'Bussora, and the road to Burauzgoon was strewn with dead 'bodies. The Liverpool frigate,' he adds, 'which had arrived 'at Bushire, lost three lieutenants in fifteen hours. The surgeon 'and a great part of the crew, we hear, are also dead.' It was true that the Liverpool lost three officers in a single day; but it

was not from cholera, it was from *heat*. It is a fact that the lieutenant who in the morning read the funeral service over his dead comrade, had that sad office performed over himself by another ere the night had closed in.

But the pestilence was yet at a distance, and with premature rejoicing he congratulates himself and her to whom he was writing, that he and his party had escaped the danger—that all was well with them. ‘Now every thing has happened for the best with respect to us. There seems to be a particular Providence watching over us, and we ought to be for ever grateful.’ His next letter describes the splendours of a nuptial ceremony, on the marriage of a son of the Prince of Shirauz with his cousin, the daughter of the Prince of Kermân. But the festivity was cut short by sterner rites. The pestilence, which they fondly hoped would remain at a distance, was approaching with sure and rapid steps, and strode at once into the dwelling of the royal revellers.

“Who is it that comes from the bridal chamber? It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.” The festivities of the wedding were suddenly put a stop to by the appearance of the so much dreaded cholera. The first death by it happened on the 14th. On the 15th it got very bad, yet still the people seemed to wish not to attend to it, and the marriage ceremonies continued. On the 17th, however, the voice of revelry ceased, and was succeeded by silence and consternation. A lady and some slave girls died in the haram, whereupon the prince and his family left it for the gardens in the afternoon. In the night the prince’s mother was taken ill in her new quarters. Her dastardly son, with his sister, immediately mounted their horses and ran away, leaving the poor old lady to her fate. She died before morning. The vizir followed the prince, and most of the principal people shortly imitated their example. In the morning of the 18th, when the death of the prince’s mother, and the flight of her son and the principal people were publicly known, the terror and dismay became general. The scene that ensued can scarcely be described. Parties of horsemen were seen galloping across the plain, and in different directions; groups of people on foot, women and children, covered the road—going they knew not whither—to escape an invisible, undefined, but mortal foe, which every one imagined to be close at his elbow. Several dropped and died on the road from fright, which in a multitude of cases doubtless converted a slight bilious attack, than which nothing is more common now, into a mortal malady. The town was left to take care of itself, for the prince and vizir had gone away in such terror that they had not even thought of any orders or regulations. The flight of the governor did great harm, and increased the public consternation tenfold; indeed it was the most shameless dastardly action I ever knew, and now that the people have come to themselves a little, they openly talk of the prince with contempt.

‘On the morning of the 19th, Aga Baba Khan, the first Shirauzee

nobleman, much to his honour, returned to town, took charge of the government, and has constantly employed himself in allaying the popular ferment, comforting the timid, and maintaining peace and order.

‘I thought it much better to remain where we were. I understand my staying comforted many people, who were looking to see what I would say and do on the occasion; if so, I thank God for it. But I certainly often thanked God also while the disease lasted that I had not brought you up here. I should have run away then as bad as the rest. There is certainly a particular Providence watching over us.’

Alas! even when thus breathing out his joy and gratitude for escape and safety, the fatal disease was already in his veins. Scarce had he penned these lines when he fell under its attack, even when its fury seemed quite spent—almost the last of its victims.

In addition to what we have above cursorily described, there is added to this volume the journal of an expedition (undertaken immediately previous to his Koordistan journey), from Bagdad to Kasri-Shireen, a hunting-seat of the celebrated Khosrow Purveez, where that monarch used to retire from the toils of government—in which latterly, indeed, he took wondrous little share—to enjoy the society of his beloved Shireen. The whole of this country teems with interesting relics and recollections, and the description which Mr Rich has given of his discoveries, though consisting only of rough notes, which, had he lived, would have undoubtedly been worked up into a finished shape, must, even in their imperfect state, be highly gratifying to all who delight in Oriental history and antiquities. We have no doubt that the ruins which Mr Rich found between Sheheraban and the Zendân are those of Dastagerd, from whence Khosroo made his escape in so unmanly a manner when beset by the Roman legions.

The Appendix to this volume contains, besides the notes on the battle of Arbela, already alluded to, a variety of routes and fragments of journals, affording much valuable materials for filling up a space on our maps, which, as yet, is nearly a blank; and the greater part of which has already been reduced to shape by Mr Walker in the maps which accompany the work. Several spirited lithographic prints, taken from sketches by the author, and which exhibit faithful representations of costume, and of some interesting scenes in the countries described, afford an additional attraction to the admirers of such embellishments.

Such are the contents of the volumes which we now recommend to the public attention; and especially to those who consider a knowledge of the nations of Asia, with whom our relations, political and commercial, are every day augmenting,

essential to a people who possess, as we do, a vast stake in the East. The extracts we have given will enable our readers to form a fair opinion of their style and matter; and we hope that the sample may induce them to turn from our pages to those of the work itself.

ART. III.—*Poggii Epistolæ. Editas collegit et emendavit; ple-rasque ex Codd. MSS. eruit, ordine chronologico disposuit, notisque illustravit Eques THOMAS DE TONELLIS, J. C. 8vo. Vol. I. Florentiæ typis L. Marchini: 1832.*

IN times of political and religious excitement, passing events almost entirely absorb the public attention; and in an age of transition, which many are pleased to regard as pre-eminently an age of improvement, the record of the transactions of the earlier periods of civil and literary history are either left absolutely unnoticed, or are cursorily glanced at with cold indifference. This appears to be at present the case with the majority of the reading public in our own country, who feel much more interest in a pamphlet on the poor laws, or on the state of Ireland, than they do in discussions on the workings of the feudal system, or in the annals of French, or Italian, or even of English literature. But still we apprehend that there exists in our community a respectable minority of men of cultivated minds, who, occasionally at least, abstract themselves from the agitation of the moment, to enquire what their predecessors have done for the purpose of promoting general instruction, and of quickening the 'march of intellect.' And perhaps the candid investigator of the progress of mental culture will find, that whilst, in the course of the last five centuries, great and rapidly increasing light has been thrown upon physical science, proportionate improvements have not been made in the sciences of morals and of politics. In the latter subjects of study, the writers of ancient Greece and Rome, many of them conversant, as statesmen and soldiers, with the practical affairs of life, had attained to a respectable degree of information; and it will be found, upon an examination of the works of the diligent scholars, to whose exertions we are indebted for the revival of literature in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that those enthusiastic students of ancient lore had, in the prosecution of their labours, deeply imbibed the spirit which animates with the dignified energy of moral truth the writings of the Greek and Roman orators and philosophers. It is by no means, then, an

uninteresting task to those who enjoy the requisite leisure and means of information, to mark the dawning of the human intellect breaking in upon the darkness of the middle ages, and to trace the first advancements of its progress towards its meridian splendour. And as it is the business of reviewers to cater for the various descriptions of guests who seat themselves at the banquet of literature, we think that we are acting in a manner strictly compatible with our duty in directing the attention of our learned readers to the epistolary communications of an eminent Florentine scholar; and in stating the circumstances which gave rise to their composition. This will lead us to give a brief account of the state of Italy at the period of the revival of letters, and a sketch of the life of their author.

At the commencement of the fourteenth century Italy was divided into a variety of states, differing from each other in the form of their constitution, but all habitually involved, with but short intervals of tranquillity, in the turmoils of civil strife and the perils of foreign war. In these circumstances, the flames of discord which had been kindled in most of the districts of that beautiful country were nourished by the quarrels which had long subsisted between two powerful factions, which, under the denominations of Guelphs and Ghibelines, respectively maintained the claims of the papal see, and those of the wearer of the imperial crown, to sovereignty over the different portions of the Roman empire; and especially over what both the Pope and the Emperor affected to call *their* Italian dominions. In the midst of the struggles which took place between the partisans of these rival potentates, several of the cities of the northern part of the peninsula, such as Milan, Parma, Pavia, Ferrara, Modena, and others, took advantage of favourable contingencies to shake off both the papal and the imperial yoke; but after a short period of nominal freedom, the licentious populace of these cities, inexperienced in the art of self-government, and left a prey to anarchy in consequence of the indulgence of their passions, were seduced or compelled to bow their necks to petty tyrants sprung from their own community, who ruled them with a rod of iron. At the period of which we are treating, the kingdom of Naples was distracted by successive disputes of rival dynasties, who vindicated by arms their respective claims to the throne; whilst the skilful concentration of her oligarchical government enabled the republic of Venice to crush all domestic conspiracies entered into from time to time by her malecontent citizens, and also to wage fierce and bloody war against her rivals the Genoese, without any interruption to the extension of her commercial dealings, and of her colonial conquests in the East. At this period, too, the trans-

ference of the papal residence from Rome to Avignon, effected by Clement V. in the year 1300, gave an extended scope to that spirit of sedition prevalent among the Roman populace, which had afforded to the ultramontane pontiff a fair pretext for quitting the capital of Christendom, which may justly be deemed his proper place of abode.

In the fourteenth century the Republic of Florence occupied a distinguished rank among the states of Italy. For some time after its first establishment, its territories were confined within very narrow limits, which were, however, somewhat extended by the liberal grants of adjoining districts which it received from the Emperor Otho I., and by the districts which its citizens afterwards from time to time won, by force of arms or by intrigue, from their neighbours. The city of Florence, having thus increased in importance and in population, was, for the purposes of civil government, divided into four, and afterwards into six tribes, over each of which presided a magistrate, designated by the title of Consul. But being soon wearied of this constitution, the Florentines, with a view of avoiding the crying evil of the partiality of party in the administration of justice, adopted the strange expedient of appointing foreigners as magistrates, under the title of *Podestà*. This form of government, however, soon proved inefficient and unsatisfactory, and was superseded by a new system, according to the provisions of which the power of the state was vested in a chief magistrate styled *Capitano*, who was at once aided and controlled in the execution of his duties by twelve of the principal citizens, who bore the appellation of *Signori*, and by twenty subordinate officers, called *Gonfalonieri*. Faction and civil tumult still prevailing under the new arrangement, towards the end of the thirteenth century the executive government was vested in six magistrates, entitled *Priori degli Arti*, or *Priori della Libertà*. To these were added, ten years after, a legal officer, called the *Gonfaloniere of Justice*; and, after the lapse of twenty more years, twelve *buoni uomini*, or good men and true, were added as assistants to the *Priori*, whose number was increased to eight. The weighty affairs of the state, however, were discussed and settled by two councils, the one called the 'Council of the People,' and composed principally of the middle and lower classes of the community—the other, entitled the 'Common Council,' the members of which were chosen from among the citizens of rank and fortune.

Many examples in the history of nations may serve to prove that intestine broils and the prevalence of civil strife in a state, do not necessarily incapacitate it from vigorously maintaining wars, whether defensive or aggressive, against foreign powers.

France was never more formidable to her enemies than at the time when the chieftains of contending factions followed each other in quick succession to the guillotine. Such, too, was the case with the Florentines. Though they were from time to time arrayed against each other in fierce hostility as partisans of the Guelphic and Ghibelline factions—which, in their domestic quarrels, respectively assumed the titles of *Neri* and *Bianchi**—though, in the early times of the Republic, we find the nobles in feud against each other, afterwards the united patricians contending against the people, and at a later period the people at variance with the populace, they seem never to have shrunk from a contest with their neighbours. At one time they were engaged in hostilities against the Republic of Pisa; at another, they were called upon to defend themselves against the aggressions of the reigning Pope. But the most pertinacious disturbers of their tranquillity were the successive heads of the family of the Visconti the Lords of Milan, who, with a view of bending these proud republicans beneath their yoke, ravaged their territory by many an incursion, which the Florentines generally repelled by the aid of mercenary troops, hired by that wealth which was the produce of their extensive commerce.

The civil broils in which the Florentines were for so long a space of time involved, were no doubt calamitous to the general state, and particularly to distinguished families; as they were attended by the mutual slaughter of the combatants, and terminated in the exile of the leaders of the vanquished party, and the confiscation of their property. But in the course of human affairs, there hardly occurs any evil so extreme as not to be qualified by some intermixture of good. The collisions of faction and the disorganization of revolutionary movements, call into exercise talent which, in a more tranquil condition of society, would have lain dormant in obscurity. The season of public excitement is the time of harvest to men of ability; and the effects of that ability will be felt when the calm of peace succeeds to the storm of strife, and its true value will then be recognised in its direction to worthy objects. The mental energy excited in the breasts of the citizens of Florence in the prosecution of their domestic quarrels, is pointedly noted by Macchiavelli as having constituted the ornament and the support, and as having been in times of peril the salvation, of the republic. It was in consequence of the exertion of intellect thus incited and sharpened, that, in the midst of the devastations and hazards of foreign war

* Blacks and Whites.

and domestic discord, literature flourished in the Tuscan capital ; and it was in circumstances apparently most disastrous and discouraging, that Petrarch, Dante, and Boccaccio, in their immortal works, gave to their native tongue that consistency and polish which has won for it the admiration and the applause of future ages. Nor were these accomplished writers less distinguished in their day by their Latin compositions ; on which, though rude and incorrect, they in all probability prided themselves more than they did on those specimens of their skill in their vernacular language which now shed such a lustre on their names. With all their faults, indeed, the Latin epistles and treatises of this illustrious triumvirate and their contemporaries, were the harbingers of the revival of letters. At the period when they flourished, indeed, the Latin language was the medium through which instruction in all arts and sciences was conveyed to students in the European Universities. It was also the means of communication between scholars of different countries. It was, moreover, adopted as the instrument of diplomatic discussions and arrangements, and of recording the treaties made between the powers of the civilized world. It is justly observed by the Abbé de Sade, that ‘ Nothing proves better the ascendancy which talent and the ‘ culture of the mind give among the human kind’—(he might have added, that nothing more clearly shows the pre-eminence in literature of the Tuscan Republic in the fourteenth century)— ‘ than the fact that twelve citizens of Florence were seen at the ‘ same time at the court of Boniface VIII., in the character of ‘ ambassadors from different powers of Europe and Asia.’* In point of fact, the literary characters of the fourteenth century were not, as many persons erroneously suppose them to have been, cloistered recluses, whose minds were narrowed, and whose faculties were benumbed by the influence of pedantry. On the contrary, they were, in general, men of business, engaged in the active concerns of life. They were admitted into the best society, not as the *lions* of the season, or as barely tolerated in the quality of dependents, but as habitual associates, and on a confidential footing with people of rank and fortune. In consequence of their reputation for talent, they became the correspondents and friends of statesmen, nobles, and even of sovereign princes. At the beginning of their career, indeed, the scholars of the revival exercised themselves in verbal criticism, and made the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans the principal subjects of their studies. But they were not content with acquiring

* Vie de Pétrarque, Vol. I. p. 6.

a knowledge of words and phrases: They deeply imbibed the maxims of wisdom which are to be derived from the historians and philosophers of antiquity; and in the moral treatises which they published, and in the orations which they not unfrequently delivered to congregated masses of their countrymen, or at the courts of foreign princes, they skilfully and faithfully applied those maxims to the transactions of their own times. Hence their works breathe a spirit of freedom well calculated to infuse generous sentiments into the hearts of their readers; whilst they inculcate those principles of virtue which we are ready to believe were not entirely destitute of good effect; even in an age when the remonstrances of reason were too apt to be silenced by the muttered threats of superstition, or by the overbearing voice of passion.

When we consider the scarcity and the consequent high price of the manuscripts of the Latin classics, from the perusal of which alone the literary men of the fourteenth century were enabled to form their style, we may be led rather to wonder at the advances actually made by those industrious scholars towards correctness of diction, than to blame them for the want of elegance in their compositions. The small collections of books which then existed, were shut up in monasteries, or in the palaces of princes, where they were not easily accessible; and the conceding of permission to inspect and to copy the literary treasures which were in the possession of private individuals, depended of course on the caprice of their owners; nor could these stores have been very copious. The library of Petrarch was, during his life time, deemed of such importance, that the bequest which he made of it to the Republic of Venice was regarded, and justly so, as a signal instance of munificence; and yet the works of which it was composed were so few in number, that they usually constituted a part of his baggage during the course of his travels. It is little to the credit of the magistracy of Venice, that they suffered this valuable legacy, which contained some precious articles, to perish in neglected obscurity, in an upper chamber immediately beneath the roof of the Church of St Mark.*

Such was the political and literary state of Italy in general

* Amongst the works here deposited, Daru (*Hist. de Venice*, tom. ii., p. 25) enumerates a MS. of Homer, given to Petrarch by Sigeros, ambassador of the Emperor of the East; a Sophocles, presented to him by Leontius Pilatus, his instructor in Greek; a Latin translation of Homer's works; a copy of Quintilian, and most of the works of Cicero transcribed by Petrarch himself.

and of Florence in particular at the time of the birth of Poggio Bracciolini, which event took place on the 11th of February, 1380, at Terranuova, a small town situated in the territory of the Tuscan republic, not far from Arezzo. His father, Guccio Bracciolini, who exercised the office of notary, at that period an office of much respectability, was in his later years involved in pecuniary distresses, which were aggravated by the imprudence of his endeavours to extricate himself from them by the aid of usurious money-lenders. This circumstance, however, did not prevent him from giving his son a good education, which object was facilitated by the liberality of the Florentine Government in procuring, by the means of salaries paid out of the public purse, the aid of the most eminent scholars of the time in instructing the youth of the republic in the learned languages, in history, philosophy, and in all the various branches of polite literature. The public school or university thus instituted was known by the name of *Studio Fiorentino*, and was opened soon after the cessation of the plague so vividly described by Boccaccio in the preface to his *Decamerone*. On his admission into this seminary of learning, Poggio entered upon the study of the Latin tongue under the auspices of Giovanni Malpaghino, more commonly known by the name of John of Ravenna; and in the course of his scholastic pursuits he was encouraged and assisted by Coluccio Salutati and Niccolo Niccoli, two eminent literary characters; the latter of whom possessed a respectable library, consisting of manuscripts of the ancient classics, which he had collected with unwearied industry and at a considerable expense, and the use of which he liberally imparted to the ingenuous youths of his acquaintance who had devoted themselves to the cultivation of literature. It has been asserted by those who have written of the early training of Poggio, that in the study of the Grecian language he availed himself of the assistance of Manuel Crisoloras, one of the learned Greeks who were compelled at this period, by the invasion of the Eastern Empire by the Turks, to take refuge in Italy. But this assertion is certainly erroneous. It appears most distinctly from certain letters of Poggio which have been lately brought to light by the editor of the work now under our consideration, that he did not begin to learn Greek till the year 1424, when he commenced the study of that language, which he prosecuted with no other aid than the occasional instructions of one of his learned friends named Rinuccio, who was afterwards secretary to Pope Nicholas V.

Having finished his studies at the Florentine University, Poggio repaired, in the year 1403, to Rome, where, in consequence of the kind interposition in his favour of his friend

Coluccio, he was admitted, in the capacity of secretary, into the service of the Cardinal Ludulfo Maramori, Archbishop of Bari. From this situation he was transferred, in the latter end of August or the beginning of September in the ensuing year, to the Roman Chancery, in quality of writer of the Apostolic Letters, or under secretary to the reigning Pope Boniface IX. That he was well qualified for the discharge of the duties of this office, and that he discharged those duties with fidelity and zeal, is evinced by the fact that he continued to hold his secretaryship, with the exception of a very short interval, during the reigns of seven successive pontiffs. The emoluments of his office were somewhat scanty; and, though in his confidential communications to his friends he occasionally made this circumstance the subject of complaint, we may easily believe that it preserved him from the temptations which befall young men who are born to affluence. In the preface to his *Historia Disceptativa Convivialis*, he acknowledges that in his early life he frequently had recourse to study for the purpose of beguiling the painful reflections which intruded themselves on his mind in consequence of the slenderness of his income.

On the 1st of October, 1404, Boniface IX. died, and was succeeded by Cosmo, Cardinal of Santa Croce, who, on his elevation to the papal chair, assumed the name of Innocent VII. The new pontiff treated Poggio with great kindness. So attentive indeed was he to the wishes of his secretary, that at his request, backed by a commendatory letter from Coluccio Salutati, then Chancellor of Florence, he was induced to admit into the Roman Chancery Poggio's chosen friend and the companion of his youthful studies, Leonardo Bruni, commonly known by the name of Leonardo Aretino; from his confidential intercourse with whom Poggio derived the greatest pleasure, whilst by a community in literary pursuits the two scholars mutually promoted each other's improvement in useful and ornamental knowledge.*

* Leonardo obtained the post of papal secretary in a manner very creditable to himself. On his first introduction to Innocent, that pontiff remarked, in the hearing of the courtiers, that he seemed too young for the office to which he aspired. This remark having been reported to Jacopo Angelo, who had been a rival in scholarship to Leonardo at the University of Florence, he was thereby encouraged to become a competitor with him for the secretaryship. While the pontiff was in doubt which of the two to appoint, he received despatches from France about business of a complicated nature, and as a test of the abilities of the candidates he gave orders that both should draw up an answer to them.

Their peaceful studies were, however, soon interrupted by civil broils which took place between Innocent and the Roman people, in consequence of which the pontiff and his court were obliged to flee to Viterbo. The father of the faithful did not long survive the pacification which put an end to these tumults, as he died on the 6th of November of the year in which it was concluded.

Innocent was succeeded by Gregory XI., who, however, not having ratified certain conditions on which he was elected, was soon superseded by Alexander V. During this uncertainty of affairs in the pontifical see, Poggio retired to Florence, still retaining, however, his post of Apostolic scribe, which he continued to hold during the short pontificate of Alexander, which did not last quite eight months, and was confirmed in his office by Alexander's successor, John XXII.

John had not long been seated in the Papal chair before he was applied to by the Emperor Sigismund to summon a General Council, for the purpose of putting an end to the schism which then existed, and which had disturbed the peace of Christendom for a long series of years. With this request the Pontiff was very unwilling to comply, as he had learnt, from the perusal of ecclesiastical records, that the assembling of General Councils boded no good to the head of the Church. But yielding at length to the importunity of the Emperor, he issued the necessary precept to the fathers of the Church, and fixed upon Constance as the place of their meeting. Poggio, in the exercise of his office, accompanied his master to that city, where it was his fortune to witness the trial and execution of Jerome of Prague, the Bohemian reformer; of which he gave an interesting account in a letter to Leonardo Aretino, often quoted at length in the records of Protestant martyrology. Availing himself of the leisure afforded to the officers of the Roman chancery, by the vacancy in the pontifical throne, occasioned by the deposition of John XXII. by the Council, he made excursions, which he extended as far as to the city of Paris, in search of ancient manuscripts of the classic writers. These exertions in the cause of literature were crowned by a success which has gained for Poggio the grateful applause of scholars of succeeding ages. In what he calls a 'dungeon' in the monastery of St Gallen, he discovered what had hitherto been sought for in vain by the

On examination the performance of Leonardo was found to be so much superior to that of his antagonist, that he immediately received the appointment.

learned—a complete copy of Quintilian, besides the three first books, and one-half of the fourth, of the Argonautics of Valerius Flaccus, and Asconius Pedianus's Comment on eight of Cicero's Orations. In a monastery of Clunian monks at Langres, he found a copy of Cicero's Oration for Cœcina; and in various journeys he had the satisfaction to bring to light seven other speeches of the same orator. To his industry, moreover, the learned world are indebted for the recovery of the poem of Silius Italicus—the treatise of Lactantius de Ira Dei—Vegetius de Re Militari—Nonius Marcellus—Ammianus Marcellinus—Lucretius—Columella and Tertullian—twelve comedies of Plautus, hitherto unknown—a fragment of Aullus Gellius—Frontinus de Aquæductis—eight books of Firmicus on the Mathematics—Petronius Arbiter, and Calphurnius's Bucolic.

After a short interregnum in the Papacy, Martin V. was elected to succeed to the deposed Pontiff; soon after which event a termination was put to the schism of the West, which had so long scandalized the feelings of all pious Catholics. After the dissolution of the Council of Constance, Martin proceeded to Mantua, where he fixed his residence for some time. Thither he was accompanied by Poggio, who, however, did not remain there long; for, at the expiration of a few weeks after his arrival in that city, he quitted it in such haste that he had not time to take leave of his most intimate friends, and journeying through France, took shelter in England. Dr Shepherd, in his 'Life of Poggio,' conjectures that he took this step in consequence of the disappointment of his hopes of preferment; or on account of the umbrage which he had given by the free sentiments on religious matters which he had expressed, or rather intimated, in his narrative of the trial and execution of Jerome of Prague, which is certainly well calculated to excite in the minds of his readers admiration for the suffering heretic. A manuscript copy of a letter of Poggio, first published in the volume before us, proves that in both these conjectures his biographer is well founded.*

* Though the letter in question was written some years after Poggio had fled to England, we may gather from it plain intimations that he laboured in the Papal Court under the imputation of partiality to heresy; for he informs his correspondent that the Bishop of Chichester had, in the presence of many persons in the Pope's closet, called him 'a vile and ribald ass,' for writing in such a manner as to encourage heretics. That he had written about heretics he does not deny; but states that he wrote in confidence to the Bishop of Winchester. '*De hæreticis item scripsi,*' says he, '*et utinam vera non scripsissem.*'

Poggio was induced to choose England as the place of his retreat in consequence of the friendly attentions he had experienced at Constance from the celebrated Cardinal Beaufort. From this powerful patron he naturally expected that he should obtain some office which would make him easy in his circumstances. But he was at first signally disappointed. To use his own expression, 'after waiting some time, the mountain produced a mouse,' in the shape of a small church living; and though he had afterwards the offer of a well-endowed canonry, his longing desire to return to his native country, and his wish to rejoin his associates in literary pursuits, induced him, in the spring of 1423, to quit England, and to accept the office of secretary to Martin V. The latter years of this Pontiff were spent in a state of tranquillity, of which Poggio availed himself to give the final polish to his first publication; namely, a 'Dialogue on Avarice,' which was submitted to the judgment of the learned in the year 1429.

Martin V. dying in the year 1431, was succeeded by Eugenius IV., whose Pontificate was disturbed by a war with the Duke of Milan, and by an insurrection of the Roman people, from which he was glad to escape in disguise, and to take refuge, first in Leghorn, and afterwards at Florence. Poggio, in attempting to follow his master, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the enemy; from whom he was obliged to redeem himself by a sum of money which it was very inconvenient for him to pay. The joy which he felt on his arrival at Florence, whither he repaired after his liberation from captivity, was, however, damped by the absence from that city of his illustrious friend, Cosmo de' Medici, who had a little time before been banished from his native country by the faction of the nobles, and to whom, on receiving intelligence of his misfortunes, he had addressed a letter of consolation, pregnant with sound sense and good feeling. Before the expiration of a year, however, Cosmo was triumphantly recalled by the voice of the people. The zeal which Poggio on this occasion manifested in the cause of his friend involved him in a quarrel with Filelfo, one of the first scholars of the age; who, though he merely resided in Florence as a stranger, had taken an active part with the enemies of the Medici—a quarrel in which both the combatants, in showing how classically they could scold in Latin, disgraced themselves by the publication of invectives, where truth and decency were equally set at defiance.

In the fifth month after the banishment of Eugenius, the Roman people, finding their territory harassed by the incursions of the troops of the Duke of Milan, and despairing of establish-

ing that independence which was the object of their wishes, submitted to the re-establishment of the Papal authority; and after severe vengeance had been inflicted on the leaders of the late revolt, the Pontiff returned to his capital. Disgusted with these scenes of violence, Poggio withdrew to a villa he had purchased in the pleasant district of Valdarno. This mansion he adorned, to the extent of his means, with a collection of books, and with inscriptions, busts, and statues, the memorials of ancient art. It may be mentioned, to the honour of the rulers of the Florentine Republic, that on Poggio's taking possession of his purchase, he was, by a solemn decree of the magistracy, and in consideration of his literary celebrity, permitted to enjoy it free from the burden of taxation.

Though he was thus the master of a fixed abode, ornamented with taste and judgment, Poggio found that there was still something wanting to his domestic comforts; and therefore, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, he married Vaggia, the daughter of Ghino Manente de' Bondelmonti, a lady of a wealthy and honourable family, and not yet eighteen years of age. No doubt he ran the usual gantelope of jokes on his union with so youthful a bride; and in defence of his conduct in this particular, he published a dialogue on the interesting question, *An seni sit uxor ducenda*. Of course this query was answered by the happy bridegroom in the affirmative. A copy of this work, which is written in a lively style, and exhibits the best specimen extant of the Latinity of its author, was found in the year 1802, in the Royal (then called the National) Library at Paris, by Dr Shepherd, who transcribed it, and printed a few copies of it for distribution among his literary friends; and afterwards, at the instance of the late Dr Parr, published it with a Latin preface, and a dedication to Mr Roscoe. This tract was so well received in Italy that it has been twice reprinted at Florence, with various readings from a manuscript preserved in the Laurentian Library.

Soon after his marriage, Poggio published a Collection of his letters, a copy of which still exists among the manuscripts of the Riccardi Library in Florence. This specimen of his talents was followed in the year 1440 by the publication of his dialogue 'On Nobility,' in which are to be found many curious traits of the habits and manners of the aristocracy of various countries in Europe during the 15th century; and at a later period by his dialogue 'On the Unhappiness of Princes,' a work distinguished by the boldness of its animadversions on the follies and vices of sovereign potentates.

In the year 1444, Poggio sustained an irreparable loss in the death of his faithful friend, Leonardo Aretino, who was held in

such respect by his fellow-citizens that, by order of the magistracy, he was honoured with a public funeral ; on which occasion a laudatory oration was pronounced over his remains by Gianozzi Manetti, a scholar of distinguished celebrity. This composition, however, did not sustain the character of its author ; it was justly condemned by the critics as flat and diffuse, and was speedily superseded by an eloquent eulogium on the deceased, written by Poggio.

In the early and the middle periods of his life Poggio had struggled with the difficulties incident to a scanty income ; but in the virtuous and enlightened pontiff, Nicolas V., who succeeded to the papal chair in 1447, he found a patron who was sensible of his worth, and who bestowed upon him his favours with such liberality that, in the warmth of his gratitude, he professed that ‘ he was at length reconciled to fortune.’ Under the auspices of this kind benefactor he published his dialogue *de Varietate Fortunæ*, the commencement of which forms a striking introduction to the concluding chapter of Gibbon’s ‘ Decline and Fall of the ‘ Roman Empire.’ This splendid composition was no sooner in the hands of the learned, than its author evinced his confidence in the tolerance of the reigning pontiff by the publication of his dialogue ‘ On Hypocrisy ;’ in which he exposed with the utmost freedom the ignorance and the vices of the clergy. A similar indulgence of the spirit of sarcasm against the inconsistency of those who, notwithstanding their gross misdeeds, assume a factitious dignity as belonging to the sacred order, also pervades many of the stories recorded in his *Liber Facietiarum*, published in the year 1450. Whosoever peruses this work, the popularity of which is evinced by the numerous editions it has passed through, will not wonder that it stands condemned ‘ *ex quâcunque editione et linguâ,*’ in the ‘ *Index Librorum prohibitorum et expurgandorum,*’ published by the Spanish Inquisition in the year 1667.

Poggio had now held situations of confidence in the Roman court for the space of fifty-one years, when, in the year 1453, he was summoned from this field of exertion to fill the high office of Chancellor of the Florentine Republic, vacant by the death of his friend, Carlo Aretino. As an additional testimony of the esteem in which he was held by his countrymen, he was elected, soon after his arrival in Florence, into the number of the *Priori degli Arti*. In this happy change of circumstances, neither the whispers of self-indulgence, nor the pressure of age, nor the demands of his official duties, prevented him from prosecuting his literary labours. He had formerly given proof of his proficiency in the Greek tongue by his versions of Xenophon’s ‘ *Cyropædia,*’ and of Diodorus Siculus : to these he now added a translation of

Lucian's 'Ass.' His literary career was closed by two original works; namely, by his dialogue *de Miseria humanæ conditionis*, and his 'History of Florence.' The original of the latter work was for a long time superseded by an Italian version of it made by his son Jacopo, and it slept in the repositories of the Medicean library till the year 1715; when it was published by Giovanni Battista Recanati, a Venetian noble, devoted to the study of letters. Its learned author may be justly said to have died in the service of his country, as before he had given the last polish to this record of her eventful story, his labours were terminated by his death, on the 10th of October, 1459. His remains were honoured by a public funeral; and his statue, erected in the church of Santa Croce, bore testimony to the respect entertained by the Florentines for his memory; as a citizen who had ever manifested an ardent zeal for the honour and welfare of his native country, on which he had reflected dignity by his virtues and his talents, and especially by the eminence to which he had attained among the most enlightened scholars of the age.

We may here mention, that Dr Shepherd's *Life of Poggio* was, shortly after its appearance, translated into German, with the addition of notes, by Dr Spiker, librarian to the King of Prussia. After the Doctor had finished his translation, he put it into the hands of a bookseller at Berlin, for the purpose of its being printed and published, when the sudden irruption of Napoleon into Prussia, in the year 1806, drove his Prussian Majesty, and all his court and attendants, from his capital; and when, at the conclusion of peace, Dr Spiker returned from his exile to Berlin, he found, to his inexpressible vexation, that, during his compulsory absence, his bibliopoliſt had been declared insolvent, and that his lucubrations on Poggio had been sold among the bankrupt's effects as waste paper. In the year 1819, a French translation of the work was published at Paris, by the *Compte de Laubepin*. He has also enriched his version with an appendix of judicious annotations, some of them illustrative of facts, and others detailing circumstances connected with the literary history of the 14th and 15th centuries. We may farther add, that in Tonelli's Italian translation of this work, he has corrected some few occasional errors into which Dr Shepherd, in consequence of his reliance on dubious authorities, has fallen in his statement of facts; and that he has thrown light upon certain transactions in the life of Poggio which the scantiness of the documents attainable on this side the Alps necessarily obliged his English biographer to leave involved in the uncertainty of conjecture.

In the time of Poggio epistolary intercourse between men of

education was, as we have before observed, carried on in the Latin tongue. This circumstance nourished an emulation between the correspondents in purity of diction and elegance of expression ; for it is evident, in their perusal, that in many cases their Latin letters were composed as proofs of the attainments of their writers in classical knowledge. Hence, in the occurrence of quarrels between the scholars of the 15th century (and these were not unfrequent, for scholars have ever been an irritable race), we invariably find the belligerents deviating from the original subject of debate, to criticize, like so many *plagosi Orbili*, each other's Latin style. Hence, too, when an individual had gained for himself the reputation of a good Latinist, copies of his epistles were eagerly sought after ; and their circulation served to diffuse the fame of their author throughout the literary world. The letters of Poggio were much admired by his contemporaries. From many laudatory notices of them which occur in the writings of his learned friends we may justly conclude that Antonio of Palermo, in a letter addressed to him, expressed the flattering opinion entertained of them by the literati of the day, when he characterised them as 'elevated in style, sweet, rich, and grave,' and as 'true specimens of the ancient Roman eloquence.*' In his lifetime Poggio was induced, by the importunity of his friends and admirers, to publish the letters which he had addressed to Niccolo Niccoli ; and also a miscellaneous collection of his epistles to other correspondents. Manuscripts of these documents exist in the Riccardi library at Florence ; but no impression of those manuscripts had hitherto been made as substantive publications ; they have, therefore, afforded to the Cavaliere Tonelli materials for the work now under our consideration, interesting, not only by their intrinsic worth, but also on account of their novelty. Many of Poggio's epistles, however, are to be found printed in various works. Forty-five of them compose a portion of the folio edition of *Poggii Opera*, Basil, 1538, but carelessly edited, and abounding in typographical mistakes and erroneous readings. A manuscript copy of Poggio's *Historia de Varietate Fortunæ*, to which were appended fifty-seven of his letters, till then inedited, having been found about the year 1720 in the library of Cardinal Ottoboni, by his librarian Leonardo Adamo, that industrious scholar prepared to arrange them for the press. He dying before he had completed his task, it was taken up by his successor Dominico Giorgio, who was patronized in this undertaking by the Cardinal. The transcript having been finished,

* *Poggii Opera* Argent. 1513, fol. 132.

the copy was intrusted to a secretary of the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, named Jean Olive de Rodez; under whose inspection, and at the expense of his master, the work was printed at Paris, in the year 1723, prefaced by a dedication to the Cardinal Prince. The editor of this handsome quarto has performed his duty well. He has enriched his publication with judicious notes. He has also taken great pains to settle the text of his author; and has faithfully marked the passages in which the obscurity of the sense or the faultiness of the Latinity caused him to be dubious of the reading. It is due to the memory of Poggio to state, that on a comparison of some of the passages thus marked as obscure or faulty, with a good manuscript, we have found that the fault lay with the copy from which Jean Olive's edition of these epistles was formed, and not with their author. Laurentius Mehus, in his voluminous collection of the epistles of Ambrogio Traversari, has also printed ten letters of Poggio, unknown to the learned till the appearance of his publication. In mentioning Mehus, it may be permitted to us to remark, that his life of Ambrogio, which is prefixed as an introduction to the letters of that learned monk, and which fills a folio volume of 436 pages, is a rich mine of information on the literary history of Florence during the 14th and 15th centuries; but a mine the working of which requires no common labour. His digressions from his main subjects, and from digression to digression, remind his reader, if perchance he be a sportsman, of the plague of hare starting up after hare in a preserve while the dogs are in chase. They are, indeed, so devious, that his hero occupies, as it were, but a speck in the expanse of his work—his reader is distracted, and the most feasible mode of collecting information respecting any specific personage or subject, is to search for such information by the help of the index; which, fortunately, or perhaps designedly (for Mehus must have been conscious of the difficulty to which we have alluded), is a very copious and a very accurate one. The last of Poggio's printed epistles which we shall mention is the one appended to the second volume of L'Enfant's *Poggiana*, containing an account of the discovery of a copy of Quintiliani *Institutiones*.

Though the Cavaliere Tonelli has not noticed, in the preface to his *Epistolarium*, the foregoing repositories of the printed letters of Poggio, we can easily see, by an inspection of his volume, that not one of them has escaped his notice. But not contented with laying before his readers a collection of such of the epistles of that celebrated scholar as had already been published, he was induced by his respect for Poggio; and by his zeal for the honour of his native city (Florence) as an early patroness of polite literature, to search

among the rarities of various libraries in Italy, France, Germany, and England, for manuscript copies of his letters. In this enterprise he was signally successful. In the Riccardi library at Florence, as he informs us, he found a manuscript volume which contains three collections of Poggio's Epistles. The first consists of eighty-six letters, all addressed to Niccolo Niccoli; to which is prefixed an epistle dedicatory, addressed to Francesco Marescalco, Canon of Ferrara. The second, digested by Poggio himself into ten books, contains letters addressed to various persons; and is inscribed to Luigi Scarampio, Archbishop of Florence. The third, which is divided into seven books, has no dedicatory inscription. The *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris also furnished the Cavaliere with copious materials for his undertaking. Of the extent of his obligations to the libraries of Germany and England he has not informed us. The result of his labours was, that he amassed together no less than five hundred of Poggio's Epistles, edited and inedited. The settling of the text of such of these compositions as had not been printed, by a painful decyphering of antiquated characters—by a collation of different manuscripts, where different manuscripts were to be found—and by conjectural amendment, in cases where that advantage was wanting—was a work of no small toil; in the execution of which our Editor has evinced much industry and much sagacity of judgment. But he was not content with this. 'It seemed to me,' says he in his preface, 'that it would much conduce to the glory of Poggio to exhibit a *regular series* of his letters, which would serve to show, as it were in a mirror, the rectitude of his principles, his liberality, his constancy, his fortitude, his contempt of riches and dignities, when their acquisition was incompatible with the love of virtue—and also the superiority of his genius, and the facility and elegance of his Latin style.'

To reduce to order, upon the principle of chronological arrangement, the chaos of materials which the Cavaliere had collected from the various sources we have mentioned, required an intimate acquaintance, not only with the literary, but also with the political history of the times in which Poggio lived, and the incidents of the lives of his various correspondents. Many of these letters, in their manuscript, and also in their printed state, are without dates; many of them are dated erroneously; and much minute enquiry and extended research must have been necessary to ascertain the time at which they were written. For the exercise of judgment on this point, the Cavaliere was well prepared by his general acquaintance with the early literature of his country, and more particularly by the researches into which he had been led in the preparation of his Annotations on Dr

Shepherd's Life of Poggio. By these means he was enabled to catch glimpses of light where, to common readers, all was involved in darkness, and to find many a clue which would have escaped the notice of ordinary observers. As, for instance, the first letter which occurs in his collection is dated in the Riccardi MS. the 18th of December, without any specification of the year; but by internal evidence, drawn from that and the succeeding letter, he proves that it was written on the 18th of May, 1416. Again, an uninformed reader, on finding, in Lib. II. Epist. xi. of the *Epistolarium*, mention made of the late dissolution of the Council, would in all probability imagine that the letter in question was written soon after the breaking up of the Council of Constance; but our editor, remarking that allusion is made in it to the withdrawing by the King of Arragon of his obedience to the Holy See, rightly fixes its date at the dissolution of the Council of Sienna, and in the year 1424.

The letters contained in the volume under our consideration commence in the year 1416, and extend to the year 1431, and are 129 in number. Their very titles not only show the extent of Poggio's acquaintance with his literary contemporaries, but also the esteem in which he was held by the highest dignitaries of the Roman Church; for whilst most of them exhibit his correspondence with his brother scholars, others are addressed to bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, who seem to have admitted him to all the freedom of epistolary intercourse. The most popular are those descriptive of the catastrophe of Jerome of Prague and of the baths of Baden; but we have been much interested with those written from England, now first published, and with those, also hitherto unedited, which are addressed to Niccolo Niccoli; chiefly on the subject of the sale and purchase of manuscripts of the classic writers. We shall lay before our readers a translation of one of these, written immediately after his return from Italy to England; and of another, addressed to Guarino Veronese; both of which may serve to show the difficulties under which he and the scholars of his time laboured in the procuring of books:—

‘ Poggio wishes health to his friend Niccolo.

‘ I have received from you a short letter, to which I have no need to reply, except as to one point—namely, my present condition and circumstances, to which a brief answer will suffice. I am appointed Pontifical Secretary, after little or no solicitation. I am glad of this on account of the recovery of my former dignity; but I cannot decide upon my future proceedings till the Bishop of Winchester shall come. The Pontiff received me graciously. I shall soon be able to decide whether

it will be more for my interest to stay here, or to return to Britain. It is always reckoned the part of a wise man to suit himself to the times. I will stay here and apply to my studies, if I shall find that, by so doing, I can obtain what I wish—namely, a moderate income. If not, I will try all other means to attain that object. Do not forget what I told you about buying for me a life interest in an estate; for I wish to be rid of these troublesome ‘*Excellencies*,’ as we must call them. Cinthio has complained to me that you have done him wrong in so often refusing him the book. I have excused both you and myself, maintaining that you have always acted kindly towards him. I told him the book would be soon transcribed. As he is very importunate with me, I beg that you will copy it, and let me know when you have begun the transcription. Pray send me my volumes of extracts from the various books which I have read, which are many, and dispersed up and down. Collect them, I beseech you, and send them to me as soon as possible. I want Cicero de Oratore, Brutus, et Orator. If you have them, send them to me with all speed; if you have them not, borrow them from Nicolas or from some one else, as need may be. Let me also have a supply of parchment, as I intend to transcribe the above-mentioned treatises, or to get them transcribed. I have written to Francesco Barbaro, begging him to send me those Orations of Cicero which he borrowed from me. Open the letter if you please, and when you have read it, reseal it and forward it to him. Send me that letter which I wrote to you about the baths when I was in Germany. Farewell.’

It appears from the following letter that Barbaro put Poggio to much inconvenience by keeping the above-mentioned Orations an exorbitant length of time. The earnestness with which the Secretary writes on this subject shows what value was in his day put upon a manuscript copy of a work of a classic author:—

‘ To Guarino Veronese.

‘ I am sorry, my dear Guarino, that I am under the necessity of complaining to you of a wrong, not to say an injury, which has been done to me by Francesco Barbaro, in violation of our friendship and of the duty of a good man. Since I came to Rome, I have written to him two letters in my usual friendly style, desiring him to send me back those Orations of Cicero, written out by my own hand, which he received from our friend Nicolas,* and of which I am much in want. But he has not yet complied with my request, and has not even sent a word in answer to my letter. In this he manifests either the grossest negligence or the greatest disrespect for me; conduct which is inconsistent with his friendship for me, and with the character of an honourable man and a scholar, such as he professes to be. For I can scarcely believe that business could have prevented him from writing a few lines in the course

* Nicolas de’ Medici.

of half a year. I would write to him a third time, were I not convinced that it would be of no avail; for if he were satisfied with my former letters he ought to have answered them, especially as they were addressed to him by a friend; if they were distasteful to him I do not wish to give him any further trouble. I am much astonished, indeed, that he, who has written rules of conduct for the direction of others in matters of minor importance, should himself be wanting in his duty in a business of the first moment. I must request, Guarino, that since my letters have no weight with him, you will try to effect that in which I have failed—namely, to persuade him to send back the Orations either to Nicolas or to myself. I know that you have much influence over him; if, therefore, you would wish to gratify me, take pains to get the book sent back, for it has been so long on its travels that it has forgotten its way home. If, however, by your assistance it shall return, it will meet with a hearty welcome; for I love that book for many reasons, particularly because I wrote it out myself; and you know that we are attached to our own workmanship on which we have bestowed much care and pains. Look well to your health, and by answering this letter avoid falling into the error of Barbaro; for if you follow his example, in the arbitrement of an upright judge, no light punishment will befall you. Again farewell; and be assured that I shall be persuaded that I may depend upon your love when I shall receive from you the book and letter.

The following epistle is worthy of the attention of those divines, whose zeal for the church prompts them to 'dream of another 'benefice':—

To Richard Petworth, Secretary to the Bishop of Winchester.

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'I have now determined to write to you—not in a style of levity as I have been wont—but a grave and serious epistle, worthy of him to whom it is addressed; and short as it is, I wish you to receive it as a gift from a friend who is much attached, and, I hope, not unacceptable, to you. For if those presents which serve for the ornament of the body are usually gratifying to us, how much more pleasing ought those to be which tend to adorn and beautify our minds. For the former are frail, fading, unstable, short-lived, and their loss philosophers teach us not to regret; but the beauty of the mind is eternal and immortal; and the neglect of it we shall hereafter atone for by the sufferance of severe punishment. But what is the object, you will say, of this new method of philosophizing?—I answer, to discharge the duty of a friend, whose characteristic it is to love his friend as he loves himself. I have been told by a certain person from whom I lately made enquiries after you, that you are in much better case, that is, much richer than you formerly were, and that you have attained some additional benefices. At this I sincerely rejoice, provided that your conscience is not thereby lulled to sleep, and that those *benefices* shall turn out to be real *benefits* to you. To effect this will require much pains, and there are two things which you must especially avoid. In the first place, you must take care lest this plenty of external good things should reduce you to a penury in virtue,

as we generally find it to be the case ; and secondly, you must beware lest these benefices, as they are called, should prove to be a mischief to you, as they do to most of those who obtain them. For, on due attention, you will find, that most men, whilst they seek for wealth and are eager after riches, are ignorant of good arts and have no regard for virtue, and that this wide spreading ambition for benefices has ruined the principles of many. For it is very difficult to become rich with a good conscience, since it is well known by what practices riches are often acquired ; and it is an old proverb, that a wealthy man is either a rogue or the son of a rogue ; and this superfluous accumulation of benefices will fall in ruins about us, and crush our souls if we do not give a just account of the utmost farthing. How far we are qualified to do this you yourself well know ; for to restrain the vices which assail us in multitudes is a difficult matter, even for a man whose bodily appetites are chastened by cold and hunger ; and much more so for an individual nursed in the plentifulness of luxury and delicacies. Therefore, my dear Richard, be diligently attentive, in order that as the weight of your temporal things increases, you may acquire strength of mind to sustain them, lest you should fall to rise no more. When a certain Prince desired that Divine honours should be decreed to him, one answered him, "Take care lest while you aim at Heaven you lose the earth." Reversing this admonition, I say to you, "Beware lest, whilst you covet earthly things, you lose Heaven." This is not a long letter—but if you read it often and impress its contents on your memory, you will be sensible that it offers you sound advice, by which you may profit. Farewell.'

It may be remarked that Poggio was entitled thus to admonish his friend, as he had himself lately given up a living in England—a small one indeed, but bestowed upon him by the Bishop of Winchester, as the precursor of a larger one—because he was unwilling to take upon himself the serious responsibility attached to the pastoral office. 'I am well aware,' says he in a letter to Niccolò Niccoli, 'what a weighty matter it is to undertake the duties of a clergyman ; and how great must be the anxiety of the holders of benefices, if they have any conscience. For since rewards are not given but to those who labour, as the Apostle says, whosoever does not labour, neither let him eat. * * * * I would willingly, then, resign that office which I have reluctantly accepted—not that I by any means hold religion lightly ; but because I cannot be confident that I shall discharge my religious functions in such a manner as to give satisfaction to those who make a right estimate of their importance.' *

The Latin style of Poggio is very unequal. In many of his letters, composed in the early part of his life, and in some of a

* Lib. I. Epist. xxii. of Tonelli's Collection.

later period, which were written in haste, we find barbarisms in phraseology; betraying in their author the habit of thinking in one language and writing in another. His moral dialogues, however, and his longer and more elaborate epistles, many of which are in fact treatises, are more correct. He had adopted Cicero as his model in diction; and from the diligent perusal of the works of that ornament of philosophy, some of which he had copied with his own hand, he had derived a rich store of idiomatic forms of speech, great copiousness of expression, and an easy fluency of phraseology. The clauses of his sentences are in general perspicuously connected and nicely balanced; and his periods are well rounded. But there occur in all his writings instances of error in the *minutiae* of the Latin dialect—especially in the confounding of pronouns personal and pronouns possessive; in the neglect and the misuse of the subjunctive mood; and in the violation of the harmony of tenses—which show that he had not sufficiently attended to the philosophy of grammar. He improved, however, in this respect as he advanced in age; and, with all the drawbacks we have mentioned, Poggio must be esteemed as a respectable Latinist, and as much superior in classical scholarship to his predecessors in that walk of literature, as he was himself inferior in correctness to Politian, and in grace to Bembo.

The Cavaliere Tonelli is not the first who conceived the idea of publishing a complete edition of Poggio's *Epistles*. It appears from his preface, that Laurentius Mehus had entered upon a similar undertaking, and had proceeded in it so far as to have put to press twenty-five letters of the first collection of the Riccardi MS.—but there stopped. We have already alluded to a similar intention on the part of Monsieur De Lan, which also proved abortive. These failures, the admirers of Poggio and the studious who are interested in the history of the revival of literature, will have the less reason to regret, as the task which was thus relinquished by two literary characters of the last century has been undertaken by so judicious a critic and so accomplished a scholar as the Cavaliere Tonelli, whose subsequent volumes will, we doubt not, be received with pleasure by the literati of Europe.

ART. IV.—*An Examination of the Ancient Orthography of the Jews, and the Original State of the Text of the Hebrew Bible. Part the First, containing an Enquiry into the Origin of Alphabetic Writing ; with which is incorporated an Essay on Egyptian Hieroglyphs.* By CHARLES WILLIAM WALL, D.D., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin. 8vo. London : 1835.

THIS volume, the doubletitle of which we have above transcribed, is one of no ordinary pretensions. The author breathes defiance in his very motto : Πάταξον μὲν, ἀκουσον δὲ. In his ‘Advertisement,’ he announces himself as a discoverer. ‘Having,’ says he, ‘in the course of writing this preliminary treatise, *lit* upon what I believe to be the *true key* to the deciphering of the ‘Rosetta hieroglyphs, I have been induced to hope that the publication of so much of my work might excite some interest.’

Throughout the whole book, his constant aim is to *strike* ;—whatever he ‘*lits* upon,’ he disputes ;—and he seems to think that the only certain way of discovering something is to begin by questioning every thing. In this amiable and philosophic spirit, he assails Bishop Warburton without mercy ; accuses Dr Young, and the author of the articles on *Hieroglyphics* which appeared in this Journal, of ‘forgery ;’ defends Athanasius Kircher against the charge of indulging in fanciful and imaginary interpretation ; and denounces the late M. Champollion as a writer who ‘endeavoured to sap the foundation of religious belief, by attacking ‘the historic truth of the Bible.’ Dr Wall indeed seems to write in as great a heat as if he had been discussing the theory of impersonal verbs, and had gotten the worst in the argument ;—the language which he habitually employs is more nearly akin to the emphatic malediction of the exasperated grammarian than the sober phraseology of the philosopher. He appears to view every thing through the distorting medium of passionate excitement ; nor can he discuss a difference of opinion on subjects, where there is still but too much room for conjecture, without casting the most unwarrantable imputations. He has no talent for commendation, however much it may be deserved. His *forte* consists in seeking, or in making, occasions of censure. He dogmatizes with a confidence which bears an immense disproportion to his knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat of ; and in accusing others of ignorance, he is oftentimes pre-eminently successful in exposing his own.

In as far as regards ourselves, Dr Wall has, we believe, been

singularly unfortunate. He accuses us, along with Dr Young, of attributing to Bishop Warburton an observation which he boldly declares is nowhere to be found in the works of that learned prelate; yet a few pages after, he himself quotes from the *Divine Legation* the very passage upon which our statement was founded; and, in another place, he refers to it for the purpose of urging a charge of inconsistency against the Bishop of Gloucester. This may no doubt appear somewhat extraordinary; but the proof is at hand, to obviate all scepticism. Dr Wall's charge against us is contained in the following passage, which, to prevent cavil, we cite at length:—

‘The second of his (Warburton's) objections deserves attention, because it not only affords his own direct testimony against his having discovered the phonetic use of hieroglyphs made by the ancient Egyptians [which no one ever attributed to him!], but also shows that he considered the very idea of such a use of them absurd, to such a degree, that when the discovery was suggested to him by the words of Clemens, he absolutely perverted the meaning of those words, in order to get rid of the suggestion. And yet several of the popular works of the present day teem with his praises on account of this very discovery [not one of them ever imagined that Warburton had made such a discovery!], and dilate upon the profound judgment and admirable sagacity which he displayed in making it. Indeed, the authors of these works would have us believe, that his penetration reached not only to what is now actually known upon the subject, but a great deal farther; and that he discerned the hieroglyphic texts of the Egyptians to be *wholly phonetic* [this is not true!], so as to constitute a written language, which is more than any one else has been since able to prove. To show to what an extent these writers impose upon themselves and on the public, I subjoin an extract from one of their works, which, I believe, is generally conducted with ability, and stands high among the periodical publications. In the article of the *Edinburgh Review* to which I have already referred, and which has been extensively read on the Continent, as well as here, the Reviewer gives us the following information:—

“But the cabalistical reveries of Kircher failed to impose on the strong sense and powerful intellect of Bishop Warburton. In his celebrated work, *The Divine Legation of Moses Demonstrated*, that learned prelate has discussed with consummate scholarship, the different ancient texts relative to the Egyptian modes of writing; distinguished *theoretically* the several sorts of characters employed; and *made the important observation, now completely verified, that the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, were not so denominated, as being exclusively appropriated to sacred subjects*, but that *they constituted a real written language*, applicable to the purposes of history and common life, as well as to those of religion and mythology. He was undoubtedly mistaken in concluding that each of the three sorts of characters mentioned by Clemens, formed a distinct and separate system of writing; but as he confined himself exclusively to such general inferences as the ancient authorities seemed to warrant,

without attempting to verify his deductions by a direct application to the Egyptian monuments then existing in Europe, his error in this respect is venial, and calculated, in no degree, to lessen *our admiration of the sagacity which led him to divine a truth so far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind.* Had Warburton's profound remark been prosecuted to its consequences, the *quæstio vexata* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics would probably have been resolved half a century earlier."—P. 107. And a little farther on: "A very cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta was sufficient to establish as incontrovertible, Bishop Warburton's *profound observation*, already noticed, *that the hieroglyphics constituted a real written language.*"—P. 111.

'The same error, committed in such direct opposition to the real state of the case[!], may be found in still later publications, though the matter is perhaps not so forcibly or so fully insisted upon as in the above extract. The mistatement* seems to have been transmitted from one popular writer to another, just as a forged bank-note sometimes passes current through a number of hands without detection. But although I have exposed the *forgery*, I have not the least wish to hang the Reviewer: the *probability* is, that he took the note from some one else, and that his *fault* consisted only in vouching for its goodness without sufficient examination, and in promoting the circulation of bad paper by some additions to its embellishment.'—Pp. 73, 74, 75.

The *certainty* is, that the Reviewer did nothing of the kind here imputed to him; and that if any one is to be hanged for '*forgery*,' it must be Dr Wall himself. The Reviewer 'took the 'note from' Bishop Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, expressly says, in concluding an elaborate statement, — 'The Egyptians therefore employed, as we say, the proper hieroglyphics *to record, openly and plainly* [not secretly or mystically], *their laws, policies, public morals, and history*; and, in a word, *ALL KINDS OF CIVIL MATTERS*:' That is, they employed the hieroglyphics as 'a written language, *applicable to the purposes of history and common life*, as well as to those of religion and mythology.'

But if the Egyptians employed the sacred characters in the manner Bishop Warburton describes, and as the Reviewer less specifically and comprehensively states, on his authority,—how could they possibly do so, except as '*a real written language*?' If these characters, thus employed, did not constitute

* The same 'mistatement' (as Dr Wall is pleased to term it) will be found in Dr Young's *Account of some recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities*, pp. 5 and 6. London, 1823, in 8vo. Accuracy not being amongst the number of the learned professor's literary virtues, he is, as usual, completely ignorant of the history of the alleged 'mistatement,' which, in the passage above quoted, he professes to expose.

‘a written language,’ it would be curious to ascertain how the Egyptians could, by means of them, ‘record openly and plainly’ their laws, policies, public morals, and history; in a word, all ‘kinds of civil matters.’ Is not this the peculiar function, the very object and end of writing, whatever form it may assume? Men think, as well as express themselves, through the instrumentality of language; and in writing, even ideagraphic signs become indissolubly associated with the *words*, or combinations of sound, in the spoken language, which convey through the ear the same *ideas* as the visible signs do through the eye. But for this association, no written hieroglyphic text could ever have been capable of being read or understood. Hieroglyphics are not universally significative, like picture-writing, or the Arabian numerals, which have no natural or accidental connexion with any particular form of speech, and may be equally understood by the natives of every country. They consist, in a great measure, of signs more or less arbitrarily employed, which, but for their relation to language, must soon have ceased to be intelligible. The decree on the Rosetta stone is inscribed in three sets of characters; the hieroglyphic or sacred, the demotic or popular, and the Greek. But though the last consists of alphabetical characters, and the two others do not, can any one doubt that an Egyptian, reading the sacred and enchorial texts, would have done so at once in the language of his own country, with the *words* of which these *ideagraphic signs* were associated? Or can it be imagined that the Egyptian part of the inscription was not intended to be read and understood as well as the Greek text underneath? If the sacred and the enchorial, or demotic signs, had not constituted a written language as much as the Greek characters, in which a version of the inscription is conveyed, would such a memorial as the pillar of Rosetta ever have been sculptured? It was a public monument raised in honour of a king of Egypt (Ptolemy Epiphanes), and intended to record, for the information of all, the loyalty and gratitude of those by whom it was erected. But surely this would have been the height of folly, unless the native portion of the inscription had constituted a written language, intelligible at least to the Egyptian part of the population.

Dr Wall himself quotes (p. 81) the passage above cited from the *Divine Legation*, but apparently without the slightest glimpse or perception of its real import, or of the complete answer it affords to the charge which he had previously brought against Dr Young and the writer in this Journal; far less of the important truth—whether Warburton divined it or not—that the inscriptions which cover the colossal monuments of Egypt were neither mystical combinations of esoteric signs, nor even characters exclusively

appropriated to sacred subjects, but in fact constituted a real written language, 'employed to record, openly and plainly, the laws, ' policies, public morals, and history of the Egyptians, and, in a ' word, *all kinds of civil matters*.' This is a conclusion to which reason and common sense would naturally have conducted a judicious inquirer; independently altogether of the lights which the progress of investigation and discovery have at length thrown on the subject of ancient Egyptian literature. We may or may not be able to penetrate the meaning of these interesting texts, or to discover the true method by which they may be fully interpreted; but whether we shall ultimately succeed or fail in the attempt which Dr Young so auspiciously commenced, there can be no doubt whatever respecting the real nature of the symbols observable on these monuments, or the fact that they constituted a written language which was *at one time* both legible and intelligible. 'What vestiges ' can now be traced,' says Mr Dugald Stewart, 'of those scientific ' attainments which, in early times, drew to Egypt, from every ' part of the civilized world, all those who were anxious to be initiated in the mysteries of philosophy? The symbols which still ' remain in that celebrated country, inscribed on eternal monuments, have long lost the correspondent *minds* which reflected ' upon them their own intellectual attributes. To us they are ' useless and silent, and serve only to attest the existence of arts, ' of which it is impossible to unriddle the nature and the objects:

————— "Variis nunc sculpta figuris
Marmora, trunca tamen visuntur mutaque nobis:
Signa repertorum tuimur, cecidère reperta." *

This is the language of a true philosopher, who, even while hopeless of ever seeing the mystery unveiled, comprehends the true character of the difficulty to be overcome, and perceives that 'the ' symbols which still remain in that celebrated country, inscribed ' on eternal monuments,' might again become significant and intelligible, if we could conjure up 'the correspondent *minds* which ' reflected upon them their own intellectual attributes;' or, in other words, if by some fortunate discovery, we should ever be enabled in some measure to place ourselves in the situation of those 'minds,' and to apply the principles of interpretation with which they were familiar. Nor is such a consummation at all beyond the limits of rational probability. Enough has already been done to warrant a well-founded belief that more will ere long be achieved;

* See *Dissertation First* (pp. 66, 67), prefixed to the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

and that, by pursuing a cautious, inductive method of investigation, the most untractable texts may at length be resolved.

To expose even a portion of the numberless errors and inconsistencies into which Dr Wall has been betrayed, far less to point out the rash judgments he has pronounced, and the unwarranted censures in which he is so prone to indulge, would require a volume as large as his own. As a specimen of his manner, however, we shall give two examples; one of his propensity to blunder, and another of his proficiency in abuse.

The learned Professor of Hebrew having concluded his essay on hieroglyphics, annexes the following notice: ‘ I subjoin a copy of a paper just put into my hands, which I give *as a matter of curiosity* connected with the subject, but without *vouching for its perfect correctness*, as I have not seen the Greek of which it supplies a translation. *Should there be many characters common to the hieroglyphic inscriptions* [inscription] *on the Rosetta stone and on this monument*, I am in great hopes that the deciphering of the former record will lead to that of the latter; and that a considerable addition will thus be made to the number of hieroglyphs, whose ideagraphic significations *will have been* ascertained by pursuing the method I have proposed.’ As to the ‘method’ here referred to, of ascertaining the ‘ideagraphic significations of hieroglyphs,’ we can give no opinion respecting it, because, although we have read Dr Wall’s book with more attention than it deserves, we have not been fortunate enough to discover that he proposes *any* method for accomplishing the object in question; or that he possesses a single clear and distinct idea on the subject of hieroglyphical interpretation. But, however this may be, it is impossible for any one at all acquainted with Egyptian literature, and the discoveries which have latterly been made in that new field of inquiry, to read the words which we have just quoted without astonishment at the strange and unaccountable ignorance they manifest upon the part of this censorious Professor.

The ‘paper,’ of which he subjoins a copy, and in regard to which he seems to be so much at a loss, contains translations of the three Greek inscriptions on the pedestal of the Egyptian obelisk removed from the island of Philae for Mr Bankes, under the direction of the late Mr Belzoni, and now erected at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire;—the very monument, be it observed, from which M. Champollion, by means of the drawings furnished by Mr Bankes, was enabled to construct his phonetic alphabet—to correct the values which had been assigned to several characters by Dr Young—to decipher the hieroglyphical name of *Cleopatra* fully written in phonetical characters—to detect the Egyptian name

of one of the Ptolemies expressed by the same characters which occur in the inscription of Rosetta,—and to publish the numerous readings contained in his *Lettre à M. Dacier*, which appeared in September 1822. Of all this, however, Dr Wall, writing or at least publishing in the year 1835, appears to be profoundly ignorant. He has evidently not the remotest conception, either of the importance of the monument discovered by Mr Banks, or of the interesting results which the industry and ingenuity of M. Champollion had deduced from it. ‘Should there be many characters common to the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the Rosetta stone and on this monument, I am in great hopes (says he) that the deciphering of the former record [the Rosetta pillar] will lead to that of the latter’ [the obelisk of Philae];—from which it appears that he is totally unacquainted with the most elementary facts in the history of hieroglyphical discovery. Yet, as if to render his inexplicable inconsistency complete, he appears, from a previous part of his essay, to have had a faint glimpse of the truth. In a note to p. 143, he says, ‘In January, 1822, Mr Banks sent to Paris a lithographic copy of the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philae; and in the September of that year came out M. Champollion’s Letter to M. Dacier, in which he claimed the credit of being the original discoverer of the phonetic use of the signs made by the Egyptians.’ But he does not seem to be aware, even here, upon what grounds M. Champollion rested his claims, or how his researches were promoted by the ‘lithographic copy of the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philae,’ which Mr Banks so liberally transmitted to Paris.

But if the learned Professor be not strong in his facts, it cannot be denied that he is exceedingly vigorous and hearty in his abuse. Take an example of his talents in the way of vituperation. The dead and the living fare alike at his hands.—

‘In placing M. Champollion in his true light before the public, I do not feel the same compunction. [He had just finished his attack on Warburton.] With ability enough to enable him to be mischievous, this writer endeavoured to sap the foundations of religious belief, by attacking the historic truth of the Bible; for he pretended to establish, through means of his phonetic system, the correctness of a chronicle, which is at variance with the account of time deducible from the Mosaic record, by at least three thousand five hundred years; and whenever the nature of his subject permitted it, he has lost no opportunity of throwing out hints against the veracity of the Jewish historian in other matters as well as chronology. To expose, therefore, the nature of his efforts, in order to defeating them, will, I trust, be considered an useful act; and although it is impossible not to pity the miserable being who could have been capable of pursuing such an object, still the mischief he attempted is not to be allowed to pass without obstruction, merely from a reluctance to

subject him to public scorn. He has been convicted, from his own writings, of falsehood—of falsehood for the purpose of robbing another of the exclusive credit of a discovery to which he knew him to be justly entitled. He endeavoured, under false pretences, to suppress a publication which interfered with his dishonest claim; but some copies of it escaped destruction, and have since come out to prove his *falsehood* and his *dishonesty*—admirably fit companions for *infidelity*.—*Essay*, pp. 85, 86.

It is impossible for us to express the feelings which were excited in our minds, on perusing this attack upon one who is no longer in the land of the living to defend himself from such gross aspersions. We are not strangers to the weaknesses and infirmities of M. Champollion, any more than we are to his real and unquestionable merits; nor have we any disposition to extenuate the one, in consequence of our honest admiration of the other. But we owe it to truth and a sense of justice to declare our conviction that the charges here brought against Champollion's memory have, in as far as regards religion, no other or better foundation than the imagination of his accuser. In point of *fact* it is not true that he 'endeavoured to sap the foundation of religious belief, by attacking the historic truth of the Bible;'—it is not true that, in his speculative attempts to reconcile the Royal Canon of Manetho with the chronological tablet of Abydos, discovered by Mr Banks, M. Champollion ever dreamt of impeaching 'the account of time deducible from the Mosaic record;'—it is not true that his readings or investigations, in connexion with this or any other branch of his subject, ever led him to draw conclusions inconsistent with the validity and accuracy of the chronology of Moses, or that, in any case, the most remote limit of his researches was carried beyond the age of the patriarch Abraham;—and, least of all, is it true that he 'lost no opportunity of throwing out hints against the veracity of the Jewish historian in other matters as well as in chronology.' We defy Dr Wall to establish *by evidence* any one of the charges which he has here preferred. He seems to suppose that, because M. Champollion attached credit to the Canon of Manetho in some points, he must be held as admitting the whole; and that his memory must be made responsible, not only for the extent to which his own researches were carried, but also for any conclusion, however absurd, which his accuser may choose to deduce from them. This, however, is a doctrine to which few, we presume, will be disposed to subscribe. The early history of Rome, as narrated by Livy, is evidently a tissue of fable and romance, and Niebuhr has justly treated it as such; though even his scepticism in this particular is perhaps too unqualified. But would it be rational or philosophical to discredit the historian upon all points, because he has shown himself credulous on some; or to re-

fuse our assent to his subsequent narrative, where he had access to authentic information, because, in the early part, having no certain facts upon which to rely, he had repeated the fabulous legends which were currently circulated, and devoutly believed at the time when he wrote? Dr Wall's bitterness, however, seems to have originated in a blunder of his own. He has, we think, mistaken the one brother for the other—Champollion *le Jeune*, who is no more, for Champollion-Figeac, who, we believe, still survives, and is the author of some chronological speculations, printed in one of the Letters to the Duke de Blacas, more remarkable for their boldness than solidity. To one so prone to accuse, a glimpse of these speculations, with the name of Champollion prefixed, would be sufficient, without further inquiry, to convict the one brother of the errors or extravagances, which are solely imputable to the other.

With regard to the theoretical views of this new expounder of hieroglyphics, particularly his notion that alphabetical writing is not an invention of man, but a miraculous gift from God, we do not conceive that they are of sufficient importance to deserve formal refutation. But there is, nevertheless, one point in regard to which we shall take leave to say a few words. Dr Wall contends strenuously, that alphabetical writing was not, because, according to him, it could not be, derived from the hieroglyphical characters. 'That the *use* of a character,' says he, 'as the sign of an idea, should lead the way to its *use*, as the sign of something totally unconnected with that idea, viz. of an element of articulate sound, having itself neither meaning *nor sound*,* is a supposition which cannot be rationally sustained.'—P. 29. Again, he says, 'Both uses of the character are possible, but the former one could never lead to the latter.'—P. 30. In opposition to these and other similar dogmas, however, we maintain that the use of characters, *as signs of ideas*, has, by a natural and obvious transition, led to their employment *as signs of sounds*, or *elements of sounds*; and that, both uses being possible, the one has been gradually followed, in natural sequence, by the other.

The natural order of invention, in the visible representation of thought, seems to be indicated, not by theory alone, but by facts ascertained from the analysis of ancient graphic remains, and by the practice which is still followed amongst several nations, particularly the Chinese. The primary and elemental form was

* We wish Dr Wall would inform us what he means by an '*element of articulate sound* having itself neither meaning *nor sound*.' Did he ever hear of such an '*element*' as a *vowel*?

unquestionably picture-writing, or the delineation, more or less rude, of objects as they present themselves to the eye; accompanied, perhaps, with marks expressive of *day, week, month, year*, or even of *time* generally, as was found to be the case amongst the Mexicans. The next form was the hieroglyphic or ideagraphic; consisting not only of pictures or representations of external objects, but also—and in a much larger proportion—of images metaphorically or analogically transferred, so as to become signs of other things; and even to indicate general notions as well as simple or incomplex ideas. This was, no doubt, a very decided improvement on picture-writing, which it in some measure superseded;—it gave comparatively great extension and variety to the power of graphic expression, and it enabled mankind, though in a very laborious form, to write their annals, inscribe their monuments, preserve their archives, and record the knowledge which they had collected from experience and observation. The third and last step in the gradual improvement of writing, was the invention of letters; that is, of marks or signs expressive, not of ideas, whether simple or complex, but of the elementary sounds of the human voice, or the first principles of articulation in spoken language. This was the ultimate term in the progress of improvement, the final generalisation,—constituting the greatest and happiest of all discoveries, that of a literal alphabet,—giving prodigious, nay unlimited extension to the power of graphic expression,—and, lastly, establishing an indissoluble connexion between spoken and written language. Let us now attend for a moment to *facts*.

The Mexicans, when their country was first conquered, had not advanced beyond picture-writing in its rudest and simplest form. The Chinese have, for ages, employed a multitude of ideagraphic characters, derived by composition and otherwise from a limited number of elementary pictures or representations of external objects, called *keys*, without making the last step towards an alphabet; upon the very verge of which invention they stand as often as they employ their ideagraphic characters *phonetically* (that is, to represent the initial sound, or element of sound, in the corresponding word of the *spoken* language), to express foreign proper names. The ancient Egyptians seem likewise to have remained contented with their hieroglyphical system, or at least not to have advanced beyond it; and although Plato has attributed to their Thoth or Hermes the invention of letters, it is more probable that the honour of this final generalisation belongs to some other people, who were less trammelled by system or habit, and restrained by no prejudices, civil or sacred, from attempting to extend and improve the method of written expression.

It is the characteristic of Egyptian, like Indian civilisation, that, having reached a certain point, it there remained stationary, and that even its retrogression was not the effect of causes operating internally, so much as the direct result of foreign violence and barbaric tyranny.

But it does not follow from what has been stated, that letters are *not* derivable from ideagraphic signs, because the Egyptians in ancient and the Chinese in modern times have not had the ingenuity or the good fortune to make the derivation;—or that a miracle was necessary to accomplish this object, because Cadmus happened to come from Phœnicia. With as much reason and as sound logic might it be affirmed that the law of universal gravitation is not deducible from the fact of the descent of all bodies in a line directed towards the centre of the earth, because, although many ‘did on the very borders stand’ of the discovery, the deduction was not fully made and clearly established until the time of Newton. The Egyptians, like the Chinese, as often as they had occasion to write a foreign proper name, employed their ideagraphic characters phonetically, that is, as alphabetical letters expressive of *sounds* only;—in other words, the very exigencies of their graphic system forced upon them the adoption of an alphabet to the extent here indicated. They were therefore upon the very threshold of the discovery. Necessity had impelled them in the right direction, and the slightest attempt at generalization would have conducted them to the ultimate consummation in the course of improvement. If they had tried to do *generally* what they found themselves obliged to do *in the particular case of foreign names*, the consequence would have been, the speedy displacement of ideagraphic characters, and the adoption of an alphabet. But can it be reasonably maintained, that, because they failed to make this final step, therefore the invention of letters cannot be regarded as the natural result of the state of things which previously obtained;—or that alphabetical writing is to be regarded, not as an invention of man, but as ‘a miraculous gift to him from ‘God?’ Such a conclusion appears to be as unphilosophical in principle as it is absurd and preposterous in fact. For surely if it required a miracle to deduce letters from hieroglyphics, which, as we have seen, were sometimes used alphabetically,—it must have equally required a miracle to deduce hieroglyphics, in all their complex variety of tropical, kuriological, and anaglyphic, from mere imitative representations of objects, such as were found in use amongst the Mexicans when the Spaniards first landed in their country. The distance between the Mexican and Egyptian systems—between mere picture-writing and the highly artificial method by which, in Egypt as elsewhere, it was in a great mea-

sure replaced—is fully as great as that between the phonetic hieroglyphics, and the alphabet of Cadmus. If then the interposition of miraculous agency is to be assumed at all, why restrict it to the last step in the progress of improvement? Or why should human invention get the credit of the second if it is to be denied that of the third? The truth is, however, that, upon the assumption of supernatural interference in those cases where men had failed to reach inventions or discoveries, which, from their very proximity, had for ages remained invisible, all science, and all learning would at once be annihilated; experience and observation, by which alone we can acquire a knowledge of the phenomena and laws of human thought, would go for nothing; history would become a collection of fabulous legends; and philosophy would degenerate into a mere manual of superstition. The order of nature is not thus dislocated and disturbed; nor does the ordinary progress of invention, improvement, and generalisation, require to be accounted for or explained by such wild and gratuitous suppositions. The only miracle connected with the invention of an alphabet is its extreme simplicity, combined with the almost unlimited power which it gives to man of recording his feelings, impressions, and thoughts.

ART. V.—*A History of the English Episcopacy, from the period of the Long Parliament to the Act of Uniformity; with Notices of the Religious Parties of the Time, and a Review of Ecclesiastical Affairs in England from the Reformation.* By the Rev. THOMAS LATHBURY, A.M. Oxon. 8vo. London: 1836.

WE have no fair history of the Church of England, and perhaps it is vain to expect one. It would be next to impossible to find a writer with such independence in his religious views, such freedom from partisanship, and such charity of heart as the task would require. We were not surprised, therefore, by the exaggerated claims and misrepresentations of Mr Lathbury. His book is altogether such as to render it wholly undeserving of any notice on its own account. As to intrinsic merits, either of research, of composition, or of truth, it has none. But Mr Lathbury is of Oxford, and verily one of the ‘Malignants;’* and this—though not for his deficiency in all

* We were much amused at the stir occasioned, and the grave conclusions deduced from our use of this term, in the *heading* of our article on the persecution of Dr Hampden. It was, in particular, thought, by

claims to sound literature—is, for his arrogant assumption and jaundiced views, a sufficient reason for noticing him.

Nothing could be more seasonable than a volume upon this subject, written with even tolerable, if not perfect candour. We need to have it historically set before us, as a matter of fact, not of theory, that the Church of England, at least as regards many of her institutions, is human in her origin. We need to be told, again and again, that, though her doctrines might be unexceptionably consonant with Scripture,—though much of her polity might be of Apostolical enactment,—yet her Liturgies are human in their composition; her more minute clerical gradations human in their arrangement; and her political investiture human in its legislation. We all need it to be repeated to us—chiefly the intentionally ignorant High Churchman—that she came not forth from a Divine Author, formed exclusively by his plastic hand, with all her laws, all her offices, just as scrupulously his appointment as the ecclesiastical polity of Judaism. Strange though it may seem, many of us have yet to learn, that, even supposing all her articles of faith to be true deductions from Sacred Scripture—even supposing her deacons, her priests, her episcopate, and the modes of their creation to be divinely authorized, yet that there remain many a formulary of worship, and many an office, and *all* her temporalities, to which no such divinity can be assigned. Chrysostom, not St Paul, wrote some of her Collects. The severity of Athanasius—not St Peter's power 'to bind and loose'—inserted the damnatory clauses of her Creed. Her deaneries, her prebendal stalls, her surrogateships, to say the best of them, are but the adaptations of human prudence to the demands of the ambitious, or the necessities of minute subordination. Her endowments are, some of them, indeed, the voluntary investments of the pious—some of them the old Papal extortions of religious terror—none of them of divine prescription; whilst, as to her regal headship, however human wisdom might suggest it, no sacred legacy ever bequeathed the government,—no messenger of Heaven brought the oil of consecration.

It is by this state of things,—as facts of history, and therefore undeniable, not matters of theory, and therefore open to disputation,—that we feel justified in claiming many of her institutions

reference to its historical origin, that it furnished a key to the dangerous opinions entertained by the veiled author of that article. He must have smiled to see the importance attached to a term affixed by another hand, subsequently to the composition of his Paper. We have become partial to this term, and mean to use it on all proper occasions.

as fair subjects of debate, and rational modification. If an appeal to the sacred canon could be made for them, it would be as impious to wish (much more to propose) their alteration, as it would be to oppugn the precepts, or disclaim the characteristic doctrines of Christianity. But history tells us that she is the offspring of the mingled piety, wisdom, intolerance, and ambition of her successive sons; and it may therefore be no useless task to argue with certain 'high priests,' that she is no 'ark of God' which it is sacrilege to touch; that we have just as natural a right to reconstruct her as our forefathers had to construct her at all; that even, were it necessary, the earthly power that gave her birth would arrogate to itself no false prerogative, if it decreed her political dissolution.

It should never be forgotten that the Church of England is a *reformed* institution. This simple fact destroys her claims to immutability; and the additional fact that she underwent that change under the discretionary guidance of fallible men, destroys her claims to perfection. From the devout and awe-struck veneration with which some of her sons regard her, one would fain infer that the continent Henry, and the virtuous Elizabeth, and the humble-minded Laud had been gifted with a forty days' communion with the Deity upon a second Sinai, and had thence descended, honoured with celestial irradiations, and empowered to erect another tabernacle; one would fain infer that when the innovating flood of reform had swollen sufficiently to absorb her corruptions, then had come forth from heaven the interdict to the proud waves 'thus far shall you go but no further;' and that, therefore, in the first case, they who fail in such submissiveness become the very Korahs of Christianity—and, in the second case, reversing the impiety of Canute's flatterers, are wickedly opening sluices, and removing mounds, for the incursions of devastation.

The Church of England is a reformed Church: we propose to ascertain the merits of that reformation. We all know that before it commenced, this country was the darling child of Papacy. The Church of England was the finest diamond in the Roman mitre. She bent the lowliest neck among the worshippers of the 'seven hills.' Here were the most avaricious extortions from the laity—the widest stretch of priestly insolence—the most shameless exposure of clerical profligacy. The whole mass had become putrid. She was suffering the usual result of extraordinary resistance unto truth; she had 'damped and stifled' the short blaze of our Wickliffe's preaching, at which all the 'succeeding reformers more effectually lighted their tapers.' The blood-thirsty Wolsey was the incarnation of her piety; and a

loathsome hypocrite became 'the defender of her faith.' At that time, when the tempest which Luther had awakened in other lands was salutarily purifying the long stagnant waters, England was the Dead Sea: not a breath passed over it, not a wave curled. It was *this* church which was to be reformed. On such corrupt habits and institutions as these, there was to be innovation.

Now, we hold that the means by which the amelioration of this state of things was commenced was one of the greatest calamities that ever befel the British nation. The superincumbent mass of error, and vice, and tyranny which then oppressed the English people, through their corrupt hierarchy, was too vast, and extended over the land too universally, to be thrown off but by one great simultaneous effort. And yet one single arm applied the lever, and that from a sinister intention, and whilst all beneath it were willingly supine; and, as a consequence, the crust was only riven, and a few disjointed fragments thrown away. We mean that nothing but a moral, intellectual power, pervading the whole people, could have brought them true emancipation. But the first steps of change were undertaken for the gratification of Henry VIII.'s passions; the people cared not for them; they were allowed to remain passive; and though, shortly after, men of integrity were called in to the work of demolition, these men were blinded by self-interest. They who were to institute the capricious alterations of the despot were, from their offices as church dignitaries, the first to feel their impoverishing, controlling influence.

Thus we contend that the Reformation in the Church of England began under the very worst auspices. A reformer, whether civil or ecclesiastical, who would not only remove those abuses which offend his own feelings, but would moreover secure a thorough and perpetuated improvement, such as his own individual judgment could not conceive of, must strive to make *the people* the reformers. He who does attempt it by his own isolated agency virtually assumes that his individual knowledge and wisdom outweigh the united knowledge and wisdom of the million. Now Henry, with all his spirit of vehement revenge against the Papal domination, looked only at those abuses which offended his supremacy; and Cranmer, and Ridley, and Hooper, with all their sincerity, looked only at those grosser abuses which offended their moral sense and their pure faith. In most other reformations, such as those of Germany and Scotland, the order was essentially the reverse of that which obtained in England. Instead of Charles V. of Germany, or the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, being the first to defy the haughti-

ness and power of Rome, and to examine her credentials to an universal ecclesiastical supremacy, and instead of the civil and spiritual dignitaries of their courts being the next in their rebellion, Luther and Knox, men of the people, obscure in station and limited in resources, threw down the gauntlet, and their small circle of poor associates were the first to sympathize with their heroism. Reason was their only weapon; and the intellectual contagion spread. Their burning thoughts, once in the heart-core of society, sent forth a holy inflammation through every artery and vein. Such reformatations were full of sincere energy; and though they led at first to violence and excess, the storm soon expended itself, and there has been a prolonged calm. We say the very reverse has been the character of the English changes. They were mostly the cold, earthly movements of the court; without true religion, without disinterestedness. The rites, the ceremonies, the very doctrines were, some abjured, and the rest essentially remodelled,—whilst the people, nay more, whilst most of the inferior clergy, were protesting parties. And what followed? What, but that those changes never gained the national acquiescence, but awakened indignation, and closed in anarchy?

We do not mean to say that the civil power should never exert itself for the moral benefit of a people; but, unquestionably, it should take heed as to the instruments it employs. If it would reach the general mind and convince and sway it, it must be by reason. But if, instead, it *commands* intellectual subjection; if its instruments are fines, dungeons, exile, and death; and if religion is its pretext,—where, we demand, lies the difference between such a mode of promulgating Christianity and that of Mahommed?

The work of Reformation, so inauspiciously commenced and prosecuted through the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., may be said to have closed with that of Elizabeth. And what had it effected? It had abjured a clerical, but it assumed a lay Poppedom; for it vested the civil power with the authority of ecclesiastical dictation and ultimate appeal. It had raised the standard of rebellion against the traditions of centuries; yet it affixed pains and penalties to the right of private judgment. It had sacked many a monastery; yet it left many an overgorged see and parish. God forbid we should be unthankful for the intelligent and pure faith it proclaimed; for its simpler ritual; and its more exalted morality. But we nevertheless see grounds for regret that it made the executive the religious teacher; that it instituted uniformity of belief in a human creed as the criterion of salvation; that it arrogated to the regenerated church

the sole possession of Apostolical descent; that it cut off all possible intercommunion with other religious bodies; and withal, made the people the crouching slaves of a high priesthood.

These we charge upon the English Reformation as its serious deficiencies. We charge upon it that the people were never consulted, in the mutilation of their parish temples, in their change of rites, or the nature of their instruction. We charge upon it, that it left irregularly, unjustly distributed wealth among the clergy. We charge upon it that it assumed itself to be so exclusively apostolical that it would recognise the officers of no other church,—except we admit that it did and still does recognise the Papal hierarchy. And why, we ask, were these *old* abuses (for old abuses they were in *new* modes of developement) continued? What authority had the Reformers to annihilate others, and to spare these? Were these sprinkled with any blood to serve as a token to the red right arm of the archangel, that they were to be conserved? Admit that it was human policy, and human prudence, which protected them, and all we demand is gained; namely, that we have a right to query whether that human policy was not too crafty, and that human wisdom too selfish.

This was the state of the ecclesiastical citadel when its builders brought forth 'their top-stone.' Upon the order of its architecture, upon what should be its capabilities, and what its decorations, neither the people nor the inferior clergy had been once consulted.

We say not this in disparagement of such men as Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Let them be 'had in everlasting remembrance.' Their employment of the civil power in the cause of truth was the error of their times. Though, indeed, we would say, that if we only owed to them the results of their ecclesiastical interference, our obligations to them would be seriously diminished. But they were martyrs;—martyrs in the cause of great truths, which we value infinitely beyond (much though we value *them*) the minor accidents of discipline and order. And those martyrdoms effected more for the triumph of the principles of Reformation than all the religious edicts, ordinances, and prescriptions which they advised. The flames of their pyres kindled a purer light. In their lives, by many misguided actions, they appealed to man's bodily fears, and temporal apprehensions; in their deaths, they appealed to man's reason, and heavenly aspirations. Their blood was the most productive seed of the church.

'The dominion over other men's faith,' which our first misguided reformers aimed after, was additionally dishonoured by the ruthless means they employed. With a monstrous contempt

of that principle of free enquiry, on which alone Elizabeth could justify her own secession from the faith of her forefathers, she at first imposed an universal silence upon the clergy, and afterwards granted licenses of preaching only to those whose sentiments accorded with her own. Even Mr Lathbury admits that thus 'in England the Reformation was effected by the authority of 'Government.' And effected by what means? Not by a liberal and enlightened challenge to investigation; not by the slow but sure conviction of education; not by 'warning every man, and 'teaching every man,' but by *force*. The wonder is, that force obtained such a servile acquiescence: the wonder is, that the very persecution did not drive men, with unwonted tenacity, to hold fast the faith which was thus taken from them;—that there was not, as in our sister land, the anomaly of a reformed church and an unreformed population. But the people of England and the people of Ireland were unlike. Never was a people so prostrate as the former. Else how can we account for their tame submission to be the sport of the capricious Henry; their utter indifference to apostasy,—now from Papacy to Protestantism, and again from Protestantism to Papacy? They required the tempest of the Commonwealth to awake them. But the people of Ireland had never sunk into supineness. Their numerous internal feuds, their exposure to invasion, kept them in a sort of national gymnasium. And thus the base attempt to *force* them proved like the 'bands of Sampson, that were upon his arms, 'and became as flax that was burnt with fire.' In the other case, Sampson had been shorn of his strength, and his eyes put out.

We have spoken thus, at the risk, perhaps, of being thought insensible to the real merits of the Reformation. But we have enlarged upon its defects, because we believe that, but for them, the civil war which introduced the Commonwealth might never have happened. True religion will always inculcate an enlightened subordination, and a calm resistance unto wrong. It does not clothe a monarch with 'divine right,' but it declares him to be 'the minister of God.' It does not command passive obedience, but it infuses 'the meekness and patience of wisdom.' And if, instead of cruel sequestrations, instead of prescribed creeds, instead of Star-Chamber remonstrances, truth had been left to her adequate, though civilly unaided power, religion would have quickly pervaded the land. But instead of religion, there was gross, incurious ignorance. The leap from this to that sudden emotion, of which ignorance is said to be the mother, and that hypocrisy which knowledge would make unnecessary, was natural. Hence the brutal fervour and the religious knavery of

many falsely-called Puritans. Instead of attributing the gross follies of that age to its religion, that religion was *one* of the follies, resulting from the viciousness of the spiritual government in previous reigns;—just as the maddening fury of the French Revolution was not the offspring of liberty and freedom, but ‘the consequence of the misgovernment before.’ Had the Church of England done her duty, and instructed the people, and made them *think*, thus bringing them to solicit spiritual immunities,—then would have been the true spirit of an active, intelligent Christianity. Then would have been just the same firmness, and determination, and sensibility to wrong,—but neither the blindness of fanaticism, nor the coarseness, nor the hypocrisy, nor the unprincipled ambition which then betrayed themselves. Charles must have been resisted; he might have been dethroned; but the vacillating faithless monarch would have escaped the block. Laud must have suffered for his treason, but his last moments would have found more compassion. The clergy would have been removed when immoral; pitied when judged to be in error; but respected when found to be sincere. The establishment itself might only have rocked on its foundation without falling. The misery was, that faithless oppression goaded to madness a people who had just resumed the faculty of thinking, but had no maturity of judgment.

A great portion of Mr Lathbury's abusive volume is an attempt to prove ‘that the Church of England, during the reign of the First Charles, was less inimical to religious freedom than her opponents.’ This is certainly a novel and daring assertion; but we will admit it, for the sake of argument. And, supposing that the republican religionists of those days had been more unconciliatory to their spiritual opponents than the members of the Church of England,—supposing that they had imprisoned and mutilated and butchered greater numbers,—even *then* would it be a gross injustice to brand their intolerance with as much moral turpitude. Despotism and cruelty, and retaliation, is each to be ranked as a crime in our moral code; but assuredly as a crime of higher or lower gradation than the other. Wantonness and cold-blooded deliberation enhance the guilt of the one; the partial infusion of justice and the hurry of passion diminish the guilt of the other. And be it remembered that these were the precise moral distinctions of the Episcopalian and Republican. The former had haughtily trampled down, without any necessity, all who dared to dissent from their pretensions; the latter, when the hour of requital came, had higher reasons for gratifying their vengeance. We are far—very far—from exculpating the Presbyterians; they would have shown a glorious magnanimity

and a Christian piety in overlooking wrongs; but, nevertheless, we must protest against their being equalized with their foes.

But we deny Mr Lathbury's assertion: and as he has adduced the actions and writings of one party in its support, we must observe the same order in its refutation. The conduct of Laud was an immense difficulty to our author; and accordingly he has done his best for the defence of that miserable tyrant. But all his statements are general. He is compelled to allow that the archbishop was arbitrary; but, after hinting at his treatment of Prynne and Leighton, he says, 'their offences were not trivial.' Not trivial! True, Leighton did protest against prelacy in terms neither soft nor measured; and for this unpardonable offence, the proper treatment of which had been affixed by the Divine Teacher—'bless them that curse you'—for this, the meek archbishop thought a more mitigated punishment all that was necessary; and poor Leighton was favoured with only a fine of L.10,000, the loss of his ears, the slitting of his nose, and branding his forehead with the initial letters of the words, *seditionous slanderer*.^{*} It is a foul mockery upon true religion to adduce Laud's 'Diary,' in exculpation of all his insolent oppressions, barbarities, and treasons. To our minds, the greater the devotional fervour of those records, the more awful was his self-deception, or the more gross his hypocrisy. It is true that the prejudices of the age in which a man lives, may bring him to look upon truth through such a medium that some of the more indirect rays of its light may be distorted. But there are certain elements of religion which *must* obtain, independently of any age or any habits, in every heart where that religion honestly predominates. Pride, and cruelty, and treachery, are universally incompatible with the Gospel; and we are at a loss for other English words with which to designate the behaviour of this unworthy archbishop. What matters it that he, the evening after his impeachment of one of his victims, retired to his chamber, and with a coward repentance, apparently humbled himself before the Deity? What matters it that, whilst Leighton lay bleeding and dishonoured in his dungeon, the sighs and groans of his tyrant's spiritual confession ascended unto God? And, for sober-minded men to come forward nowadays and represent him as all that was pure, and holy, and sincere, is only a pernicious effort

* Mr Lathbury, in order seemingly to screen the archbishop, thus misrepresents this horrible condemnation—'he was sentenced to lose 'his ears, to pay a fine of *one* thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned 'for life?'

to teach men that faith and practice *may* be divorced—that godliness is only emotion, and Christianity sentimentalism.

It would be idle in us to say that the opponents of the Church of England were in no instances intolerant. Education, passion, kept many of them ignorant of the true principles of civil and religious liberty. But it is beyond bearing, that party-spirit should make a man so purblind to facts, and so self-contradictory, as to prompt him to institute any thing like a comparison between the intolerance of Charles I. and the intolerance of the Commonwealth. Let Mr Lathbury condemn himself. ‘In 1649 ‘the Commons declared that the Presbyterian Government should ‘be the established religion; *but toleration was extended to all parties.*’* Again, ‘upon the whole, the situation of the clergy was improved; for, while Presbytery would admit of no deviation from ‘the established order, Independency rested on the basis of a *universal toleration* to all who agreed in fundamentals.’ Again, ‘The clergy were at liberty to pursue their own course in conducting public worship, but the common prayer was still suppressed; *nothing was imposed; on the contrary, all were at liberty ‘to follow their own inclinations.*’ And once more, ‘*The removal of every religious test during these times* opened the door for ‘the entrance of men *of all creeds* into the churches. To have ‘attempted to prevent such irregularities would have incurred ‘the heavy charge of hindering the gospel.’† Such are Mr Lathbury’s words: and yet he dares to contrast the conduct of the Commonwealth with that of Charles the I.’s spiritual advisers; and this universal toleration, this admission of *all* sects and parties, is more inimical to religious freedom than fines, and incarceration, and death!

Whatever may have been the private religious character of the Protector, his most malignant enemies must allow, with the unwilling Mr Lathbury, that ‘Cromwell was the advocate of ‘liberty of conscience; and that his conduct to some of the Episcopal clergy is a redeeming feature in his character.’‡ The principle by which he was guided was that of a free and full toleration for all opinions. §

That during the Protectorate there were many instances of unrighteous oppression; that there were numerous sequestrations of the Episcopal clergy, which were most indefensible, must be admitted. But the calm observer of these times will perceive, that *revenge*, not *religious intolerance*, caused such proceedings:

* Page 250.

† P. 252.

‡ P. 292.

§ P. 290.

and, inasmuch as the leading ministers of religion had no part in these retaliations, they are not to be urged against them as proofs of religious or political insincerity.

We come now to the writings of both parties, for from them Mr Lathbury equally attempts to substantiate his assertion.

Now we fancy that we love and honour such men as Hooker and Jeremy Taylor as much as this (to use his own elegant description) 'pigmy of literature.' These are not the men whose writings are indices of the spirit of their party. Far be it from us to detract from the mild charity towards others with which both wrote; but justice to the good fame of other men must qualify our estimate of their 'toleration.' When Hooker wrote, the spirit of partisanship among the Protestants had scarcely inflamed men's bosoms. Their disputes were tranquilly carried on. A rupture amongst them would have been a breach in the citadel opened to their papal assailants. A common danger repressed extravagant discord. So, too, with Jeremy Taylor. He wrote his 'Liberty of Prophesying,' not merely to obtain the freedom which it advocated for others, but in quest of it himself. That sound 'Apology' would indeed have surpassed all others in magnanimity, if it had been boldly uttered before Laud, whilst he was issuing the edicts of his murderous oppression. But it was the language of a mild yet suffering minister, whose sad personal calamities awoke him to the enormity of their cause.

The most magnanimous friend of toleration, unquestionably, was Milton. Let it never be forgotten that his tract on 'Unlicensed Printing,' so full of the noblest fearlessness for the cause of truth, was written whilst his party was in power. For the sake of mental liberty he dared *their* disapprobation. 'Who knows not that truth is strong; next to the Almighty, she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious?' 'Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we injure her to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?' This is Milton's language. He was sure that truth was omnipotent, and therefore that all the proffered aids of persecution were but insults. No one before had ever uttered such a challenge, and with such feelings of composure as to consequences. Like the 'mighty eagle' of his own sublime image, he had reached a loftier elevation than 'the timorous birds' that flocked beneath him, and, undismayed by their paralysed apprehensions, penetrated into abysses of light, undazzled and unalarm-

ed. The 'schismatic' Milton was indeed the first friend of religious liberty.

It is positively ludicrous to turn from our author's observations on the excellency of religious liberalism, to the following:—He has brought his readers as far in British ecclesiastical history as the Restoration; and, adverting to the Act of Uniformity, by the enforcement of which two thousand ministers were ejected, in spite of the principles, prayers, tears of their parishioners, he says,—*'This act was destructive to their hopes: toleration at that time, and under such circumstances, would probably have proved fatal to the existence of the Protestant Church.'* This admission must, we think, absolutely madden Mr Lathbury's supporters. How could it escape the 'Malignant' revisers? Have they lost all their shrewdness? Surely this was never meant to have seen the light. If the Church of England is the bantling of intolerance, what claim has she to that admiration and that love which should be attributed to truth alone? But this is foul wrong to the Church of England. We respect her, and we defy this traitor to her cause to prove the defamation. She did not then need intolerance to aid her. The questions between the revengeful Episcopate that followed the second Charles and those who afterwards were driven to nonconformity were, not whether that should be the religion of the state—not whether the Episcopacy should retain its government and revenues—not whether the Liturgy should be preserved—but whether the 'Apocrypha' should receive sanction the same as inspiration—whether a few exceptionable passages in the Ritual should be modified. These, and just such unimportant differences as these, were under agitation. Let us hear this unfortunate son of the Church himself. *'The alliance between Church and state, the lawfulness of a prescribed form, and other points, on which modern Dissenters entertain such strong opinions, were never questioned by the Presbyterians, either prior to or at the Conference; nay, the necessity of an established church was insisted on as strongly by the one party as the other.'* The intolerance of an ungrateful Episcopate—one unhumbled by her afflictions—was for the purpose of revenge. No matters of principle entered into the discussion.

Ever since this extensive schism, the Church of England has undergone but trifling external modifications: a general history of her later affairs would, therefore, be confined to her moral variations. But the volume before us avoids any such details. The only allusion to ecclesiastical affairs in the interval is an impudent libel upon Dissenters. There is no generous homage

paid to any of their number—to such as Bates, or Baxter, or Lardner, or Doddridge, or Robert Hall. These men were as distinguished for eloquence, for profound thought, for imagery, for classical acquisition, for professional zeal, as any Episcopalian. Amongst the Dissenters still are men whom a just posterity will equally revere; men beloved and respected by their flocks; men whose philanthropy has civilized islands; whose zeal has awaked the Church of England to her duty,—and yet this prejudiced scribbler, blind to all excellence which does not in some measure flatter his own self-complacency, has the hardihood to denounce them ‘as the engines of Satan!’

We make the foregoing remarks in a spirit far from unfriendly to the Church of England. Our intention is solely to insist upon the absurdity of that arrogance with which such men as Mr Lathbury contend for the inviolability of all her institutions. God knows we are far from sympathizing with many of the absurdities amongst the Seceders from the English Church. We are just as disposed as the highest Episcopalian to reprehend many of their follies: but we cannot forbear demanding, in the name of all charity, what right has Mr Lathbury to come forth, as if with St Paul's power, ‘to deliver unto Satan,’—to designate the present Dissenters ‘engines of the devil!’ We trust that the public will show that it does not sympathize with so uncharitable and bigoted a spirit; that whilst it entertains not a superstitious but enlightened reverence for a Church which has been and is adorned by sound doctrines, and devout members, it can still be alive to its deficiencies, and seek their correction; that whilst it prefers the consolidation and wisdom of an Establishment, it can respect the motives and the worth of those who dissent from it.

ART. VI.—*Three Lectures on the Proper Objects and Methods of Education in reference to the different Orders of Society; and on the relative Utility of Classical Instruction.* Delivered in the University of Edinburgh, November, 1835. By JAMES PILLANS, M.A., F.R.S.E., Professor of Humanity in that University. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1836.

WE regret that circumstances prevented our noticing these discourses in either of our last Numbers. They are a good word spoken in due season; and sure we are, that it will not be spoken in vain, if our Scottish countrymen are not wholly disabled from appretiating at their real value, this vindication of classical studies, and the objections by which they have been here recently assailed. It would, however, be a disparagement of these lectures to view them as only of temporary and local value; far less as merely an answer to what all entitled to an opinion on the matter must view as undeserving of refutation or notice—on its own account. They form, in fact, a valuable contribution to the philosophy of education; and, in particular, one of the ablest expositions we possess of the importance of philological studies in the higher cultivation of the mind. As an occasional publication, the answer does too much honour to the attack. Indeed the only melancholy manifestation in the opposition now raised to the established course of classical instruction, is not the fact of such opposition; but that arguments in themselves so futile—arguments which, in other countries, would have been treated only with neglect, should in Scotland not have been wholly harmless. If such attacks have had their influence on the public mind, this affords only another proof—not that ancient literature is with us studied too much, but that it is studied far too little. Where classical learning has been vigorously cultivated, the most powerful attacks have only ended in the purification and improvement of its study. In Germany and Holland, in Italy, and even in France, the objections, not unreasonably, made to an exclusive and indiscriminate classical education, and the experimental changes they determined, have only shown in their result—that ancient literature may be more effectually cultivated in the school, if not cultivated alone; and that whilst its study, if properly directed, is absolutely the best mean towards an harmonious developement of the faculties—the one end of all liberal education, yet, that this mean is not always relatively the best,

when circumstances do not allow of its full and adequate application.

It is natural that men should be inclined to soothe their vanity with the belief, that what they do not themselves know is not worth knowing; and that they should find it easy to convert others, who are equally ignorant, to the same opinion, is what might also confidently be presumed. ‘Ce n’est pas merveille, si ‘ceux qui n’ont jamais mangé de bonnes choses, ne savent que ‘c’est de bonnes viandes.’ On this principle, Scotland is the country of all others in which every disparagement of classical learning might be expected to be least unsuccessful. For it is the country where, from an accumulation of circumstances, the public mind has been long most feebly applied to the study of antiquity, and where it is daily more and more diverted to other departments of knowledge. A summary indication of the more important of these circumstances may suffice to show, that the neglect of classical learning in Scotland is owing neither to the inferior value of that learning in itself, nor to any want of capacity in our countrymen for its cultivation.

There are two principal conditions of the prosperity of classical studies in a country. The one,—the necessity there imposed of a classical training for the three learned professions; the other,—the efficiency of its public schools and universities in the promotion of classical erudition. These two conditions, it is evident, severally infer each other. For, on the one hand, where a certain amount and quality of learning is requisite for the successful cultivation of the law, medicine, and divinity of a country, this of itself necessitates the existence of schools and universities competent to its supply; and on the other, where an efficient system of classical education has become general, there the three professions naturally assume a more learned character, and demand a higher complement of erudition from their members. The prosperity of ancient learning is every where found dependent on these conditions; and these conditions are always found in harmony with each other. To explain the rise and decline of classical studies in different nations and periods, is therefore only to trace the circumstances which have in these modified the learned character of the professions, and the efficiency and application of the great public seminaries.

It would be foolish to imagine that the study of antiquity can ever of itself secure an adequate cultivation. How pleasant and wholesome soever are its fruits, they can only be enjoyed by those who have already fed upon its bitter roots. The higher and more peculiar its ultimate advantages and pleasures—the more it educates to capacities of thought and feeling, which we

should never otherwise have been taught to know or to exert—and the more that what it accomplishes can be accomplished by it alone—the less can those who have had no experience of its benefits ever conceive, far less estimate their importance. Other studies of more immediate profit and attraction will divert from it the great mass of applicable talent. Without external encouragement to classical pursuits, there can be no classical public in a country; no brotherhood of scholars to excite, to appreciate, and to applaud—*συμφιλολογεῖν καὶ συνενθουσιάζειν*. The extensive diffusion of learning in a nation is even a requisite of its intensive cultivation. Numbers are the condition of an active emulation; and without a rivalry of many vigorous competitors there is little honour in the contest, and the standard of excellence will remain low. For a few holders of the plough there are many prickers of the oxen; and a hundred Barneses are required to afford the possibility of a single Bentley.

In accounting, therefore, for the low state of classical erudition in Scotland, we shall, in the first place, indicate the causes why in this country an inferior amount of ancient learning has been found sufficient for its law, medicine, and divinity; and, in the second, how our Scottish schools and universities are so ill adapted for the promotion of that learning.

I. Of the professions—Law can be only viewed as conducive to the cause of classical erudition, in so far as (what in most countries is the case) it renders necessary a knowledge of the Roman jurisprudence; the necessity of such a knowledge being, in fact, tantamount to a necessity for the cultivation of Latin history and literature. For while the Roman law affords the example of a completer and more self-connected system than the jurisprudence of any modern nation can exhibit; without a minute and comprehensive knowledge of that system in its relations and totality, its principles can neither be correctly understood, nor its conclusions with any certainty applied. This, however, is impossible, without a philological knowledge of the language in which this law is written, and an historical knowledge of the circumstances under which it was gradually developed. On the other hand, an acquaintance with the Roman jurisprudence has been always viewed as indispensable for the illustration of Latin philology and antiquities; insomuch, that in most countries of Europe, ancient literature and the Roman law have prospered or declined together: the most successful cultivators of either department have indeed been almost uniformly cultivators of both. In Italy, Roman law and ancient literature revived together; and Alciatus was not vainer of his Latin poetry, than Politian of his interpretation of the Pandects. In France, the critical study of

the Roman jurisprudence was opened by Budæus, who died the most accomplished Grecian of his age ; and in the following generation, Cujacius and Joseph Scaliger were only the leaders of an illustrious band, who combined, in almost equal proportions, law with literature, and literature with law. To Holland the two studies migrated in company ; and the high and permanent prosperity of the Dutch schools of jurisprudence has been at once the effect and the cause of the long celebrity of the Dutch schools of classical philology. In Germany, the great scholars and civilians, who illustrated the 16th century, disappeared together ; and, with a few partial exceptions, they were not replaced until the middle of the 18th, when the kindred studies began, and have continued to flourish with reciprocal luxuriance. Classical literature and Roman law owe less to the jurists of England than to those of any other country. The English common law is derived from sources which it requires no classical erudition to elucidate ; in no other nation, except our own, has jurisprudence been less liberally cultivated as a general science,—more exclusively as a special practice ; and though of some recognised authority in certain English courts, so little has the civil law been made an object of professional study, that an English lawyer rarely hazards an allusion to the Imperial Collections, without betraying his ignorance of their very titles. Classical learning has, however, been always laudably cultivated in England, and English jurists have accordingly sometimes acquired, as scholars, a legal erudition, wholly superfluous in professional practice.

In Scotland the causes are different, although the result is nearly the same. In this kingdom the Roman jurisprudence formerly possessed a high, but always an indefinite, authority. It exerted a conspicuous influence on the genius and original development of the Scottish law ; where not controlled by statute or custom, its determinations were usually admitted as decisive ; and some of the most eminent of our jurists have even recognised it as the written law of Scotland. It was usual also, until a comparatively recent period, for those educated for the Scottish bar to study the Roman law under the illustrious civilians of France or Holland ; and they returned from the continental universities, if not always profound scholars, more aware, at least, of the value of classical learning, and with a higher standard of classical attainment. Still, however, the authority of the Civil law in Scotland was never strong enough to constrain the profession to its profound and universal study ; and the necessity of resorting to foreign seminaries for the requisite education, showed that this could not adequately be procured at home. Among the myriads

of works illustrative of Roman jurisprudence, we recollect not even one that has appeared in Scotland; and the little that has been done in this department by Scotchmen was executed abroad,—the result of foreign training, stimulus, and example. The profession can lay no claim to what Cuninghame proposed,—to what Scrymger and Henryson performed. But the authority of the Roman jurisprudence, and the consequent necessity of its study was destined gradually to decline. The Scottish law became more and more reduced to statute; and after the union of the kingdoms was constrained to gravitate with an ever increasing velocity towards the indigenous and anti-Roman jurisprudence of England. The knowledge of the Roman system became always rarer and less profound. The judges, perhaps prudently, began to neglect an authority which was seldom adequately understood; and in Scottish practice a quotation from the Pandects now savours rather of ostentation than of use.

Medicine was formerly a profession which required a large amount of classical erudition; and among the most illustrious scholars since the revival of letters, no inconsiderable number have been physicians. The practical importance of this learning in Scottish medicine has, however, been long gradually falling. Hippocrates and Galen are not now the authorities. Medical works are no longer written and read only in Latin; nay, the late Dr Gregory apologizes in his *Conspectus* for not abandoning a language which promised ere long to be unintelligible to his professional brethren. The student does not now resort to the classical schools of Leyden and Padua; and, in the universities of Scotland, the language of the learned has been dispensed with, not only in lectures, but in examinations.

Theology, however, far more than either law or medicine, affords an effectual support to classical studies; for Christian, more especially Protestant, theology is little else than an applied philology and criticism; of which the basis is a profound knowledge of the languages and history of the ancient world. To be a divine is, in fact, to be a scholar.

Christianity is founded upon Miracles; but these miracles are not continued, and the proof of their original occurrence is consequently left to human learning as a matter of historical evidence. Again, Revelation, under either dispensation, was made through writers divinely authorized and inspired. But in some cases it is doubted whether certain of these writers have been actually inspired; and in others, whether the works purporting to have been written by them are actually theirs. This necessitates profound researches in regard to the authors of the several writings—to the time when—to the circumstances under which—to the

place where—and to the persons for whom they were first written. It behoves to discover all that is known or not known touching the first publication of these writings—what is historically certain or probable as to their original recognition, and annexation to the general collection of inspired writings—and, in fine, all that is known of the fate, of the contradiction it encountered, and of the changes which this Collection or Canon may have undergone.

The vehicle of revelation is Writing; and no miracle was vouchsafed to preserve the sacred documents from the fate of other ancient manuscripts, or to prevent the omissions, changes, and interpolations of careless or perfidious transcribers, through the period of fourteen centuries. This was left to the resources of human criticism; and the task requires for its accomplishment the profoundest scholarship. The collation of the most ancient manuscripts, the discrimination of their families, and a comparison of the oldest versions may afford certain valuable *criteria*; but the one paramount and indispensable condition for the determination of the genuine reading, is a familiar acquaintance with the spirit of the languages in which the sacred volume is written.

Interpretation, therefore, is not only the most extensive and arduous, but the most important function of the theologian;—that is, an enquiry into the sense of the inspired writings, and an exposition of the truths which they contain. To speak only of the New Testament. God did not select for his apostles the eloquent and the learned. It is, therefore, necessary to evolve the sense from the phraseology of unlearned men, writing also in a language not their own. At the same time the circumstances which determined the associations and course of thought, and consequently explain the meaning of the authors, are to be discovered only through a knowledge of the literature to which the writings belong—of the age in which they appeared—of the particular public whom they addressed—and of the circumstances under which they were produced. Add to this, that the original language, though Hellenistic Greek, is yet in a great part immediately, and in a still greater, mediately, translated from the Aramaic or Syro-Chaldæan; and it is universally admitted by the learned, that without a knowledge of the various Semitic dialects, it is impossible to enter thoroughly into that peculiar character of thought and expression, which is necessary to be understood, to understand the real import of the vehicle in which revelation is conveyed. The interpretation of the sacred books thus supposes a profound and extensive knowledge of the languages of antiquity, not merely in their words, but in their *spirit*; and an intimate familiarity with the historical circumstances of the

period, which can only be acquired through a comprehensive study of the contemporary authors.

It is thus evident, on the one hand, that no country can possess a theology without also possessing a philological erudition; and on the other, that if it possess a philological erudition, it possesses the one necessary condition of a theology. Now, for nearly two centuries, Scotland, compared with other countries, may be broadly said to have been without a theology; but as no other country has been more strongly actuated by religious interests, it cannot be supposed that its clergy held in their hands the condition of a theology which (overlooking *two* qualified exceptions) has been never realized by any. What then are the peculiar circumstances which caused, or which allowed, the Scottish Church to remain so far behind all other national establishments in theological, and, consequently, in classical erudition?

In the first place, the reformation in Scotland, and the constitution of the Scottish Church were not indigenous,—were not the conclusions of a native theology. In Scotland the new opinions were a communication from abroad. The polity and principles of the Scottish Church were borrowed—borrowed from Calvin and Geneva; and it was only one, and one of the least prominent, of the many Calvinist and Presbyterian Churches throughout Europe. At the same time, it was neither the creature nor the favourite of the Prince. The defence of that modification of Christianity established in Scotland was thus no peculiar, no principal point of honour with the nation or the state; and the Scottish clergy, geographically remote from the great centre of European polemic, were able, without manifest discredit, to devolve upon the kindred communions the vindication of their common polity and doctrine.—In this respect the English Church exhibits a striking contrast to the Scotch. The former stood alone among the Protestant communions. It was at once opposed to these and to the Church of Rome. It was the establishment of a great and prominent nation; and the personal and political honour of the Monarch—the dispenser of its high distinctions and emoluments—was long deeply interested in its credit and support. The Church of England was thus, from its origin, in a relation of hostility to every other. Polemical it must be; and in the general warfare which it waged, as it possessed the means, so it had every motive to reward, in its champions, the higher qualities of theological prowess. If the Church of England could dispense with a learned clergy, it could not dispense with a complement of learned divines.

In the second place, the determination given to the Church of Scotland by those through whom it was established was not one of erudition.

In Germany the Reformation proceeded from, and was principally carried through by, the *academical divines*; the princes, the cities, and the people only obeyed the impulsion first given and subsequently continued from the universities. In its origin the religious revolution was, in the empire, a learned revolution; and every permanent modification, every important movement in its progress had some learned theologian for its author. From this character of the Reformation in Germany, the determination of religious dogmas was there naturally viewed as a privilege of erudition—as more the function of the universities than of the church, the people, or the state. Religion consequently remained in the German schools a matter peculiarly proposed for learned investigation; the authority of confessions was not long allowed to suspend the Protestant right of enquiry; and the alarming freedom with which this right has been latterly exercised by the Lutheran divines may be traced back to the license and example of Luther himself. In Germany, indeed, theology necessarily shared the fate of classical learning. The causes which, from the conclusion of the sixteenth century, depressed the latter, reduced the former to a shallow and barbarous polemic; and the revival of the study of antiquity, from the middle of the eighteenth, was principally the conviction, and partly the consequence, of a revival of theological learning.

In England the peculiar form under which the Reformation was established was principally determined by the *royal will*. But the very fact that the Church of England was neither in its origin the free creation of a learned theology, nor the spontaneous choice of a persuaded people, only enhanced the necessity of a higher erudition to illustrate and to defend it when established. Besides standing, in Europe, opposed to every other establishment and communion, it was, in its own country, surrounded by a more powerful host of sectaries than any other national church;—who, originally hostile to its polity and privileges, became, on its conversion from Calvinism, by Laud, the more deadly enemies of its doctrine. The difficulty and increasing danger of this position kept up an unceasing necessity for able and erudite defenders; and as honours and riches were not stinted as the price, the supply of the commodity was hardly inferior to the demand.

The Church of Scotland, on the contrary, was neither the offspring of learning nor of power; it was the choice of an unlearned *people*, and after being long upheld by the nation in defiance of every effort of the government, it was finally established by a revolution.

As the Scottish Reformation did not originate in native learning, so it did not even come recommended to the Scottish people,

by the learned authority of its propagators. In relation to other national Reformers, the Reformer of Scotland was an unlettered man. 'Compared with Knox,' says a great German historian, 'Luther was but a timorous boy;'—but if Knox surpassed Luther himself in intrepidity, even Luther was a learned theologian by the side of Knox. With the exception of Melville, who obtained what erudition he possessed abroad, the religion of the people of Scotland could boast of no theologian worthy of the name. Some remarkable divines indeed Scotland has possessed; but these were all adherents of that church, which for a season was established by the will of the monarch in opposition to the wishes of the nation. The two Forbeses, to say nothing of Leighton, Burnet, and Sage, were Episcopalians. In fact the want of popular support made it necessary for the divines of that establishment to compensate by the strength of their theological learning for the weakness of their political position. The struggle which ensued between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian parties was, from first to last, more a popular than a scientific,—more a civil than a theological contest; and the Covenanters, whose zeal and fortitude finally wrought out the establishment of the religion and liberty of the nation, were unlearned as they were enthusiastic. With the triumph of the Presbyterian polity and doctrines, the controversy between the rival persuasions ceased. The Scottish Episcopalians were few in numbers, and long politically repressed; and the other separatists from the establishment, so far from being, as in England, the enemies of the dominant church, were in reality its useful friends. They pitched in general somewhat higher the principles they held in common with the establishment; and whereas in England the Dissenters would have radically destroyed what they condemned as vicious, in Scotland they wished only, as they in fact contributed, to brace what they viewed as relaxed. Thus, in Scotland, if sectarian controversy did not wholly cease, theological erudition was not required for its prosecution. The learning of the Dissenters did not put to shame the ignorance of the establishment; and the people were so well satisfied with their own triumph, and their adopted church, that its clergy had no call on them for erudition to illustrate what was already respected, or to vindicate what was not assailed. Even the attacks on Christianity which were subsequently made in Scotland, and which it was therefore more immediately incumbent on the Scottish clergy to repel, were not such as it required any theological erudition to meet; while, from the religious dispositions of the public, these attacks remained always rather a scandal than a danger. At the same time, in no other country was there so little verge, far less encouragement, allowed to theological speculation. The

standards of Scottish orthodoxy were more articulate and unambiguous than those of any other church; and to its members the permissible result of all enquiry was rigorously predetermined. Though often ignorantly mistaken, often intentionally misunderstood, the national creed could not, as in other countries, by any section of the established clergy, be either professedly abandoned or openly attacked. In religious controversy, popular opinion remained always the supreme tribunal; and a clamour, when this could be excited, was at once decisive of victory. At the same time the highest aim of clerical accomplishment was to preach a popular discourse. Under the former system of church patronage, this was always a *principal* condition of success; under the present, it promises to be soon the *only* one. Theological learning remained thus superfluous, if not unsafe.

Nor, in the third place, must it be overlooked, that the laudable accommodation of the Scottish Church to its essential end—the religious instruction of the people—secured it consideration and usefulness without any high attainment in theological science. This, indeed, it neither felt as necessary, nor possessed the means of encouraging. Ecclesiastical property was fairly applied to ecclesiastical purposes; and the duties and salaries of the clergy were neither inadequately nor unequally apportioned. If the professional education of the churchman was defective, still it was better than none. If not learned, he was rarely incompetent to parochial duties; and his religious and moral character were respectable and respected. The people of Scotland were justly contented with their Church.

In the Church of England, on the contrary, the splendour of extraordinary learning was requisite to throw into the shade its manifold defects and abuses—its want of professional education,—its pluralities, its sinecures, its non-residence,—its princely pampering of the few,—its beggarly starvation of the many. The grosser the ignorance it tolerated, the more distinguished must be the erudition it encouraged; and in the distribution of its higher honours, the promotion of merit, in some cases, was even necessary to redeem the privilege of neglecting it in more. Thus the different circumstances of the two churches rendered the clergy of the one neither ignorant nor learned; of the other, ignorant and learned at once.

The circumstance, however, of most decisive influence on the erudition of a clergy is the quality and amount of the preparatory and professional education they receive. As almost exclusively bred in the common schools and universities of a country, and their necessary course of education being in general considerably longer than that of the other learned professions, the clergy consequently express more fully and fairly than any other

class the excellences and defects of the native seminaries. On the other hand, the quality and amount of their learning principally determine for good or evil the character of the whole education, public and private, of a country; for the clergy, or those trained for the church, constitute not only the most numerous body of literary men, but the class from which tutors, schoolmasters, and even professors, are principally taken. Their ignorance or erudition thus reacts most powerfully and extensively, either to raise and keep up learning, or to prevent its rising among all orders and professions. The standard of learning in a national clergy is, in fact, the standard of learning in a nation.

This leads us to the second general condition of classical erudition.

II. The system of schools and universities in Scotland is, perhaps, worse calculated for the promotion of ancient learning than that of any other European country.

No other country is so wanting in the very foundation of a classical instruction—the number and quality of the Grammar Schools. England has its five hundred of these, publicly endowed: how many has Scotland! The attempt to supply this want by making the parochial schoolmaster teach the elements of Latin—Greek is out of the question—proclaims but does not remedy the deficiency. If sometimes hardly competent to the work of primary education, this functionary is rarely qualified for a classical instructor. Yet to his incompetency was in general abandoned the preparation of the future clergy and schoolmasters of the nation. It is, indeed, only of late years that a few grammar schools have ventured upon Greek; the alphabet of which is, by country students at least, still usually acquired in the university. The universities were indeed obliged to stoop, in order to supply the absence or the incompetency of the inferior schools. To do this adequately was, in the circumstances, impossible. Prematurely matriculated, the student often completed his academical course of philology before boys in other countries had finished school; and in his progress through the superior classes he soon forgot the scantling of the languages which he had now no longer any occasion to employ. Even in the long course of academical instruction, to which the future churchman was astricted, a few trifling exercises of form are all, we believe, that render some knowledge of Latin a convenient accomplishment. What, in fine, is the character of his professional examination? It is peculiar to Scotland, that the candidate for holy orders is tried, not by one or a few responsible individuals, specially nominated for that purpose from superior erudition and ability; but left to the low standard and fortuitous examination of all or

any members of the Presbytery (clergy of a district) to which he may apply.

Nor even indirectly was there encouragement of any kind presented by the universities for proficiency in classical attainments. The Degree in Arts, as it conferred no honour, was no object of ambition; and when not an empty compliment, a minimum of the learned languages sufficed for the examination.

Of old, the Scottish educational system was a more effectual mean of classical instruction than it proves at present; but that it was never adequate to this end is proved by two facts, to which, on a former occasion, we have alluded. The first—that although a trifling proportion of the educated ranks could have received their instruction and literary impulses abroad; yet of Scottish scholars, all of the highest celebrity, and far more than nine-tenths of those, worthy of the name at all, have been either educated in foreign seminaries, or their tastes and studies determined in the society of foreign learned men. The second—that although in other countries the clergy take, as a class, the highest place in the higher regions of erudition; yet in Scotland, from their dependence on the native seminaries for education, they have remained comparatively inferior in classical learning; almost every scholar of distinguished note having, for nearly two centuries, been found among the laity.

For those able to supply their developement, the preceding hints may suffice, to explain the causes of the low state of classical learning in Scotland. In fact, were it not for the neighbourhood and ascendancy of England, and that a considerable proportion of those who give a bias to public opinion receive their education and literary convictions out of Scotland, we are almost disposed to believe that in this country, Greek and Latin would long ere now have been studied, as we study Hebrew or Sanscrit. As it is, these influences are only decisive in the capital; and even here the opinion of the more intelligent in favour of the primary importance of classical education is encountered by a numerous opposition. It is indeed fortunate for Edinburgh, that its classical institutions have been powerfully upheld by the reputation and talents of their teachers; but all that individual men—all that individual seminaries—all that partial and precarious influences can effect, are insufficient to turn back that tide of circumstances, which threatens, unless some public effort may arrest it, to overwhelm in one flood of barbarism, all that is most conducive to our intellectual and moral well-being—all that is not subsidiary to vulgar interests, and to the comforts of an animal existence.

The public is now awakening to the necessity of a better education for the people; our self-satisfied contentment with the

sufficiency of our parish schools, is already dissipated even in Scotland; and the state cannot long withhold from the British nation what is already enjoyed by the other countries of Europe. But it is the duty of a government, not only to provide for the necessary instruction of the people, but also to promote the liberal education of the higher orders; and in particular, to secure a competent erudition in the church, and the other privileged professions. In Scotland, how defective soever be the system of popular schools, this may be viewed as complete and perfect, compared with the system of grammar schools. Until a sufficient number of these be established over Scotland, and brought within the reach of those destined for an academical career, it is impossible that the universities can perform their proper function in the cultivation of learning; or that the professions, and the clergy in particular, should be insured in that amount and quality of classical knowledge which is requisite to place them on a level with their brethren in other countries. Nor until the patronage and regulation of our universities be deposited in more enlightened and disinterested hands, can we hope that solid learning will receive the preference and encouragement which a university should afford; if academical, if liberal study is to be something higher than a mere popular cultivation of the amusing, the palpable, the vulgarly useful. Amid all the corruptions of Oxford, that university has maintained (from accidental circumstances indeed) this fundamental principle; and it is the maintenance of this principle, however imperfectly applied, that was mainly the ground of our conviction, that if the legislature do its duty, Oxford is the university susceptible of the easiest and most effectual regeneration.*

These observations have detained us too long from our author; and the length to which they have extended precludes us from offering, as we meant, some contributions of our own in connexion with the argument which he so ably and conclusively maintains.

* We have said nothing of the effect of endowments specially destined for the encouragement of learning, by enabling the beneficiary to devote himself, without distraction, to the pursuits of erudition. There can be no doubt that such a mean, if properly applied, might be of important service. But where they do actually exist—as in England—these endowments have seldom been found wisely administered, and their effect, upon the whole, has been injurious rather than beneficial. In point of fact, the countries of Europe where learning in general, and classical learning in particular, has been most successfully cultivated, as Holland and Protestant Germany, possess no advantages of the kind; and are only superior to Scotland in a completer organization of schools, and a better system of university patronage.

Professor Pillans opens the first Lecture with a rapid survey of national education in ancient and in modern times ; and he justly attributes to the states of the Germanic Union the glory of having first practically realized it as a great principle of political morality,—that every government is bound to provide and to ensure the moral training and intellectual instruction of the whole body of its subjects. He shows the humiliating contrast in which Britain stands in this respect to the states of Germany ; vindicates their enforcement of education by law ; and accords a well-merited encomium to the enlightened magnanimity of France in profiting by the experience, and in adopting the institutions of Prussia. After some valuable observations on the methods and principles of popular instruction, he signalizes the difference, in end and means, between the education of the lower and the education of the higher classes of society. Of the latter, to which we must limit our consideration, he observes :—

‘ A very different treatment, however, is required, and with higher objects in view for the classes of society whom birth, or fortune, or extraordinary talent, exempt from manual labour and drudgery, and who are to earn their livelihood, and improve or adorn their condition, by the feats of the head rather than by the labour of the hand. The studies of this class of youth are extended over a much longer period than those of the labouring population. Time is allowed for following out a systematic course of training, through various stages of progress, and for a series of years ; and it is a training as distinct in its nature as it is different in its aim. For while nothing is to be omitted, in the longer training more than in the shorter, that tends to form virtuous habits, and inspire the love of knowledge and of nature, there is wanted, for the higher class of youth, a method comprehensive rather than compendious. It must be a course of intellectual discipline, directed, not to stock the mind with ready prepared information, but to bring out in orderly and healthful succession the several mental faculties, to give to each its appropriate nourishment and invigorating exercise, and to teach the possessor the free and dexterous use of them all ; that when the time comes for sending him forth into the arduous competition and conflict of human affairs, he may be able to find a way for himself, or to make one. In this case, the point to be aimed at is not a great store of knowledge of which the mind is little better than the passive recipient. The legitimate object of the higher education, is to provide the means of evolving and perfecting the various powers and capacities of man’s nature, so as to enable him, in the words of Milton, “to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and of war.” ’

In the second Lecture, after exposing that most contemptible of all delusions, that the mere possession of facts—the simple swallowing of truths—is the end proposed by education, and showing that it is not by the *amount of knowledge* communica-

ted, but by the *amount of thought* which such knowledge calls into activity, that the mind is exercised and developed, our author proceeds to contrast the advantages in this respect of mathematical and classical instruction. We are gratified to find that our own conclusions in regard to the minor value of mathematical study as a mean of mental cultivation are not opposed to those of so high an authority in practical education; and that our convictions, both of the paramount utility, in this relation, of classical study, and of the errors by which, in practice, this utility is too often compromised, are in all respects the same with those of so philosophical a scholar. We must pass over his strictures on the great schools of England, in order to quote his unfavourable opinion of the organization of our Edinburgh classical schools;—an organization now peculiar, we believe, to Scotland, and which we have long been convinced is almost the only impediment that prevents the distinguished zeal and ability of their teachers from carrying these seminaries to their attainable perfection. On the present plan, a new class commences every year under a separate master; and the boys, however numerous, and however different in capacity, remain during four years—*i. e.*—until they enter under the Rector—the exclusive pupils of the same classical instructor, whose emoluments are in proportion to the number of his peculiar scholars.

‘ It would be a libel on classical studies to admit, that so long a period as six years is insufficient to impart a knowledge and love of these pursuits to a greater portion of the youth than is proved by experience to have acquired them. We must look, I apprehend, for the cause of a fact which it is idle to think of denying, neither in the nature of the studies themselves,—which, when rightly set about, are quite attainable by minds of moderate capacity, and to them of all others most improving,—nor in the character of the teachers, who are all men of high and undoubted qualification,—but in circumstances which would produce a similar result under any set of teachers, and whatever were the leading object of the instruction.

‘ I allude to the long-established practice of carrying forward *all* the pupils in regular and uniform progression, and without stated examinations, from the lowest stage of the school to the highest, and of thus making the time of attendance, not the amount of proficiency, a passport to the rector’s class. The unavoidable consequence of this arrangement is, that the difference between the clever and the dull, the diligent and the idle, which becomes perceptible enough at the end of the first term of study, is increased from year to year, till at the end of the fourth they are handed over to the rector in all the various gradations between good scholarship and comparative ignorance. Like ill-matched horses in a race, they start abreast, but soon present a straggling line, which lengthens and separates farther asunder at every step they advance in the course. I am aware of the difficulties that stand in the way of any

arrangement for testing the progress of the pupils at certain intervals, with the view of promoting those who should have greatly outstript their fellows, and of checking the advance of those who should be found below the average proficiency. I am aware also, that the call for it is less urgent, in proportion as the numbers are smaller, and the methods improved; but it deserves to be considered whether a different practice might not recruit the numbers, and more than compensate for any inconveniences that are likely, in the first instance, to result from its adoption. At Eton, and other great schools in England, "losing a remove," and "gaining a double remove," at the half-yearly examinations, are comparatively rare occurrences; but the terms are familiar to the pupils, and have a salutary effect on their minds.

'Such a system of examination and promotion, acting at once by the dread of exposure and the hope of distinction, would, if introduced into our institutions, exert a wholesome influence on every mind in the school, and vivify even the inertest portion of the mass. The power, no doubt, of promoting and degrading, is one which would require to be used discreetly and rarely; but the very knowledge of its existence, and the conviction of its reality by the occasional exercise of it, would have a marvellous effect in stimulating exertion and repressing languor and idleness, and would go farther to remove all just ground of dissatisfaction and complaint, than any other change or addition that could be made.'

On the manifold disadvantages of this arrangement much might be said;—and we could quote a host of authorities in favour of the scheme of promotion and retardation, as determined by solemn terminal examinations;—a scheme for centuries established in Holland, Germany, and other continental countries. Buchanan, in his plan of a classical school, in his '*Opinion anent the Reformation of the Universitie of St Androis*,' orders 'that the classes shall be visit every quarter of a year, and promovit aftr ther merits.*' In most countries this act takes place at half-yearly intervals.

In his third and last lecture our author is occupied with his principal subject, the vindication of classical studies from the charge of inutility—an easy matter; and the far more difficult

* Professor Pillans will be pleased to find, from the same *Opinion*, which is, we believe, very little known, that his favourite Monitorial system was carried into effect by Buchanan. It has not been noticed that in this plan of studies Buchanan was greatly indebted to his friend Sturmius; and that great pædagogus is also a high authority in favour of the system. It had also previously been reduced to practice by Trotzendorf. For centuries it has been prudently applied in Schulpforte, the prime classical school of Europe. The compulsory lecturing—the *necessary regency*—of graduates or *inceptors* in the ancient universities mainly proceeded on the profound principle, *Doce ut Discas* :—

*Discere si quæris, doceas, sic ipse doceris;
Nam studio tali tibi proficis atque sodali.*

task of illustrating the various and peculiar modes in which these studies exercise and improve the mind. We regret that we are unable to afford our readers more than a sample of his admirable observations. After a copious enumeration of the general advantages to be reaped from the study of the ancient authors, he proceeds :—

‘ But, again, it may be argued, Why might not all this be done, and done more compendiously and expeditiously, by taking the works of our own English authors for the substratum of this intellectual and moral training? My answer is, that, with such means, it could not, I think, be done at all.’

‘ The languages, however, in which these qualities are embodied, are essentially and widely different, not so much in the words or combinations of letters that respectively compose them (for in that respect we shall see presently there are resemblances numerous and striking enough to show, to a certain degree, identity of origin), but in genius, in structure, and in idiom. The ancient are languages of flexion and conjugation, expressing the relations of things to one another, and the variations of the verb in time, person, number, mood, and voice, by changes in the termination of the words; all, or nearly all of which, we express by separate small particles and monosyllables, which, to prevent ambiguity and confusion, have their places fixed, and must stand in juxtaposition to the words they are intended to affect. Hence two results; one, that our English sentences admit of very slight and rare deviations from a precise definite arrangement of words; and the other, that modern, and, more especially, English composition, is necessarily overrun with monosyllables, most of which, in our language at least, terminate in consonants. The ancient languages, on the contrary, from the circumstance of their incorporating the expression of various relations among objects and ideas into the words themselves, derive two advantages :—first, by avoiding a crowd of such little words as encumber our diction, they acquire a pomp, sonorousness, and condensation of meaning, “ a long-resounding march and energy divine,” which we cannot look for in our modern dialects; and, secondly, they admit a variety in the collocation of words, and a freedom of transposition, which materially contribute, in the hands of an accomplished writer, both to mould his periods into the most perfect music and melody to the ear, and what is of more consequence still, to present them in the most striking forms to the understanding and imagination of his reader.

‘ It is, indeed, a great and just boast of these languages (which have been called, from the circumstance, transpositive), that this liberty of arrangement enables the speaker or writer to dispose his thoughts to the best advantage, and to place in most prominent relief those which he wishes to be peculiarly impressive; and that thus they are pre-eminently fitted for the purposes of eloquence and poetry. It is owing to the same peculiarities in the structure of the ancient languages, that the writers in them were enabled to construct those long and curiously involved sentences, which any attempt to translate literally serves only to perplex and obscure; but which presented to the ancient reader, as they do to the

modern imbued with his taste and perceptions, a beautiful, and, in spite of its complexity, a sweetly harmonizing system of thoughts. I have already alluded to the exertion of mind required to perceive all the bearings of such a sentence, as to an exercise well fitted for sharpening the faculties; and this view of the ancient tongues—considered as instruments of thought widely differing from, and in most respects superior to, our own—is one which recommends them to be used also as instruments of education.

‘Again, our mother tongue is so entwined and identified with our early and ordinary habits of thinking and speaking, it forms so much a part of ourselves from the nursery upwards, that it is extremely difficult to place it, so to speak, at a sufficient distance from the mind’s eye to discern its nature, or to judge of its proportions. It is, besides, so uncompounded in its structure,—so patchwork-like in its composition, so broken down into particles, so scanty in its inflections, and so simple in its fundamental rules of construction, that it is next to impossible to have a true grammatical notion of it, or to form indeed any correct ideas of grammar and philology at all, without being able to compare and contrast it with another language, and that other of a character essentially different.

‘But how much is the title of the ancient languages to the distinction we claim for them strengthened and enforced by the consideration, that to them our own, and most of the other dialects of modern Europe, changed as they are in form and structure, owe a very large portion of their vocabulary. The more immediate descendants of the Latin,—the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French,—are little else than corruptions of the parent stock, altered in shape, and frittered down in the parts, but the same in substance: and the complicated tissue of our own tongue is so wrought up and interwoven, with the Latin chiefly, and also with the Greek, that it is impossible to unravel its texture, or understand its nature and uses, without a competent knowledge of both. It may be regarded as a most agreeable and improving exercise to young minds, and one which will engage much of our attention here, to trace English words through the various forms and significations which they have assumed in the intermediate stages of French and Italian, up to their roots in the Latin or Greek tongues.’

Nothing has more contributed in this country to disparage the cause of classical education than the rendering it the education of all. That to many this education can be of little or no advantage, is a truth too manifest to be denied; and on this admission the sophism is natural, to convert ‘useless to many’ into ‘useful to none.’ With us, the learned languages are at once taught too extensively, and not intensively enough; an absurdity in which we are now left almost alone in Europe. We may notice that the distinction of schools, to which, in the following passage, Mr Pillans alludes, is not peculiar to Prussia, but has been long universal in the German and Scandinavian states: even Russia has adopted it.

‘The strongest case against the advocates for classical education, is the practice that has hitherto prevailed of making it so general as to include boys of whom it is known beforehand that they are to engage in the ordinary pursuits of trade and commerce; who are not intended to prosecute their education farther than school, and are not therefore likely to follow out the subject of their previous studies much, or at all, beyond the period of their attendance there.

‘I willingly allow, and have already admitted, that a youth who looks forward from the very outset to the practice of some mechanical or even purely scientific art, may employ his time better, in acquiring manual dexterity and mathematical knowledge, than in making himself imperfectly acquainted with a dead language. There must be in all very large and populous towns, a class of persons in tolerably easy circumstances, and whose daily business affords them considerable leisure, but who contemplate for their children nothing beyond such acquirements as shall enable them to follow out the gainful occupation, and move in the narrow circle, in which they themselves, and their fathers before them, have spent a quiet and inoffensive life. It was for youth of this sort that the Prussian government, with a sagacity and foresight characteristic of all its educational proceedings, provided what are called *buerger* and *mittelschulen*,—intermediate steps between the *volks-schulen*, and primary schools, and the *Gymnasia*, or *gelehrte-schulen*; and the French have wisely followed the example of Prussia, by ordaining the establishment of *écoles moyennes*, called also *écoles primaires supérieures*, in all towns above a certain population.

‘It would, no doubt, be a desirable addition to our means of training the young in this city, if an institution were formed, which, without attempting ornament or variety, should profess to give no instruction beyond what an education, strictly mechanical and commercial, might be thought to require. But with regard to the great bulk of the middle class of easy and respectable citizens, who can contrive to combine the habits and details of business with the larger views imparted by solitary reading and social intercourse, it were much to be regretted that the youth of this description should be precluded from all chance of that general cultivation of the intellectual powers, and that humanizing influence of ancient literature, which result, as I have endeavoured to show, from a well-directed course of classical instruction.’

From the specimens now adduced, the reader is enabled to form certainly a high, but by no means an adequate estimate of these lectures. To be properly appretiated, the whole reasoning must be studied in connexion—which, we are confident, few, sincerely interested in the subject, will fail to do.

ART. VII.—1. *A Residence at Constantinople during a period including the Commencement, Progress, and Termination of the Greek and Turkish Revolutions*. By the Rev. R. WALSH, L.L.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

2. *Neuf Années à Constantinople*. Par A. BRAYER, D.M.P. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris: 1836.

THE first of these authors is doubtless known to many of our readers as a lively and entertaining writer, who has seen a good deal of some countries little visited, and tells rambling stories with considerable success. We are at some loss to understand the motives which have at last induced him to give to the public a narrative of events which he witnessed so many years ago, when those events have lost much of that interest which once attached to them; nor does he afford us in his preface any very intelligible account of his design. Many of the details of his residence in Constantinople were already anticipated in a volume published eight years ago, containing the account of his journey overland from that city: among which we have particularly noticed the curious account of its ruins of ancient aqueducts, and several of his anecdotes respecting the Greek Revolution. Some of his narratives also, which are the most highly wrought into romantic shapes—for example, the earthquake at Zante in the first volume, and the fire at Pera in the second—we have seen already, if we are not mistaken, in the pages of some periodical publications. Allowing, however, for these little traits of professional authorship, his present work, although swelled to a very inconvenient and unnecessary bulk, contains much to interest the general reader. It has powerfully recalled our attention to times and occurrences, which had been wellnigh effaced from our immediate remembrance by the rapid succession of events in Turkish history;—occurrences of which the memory is painful and revolting in the extreme, but which must not be lost sight of; especially when the great political question of the East, and the character of the Ottoman nation and empire in connexion with it, are provoking so much of daily discussion amongst us.

Dr Walsh's present publication contains, moreover, a variety of miscellaneous information about the manners and customs of the various nations inhabiting Constantinople. As far as his own experience as an eyewitness extends, he may be depended upon as a quick and curious observer, with considerable powers of description. But we have not the same reliance on

his hearsay information; which he seems to have collected and retailed without taking much pains to sift the true or even the probable from the general mass. Witness his extraordinary story of a nation of half a million Nestorian Christians—living by themselves in a sort of happy valley on the banks of the Tigris—whom the Turks invaded in the beginning of the present century, and were repulsed with the loss of 100,000 men and five pachas! all which he gravely reports on the authority of a ‘Chaldean Bishop’ passing through Constantinople. Much of his information is of a similar character—answers obtained to enquiries evidently directed at random, and from sources on which no credit could be safely reposed.

We have compared Dr Walsh's volumes with those of Dr Brayer, whose work appears second at the head of our article.* This writer had the advantage of that more intimate acquaintance with the habits and opinions of a people which the character of a physician affords, especially in the East, where that character still retains some of the mysterious respect paid it in the dark ages among ourselves. Dr Brayer's medical observations, and especially those on the treatment of the plague, which occupy the whole of his second volume, are, we have no doubt, extremely valuable. For the rest, his book has disappointed us. With the exception of a few good stories, there is little of that knowledge of the interior of Oriental life which we are led to anticipate from the opportunities of the writer. His general view of the Turkish character, both in its virtues and its defects, is picturesque, but evidently exaggerated. Their apathy and want of instruction, their fatalism, their religious fervour, their benevolence, their

* The value of the statistical information to be derived from such works as those before us may be conjectured from comparing the two following accounts of the Raya population of Constantinople—the one by a writer who has resided four, the other nine years in that city;—

	Brayer.	Walsh.
Greeks, . . .	80,000	50,000 before the Revolution. 20,000 after it.
Armenian Schismatics,	60,000	230,000.
Armenian Catholics,	40,000	6,000!
Jews, . . .	20,000	150,000.

Walsh's estimate comprises, it must be said, the villages on the Bosphorus. The extraordinary difference between him and Brayer on the subject of the Armenians may be partly accounted for by the fact, that the English writer takes his information without scruple from an *Armenian Schismatic bishop*.

honesty, and purity of life are all too highly coloured; as if the whole Ottoman population of Constantinople and its neighbourhood was fashioned exactly after that *beau idéal* of a Turk, which poets and romancers have been pleased to portray. This is a common characteristic of French travellers, although by no means confined exclusively to them. Whether a Frenchman has resided nine days or nine years among a foreign people, the result of his observations is sure to assume the shape of a system. His lively imagination proceeds all at once to generalize the first facts which he may collect; and all his subsequent experience tends only to assist him in shaping and polishing more carefully the original creature of his brain. One thing we learn from Dr Brayer's personal narrative: his experience of practice at Constantinople, and especially among the Turks, presents no very comfortable prospect to poor and aspiring Frank physicians. The Turk is fond of medical visitors: the state of his pulse, the health of his own and his neighbours' families, are agreeable subjects of gossip to shorten the wearisome day of an Oriental. And nowhere has a physician less reproach or discredit to undergo in case of failure. It was the will of Allah that the means employed should not succeed: and no fault of the mortal who administered them. But on the other hand, he has neither thanks nor praise to expect for a cure; for that too was predestined, and he is only the appointed instrument. Formerly the provoking apathy of the Turk was redeemed by his readiness and liberality in point of remuneration. But he is now grown poor; and being just as fond as ever of chatting with his physicians, his poverty has made him as ingenious as a Frank in the art of inveigling the practitioner into a consultation gratis; while he assumes to himself an unlimited latitude in taxing the infidel's bills when he deigns to pay them.

To return to Dr Walsh, with whom we are at present chiefly concerned. Among all the graces which befit an Oriental traveller, he is particularly ambitious of exhibiting his proficiency as a scholar and an antiquarian. His pages are crowded with Greek and Latin quotations; and he would fain persuade us that his time and labour were ardently devoted to the pursuit of objects of classical research, whenever he had an opportunity of escaping from the immediate duties of his situation. He apologizes, in his preface, for the extremely incorrect manner in which his book is printed: we will not therefore run the hazard of unjust accusation, by charging him with all the classical slip-slop which defaces his work. But when we found our scholar, nearly in the outset of his Oriental rambles, informing us that the works *AKAMANTIC ENIKA* on the frieze of Demosthenes's Lantern

at Athens, prove that monument to have been erected 'to some man of this name who was a conqueror in the games,' we began to think that his anxiety to render services to the world of letters, in the way of lapidary research, was a little thrown away. Thus far, however, our clerical author might still have passed muster, as well as ninety in a hundred of his brethren of either University, who amuse themselves with summer tours in the regions of their classical recollections. But when we came to such passages as the following—'Parthenius, a Neapolitan poet, represents them (the Sciotes) as gaining the affection of strangers by their pleasing manners, kind services, and *agreeable wine*, "Necnon et placidi mores et amica *vinum vis* Docta animos capere officio,"' (vol i. p. 399.) 'Genuine Chian wine, made on the Arvisian plains, where, according to Virgil, *vina novum fundavit calathis Arvisia nectar*,' (vol. ii. p. 76)—we began to suspect that the press might have been rather conveniently left without correction; and the printer's devil thus rendered responsible, as is sometimes the case, by a general salvo, for errors of all descriptions. Yet this is the writer who in a preceding work, if we recollect rightly, details to us how he astonished a Transylvanian innkeeper, by the smart application of an epigram in Martial! This unfortunate taste for pretence and display often throws a suspicion on the general credibility of the authors who indulge in it.

Dr Walsh left England in November, 1820, in the suite of Lord Strangford, who was then proceeding as ambassador to the Porte. He passed by Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and Zante, in the latter of which places it was his fortune to witness the terrible earthquake of December in that year. From the Ionian Islands the party proceeded to Milo, Athens, Naxia, and visited the celebrated grotto of Antiparos. Our author, in pursuing his voyage, landed on the Plain of Troy, and again at Gallipoli, where he left the embassy, and travelled by land to Constantinople through Rodosto. All these adventures occupy the greater part of his first volume; but as our present purpose is chiefly with the more important contents of his work,—those which describe the state of Constantinople during the period of the Greek insurrection, we must pass them by without further comment.

For some time after the arrival of the embassy, Constantinople presented its usual appearance of dull tranquillity. But in the spring of 1821, the more experienced Frank residents began to observe a change in the demeanour of the Turks, which raised the most boding apprehensions in their minds. The news of Ypsilante's insurrection in Moldavia, the first outbreak of Greek revolt, had transpired. The vast plan of rebellion, conceived by

the ardent and enterprising leaders of the Greeks, had been hitherto so carefully concealed, that not a suspicion of it appears to have arisen either among Turks or Franks until the hour of its accomplishment. Ypsilante's proclamation, in which he appealed to the Emperor Alexander for support, and at the same time vaunted the approaching elevation of the Cross above the Crescent, was almost the first circumstance which roused the Ottoman Government and population from its apathy. Alexander replied to it, as the Russian Government has always replied to the instances of those whom its intrigues have seduced into rebellion—he formally disavowed Ypsilante's enterprise, and struck his name off the list of his army. The Sultan answered it, by appealing to the religion and loyalty of his Mussulman subjects, and exhorting every man to provide himself with arms. One hundred thousand armed Turks, from boys of ten years and upwards, were now let loose against the Christians in the streets of Constantinople. They began with insult, from which they speedily proceeded to wanton murder and mutilation. The yataghans of the Turkish desperadoes were exercised indiscriminately on the persons of the trembling Greeks, who only ventured into the streets at the hazard of their lives; and the poor Armenians, the most peaceful and timid people in the world, came in for their share of the persecution, although most innocent of its cause. 'A fellow of the new levies went into the shop of an Armenian merchant, and chose some cloth for a pelisse: he was dissatisfied with the price, and went away. Next day he returned, said he would pay what was asked, and the shopkeeper stood over the cloth to measure it. The Armenians wear a tall cap called a calpac, which is like an inverted sugar-loaf, the head being put into the small end. Their capotes have no capes, and a long naked neck always appears when they stoop. This presented an object too tempting for the discontented Turk: he drew his yataghan, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It fell into the piece of cloth he was purchasing; so he wrapt it up and carried it off!' So accustomed are these industrious and unresisting people to the cruelties of the Government under which they live, that to have perished by the hand of the executioner is a kind of title to hereditary respect among them. They engrave the figures of their relations on their tombs, suspended from gibbets, or with their heads between their legs! No Armenian, they say, ever suffers for a crime; but when a Turkish grandee is deposed and slain, his Armenian bankers and agents are involved in his calamity, and are quietly made away with as a preliminary to the confiscation of their pro-

perty. They are thus the martyrs of their wealth, and not, as Dr Brayer terms them, 'of their religious opinions.' After a few days of this indiscriminate violence, the more ferocious work of Turkish justice began. Several of the most distinguished Greeks were beheaded in the streets; but the death of Constantine Mourousi, first dragoman to the Porte, was the first circumstance which roused the apprehension of the Frank residents. On Easter Sunday, the Greek Patriarch and his bishops prepared for the usual celebration of the high mass, which is performed on that day by the Greek church with even more than Roman Catholic solemnity; when the faithful crowd to receive the annual salutation, 'Christ is arisen,' from the lips of their primate. This dignitary had just published a pastoral letter to his flock, condemning in the strongest terms the Revolution and its abettors: he therefore fancied himself in security, and the miserable people of the capital thronged the cathedral of the Fanal in unusual numbers, both from their need of religious consolation, and the common impulse to seek safety in a crowd. Just as the patriarch had given the benediction, he was seized by a party of Chouashes bearing the fatal warrant: the officiating bishops were dragged along with him to execution. A janissary, whose post had been to guard the door and person of the prelate, had conceived such a veneration for him, that he rushed forward in his defence, and was stabbed by the yataghan of one of his fellows. The patriarch was hanged on the doorway of his palace, and left 'to struggle' in his robes with the agonies of death. His person, attenuated 'by abstinence, and emaciated by age, had not weight sufficient to cause immediate death. He continued for a long time in pain, which no friendly hand dared to abridge, and the darkness of night came on before the last convulsions were over.' His two chaplains, and the bishops of Nicomedia, Ephesus, and Anchialos, suffered along with him. The body of the patriarch was dragged by Jews through the streets of the Fanal, and cast into the harbour. But a corpse was cast up shortly after on the shore of the sea, which either was, or was piously believed by the Greeks to be that of their patriarch: it was carried to Corfu, and solemnly interred, with all the pomp of the united Greek and Russian churches.

After this terrible outrage, Constantinople, with its daughter cities, became for some weeks a mere theatre of murderous anarchy. As usual in such times, the control of the reaction had passed entirely from the hands of the Government into those of the rabble.

'Every day some new atrocities were committed, and the bodies of victims were either hanging against doors and walls, or lying without

their heads, weltering and trampled in the middle of the streets. At this season, flights of kites, vultures, and other unclean birds of prey, return after their winter's migration, and, as if attracted by the scent of carcasses, were seen all day wheeling and hovering about, so as to cover the city like a canopy, wherever a body was exposed. By night, the equally numerous and ravenous dogs were heard about some headless body with the most dismal howlings, or snarling and fighting over some skull which they were gnawing and peeling. In fact, all that Byron has feigned of Corinth, or Bruce has described of Abyssinia, or you have elsewhere read that is barbarous, terrible, and disgusting in Eastern usages, was here realized.'

Hitherto the Frank Residents in the capital had considered themselves tolerably secure amid the dreadful scenes which daily passed under their eyes. 'But on the 4th of May,' says our author, 'we were all alarmed by seeing a man with a hat and 'breeches hanging against a door.' Although the Turks protested that the individual was only a Greek who had assumed a Frank disguise, a general '*sauve qui peut*' feeling began naturally enough to take possession of the various diplomatic bodies. The Russian ambassador called a meeting of foreign ministers, to join in an invitation to the European powers to send a fleet for the protection of all the Christian inhabitants. This proposal was rejected by the majority, in accordance with the views of the English ambassador; but the Russians attained their object. They were now looked up to as the sympathizing friends and protectors of that Greek people which they had in fact excited to rebellion: the English, cold and just to both parties, secured the affections of neither. Had it been adopted, the crisis of the East would probably have ended in a very different result. The Governments, then influenced by mutual jealousy to refuse their interference, could have little anticipated the concurrence of circumstances which, six years later, rendered the catastrophe of Navarino a subject of rejoicing throughout the civilized world. Six years of devastation would have been spared, had the proposed intervention taken place in 1821. But on the other hand, the Greeks would probably have been thrown back under the dominion of the Porte, with conditions guaranteed by the European powers. And it was better for them that the play should be played out, at whatever expense of suffering, than that they should have been again reduced to the condition of subjects—to be again excited to revolt, on the next opportunity, by foreign agency. The strong representations of the ambassadors, quickened by their personal apprehension, had, however, their effect: a firman was issued for disarming the populace; and, when the violent passions of the mob had subsided, some degree of order was at length restored; although the unhappy Greeks

were still subjected, in their homes, to daily seizure, imprisonment, torture, and death.

Miserable, indeed, was the condition of the Greek women of the better class, during this prolonged period of agony. Their fate excites even more than the ordinary sympathy which is inspired by their sex ; because that sex appears to evince more of the virtues, and fewer of the vices of the Greek character than the other. With feelings even more ardent, and imaginations more excitable, they seem to have a stronger proportion of those abiding qualities which alone can give a right direction to the impulses of the heart. They participated in all the patriotic enthusiasm of their nation, with more fidelity, less cruelty, and less of selfish motive. They showed, too, greater strength of mind, and more even of active courage, in seasons of calamity. Many among the Fanariote ladies were highly instructed, delicately brought up, and imbued with all the fastidious refinement of civilisation. What must have been the sufferings of these unfortunates, when the sanctity of their domestic circle was suddenly violated by the inroad of barbarian force—when their husbands and brothers were dragged from them, one by one, to prison and torture, or to summary execution—their property seized, themselves confined within their desolate houses under guard of Turkish patrols, struggling with daily want of the commonest necessaries, and living in the sickening apprehension of outrages worse than death, should the savage passions of the multitude surrounding them be let loose against them ? Dr Walsh's pages are full of anecdotes possessing a painful interest, respecting the individual fortunes of families implicated in the calamities of the Revolution. Many of them are highly creditable to his own kindness of heart and courage, as well as those of his fellow English in Constantinople ; who devoted themselves throughout to the task of preserving lives threatened by the populace—soothing the distresses of the bereaved and desolate—and reuniting the members of households, torn asunder by the vicissitudes of slavery. One sad story must suffice as an example.

‘ On such days, I had often in the morning visited some unfortunate family, reduced from the highest rank and affluence to the lowest state of humiliation and poverty, where the males had been all swept away, and the females were struggling, unprotected, through scenes of the greatest horror and affliction. In passing through Constantinople with a friend, I was struck with the sound of a pianoforte. I did not imagine that the walls of the city contained such an instrument ; and on enquiry, I found that part of the obscure house from whence it proceeded was occupied by one of the most distinguished families among the aristocracy of the Fanal. It was that of the Princess Smaragda Morousi,

who was married to the Hatman, Alexander Mavrocordato, an intelligent and enlightened man, fond of literary retirement, and devoting his whole time to the instruction of his numerous family. He was living at Therapia when the Greek insurrection began, and without any more evidence that he was concerned in it than his being a Greek, his house was seized, his property confiscated, himself carried off to Asia Minor, where it was supposed he would be strangled, and his wife and daughters left in utter destitution, in the midst of a guard of ruffian soldiers. Her uncle and her two brothers had been already put to death, and she hourly expected that of her husband and sons.

The soldiers were part of the guard in the valley of Buyukderé, and their commander, Ibrahim, Pasha of Nicomedia, was a large man, with a comely but coarse countenance, and a person of the most unrestrained sensuality. Helena, the second daughter of the Princess, was very beautiful and highly accomplished, about fifteen. On her he fixed his eyes, and was continually prowling about the house like an hyena. He made several attempts to get her into his power, but the child clung to her mother's side, and without brute force, which he was afraid to use, he never could separate them. When Helena saw his face continually glaring in at the window, and associated him with the murder and desolation of all she loved, she was seized with irrepressible horror, and could not bear the sight. She disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. She was at length observed in a cistern, where she had fled to conceal herself, and have the means of immediately putting a period to her life, if the object of her horror should discover her. He was removed to another command, and the family allowed to live in the Fanal. It was an indulgence to escape from the brutal soldiery, but none to reside here. All the Greeks who survived the first massacre were sent to this and to other places as prisons, where they might be always under the eye of the Turks, and found whenever it was resolved to execute them. I felt a deep interest in her family, and frequently visited them at their lodgings in mean and obscure apartments. It was Helena who played the piano: she was anxious to acquire European accomplishments, and succeeded to her wish. Among the music was one strain she was particularly fond of, without knowing its name. I informed her the words were, "Hope told a flattering tale, that joy would soon return." She accepted the omen with enthusiasm, a joy in sadness that was quite affecting; and she never ceased playing it with the most pathetic effect. But though the cause of her illness was removed, the effects were fatal. Her constitution had received so violent a shock through her sensibility, that she soon sunk under it. When times became more tranquil, her family was suffered to remove to St Demetri, a healthy village on a hill opposite Pera, for the benefit of the air. I was so anxious for her fate, that I established a communication by telegraph with her sister, by which I was every morning apprised of the state of her health, and it amused her to keep up the distant conversation. One morning the preconcerted signal was not returned. I conjectured the fatal cause—Helena was dead. I had received from the Prayer-book Society a case of copies of our Liturgy, translated into several languages, and among the rest into

Greek. I gave her one in her native tongue, and she became passionately attached to it. Her fine understanding at once perceived the superiority of our service to the frivolous superstitions of her own. While confined to her bed, she was continually reading the book; and when she died it was found under her pillow, open at the funeral service.'

Mean while the Greek insurrection proceeded with various success in the islands and on the continent; and the insurgents, by the excesses which they perpetrated against the Turks whenever the chance of war favoured them, seemed to provoke and almost to justify the cruelties exercised against their own defenceless brethren. After the capture of Patras by the Turks, two thousand five hundred pair of ears, with other features to match, were despatched by the victors to the Porte; and Dr Walsh, on attending an audience at the Seraglio, passed between piles of these ghastly trophies exhibited before its gate. Not long afterwards, he witnessed the sailing of a splendid armament, despatched against the insurgents under the recently appointed Capitan Pasha, Kara-Ali. This expedition, however, effected no object of importance. After an unsuccessful attempt on the island of Samos, it bombarded Galaxidi, and took a Greek flotilla in the harbour. On the 24th of November, our author went down to Tophana to see the return of the victorious fleet, which was expected to take place that day.

'All eyes were directed to the point of the Seraglio, round which the ships of the fleet would first be seen to sail. Presently the leading vessel appeared turning the point; the crews of the captured ships were reserved for this exhibition. They were seen on deck with cords about their necks, and were then dropped from different parts of the rigging, so that every vessel as it approached was distinguished by a number of men struggling in the agonies of death from the bowsprits and yard-arms. The next day the ships proceeded up the harbour to the arsenal, amid a general explosion of cannon, which actually shook the three towns of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari; and two three-deckers, with the imperial flag flying, cast anchor just opposite my windows, with the bodies hanging round them, and flights of gulls screaming and hovering over them. This horrid exhibition continued for some days; and as the putrid bodies dropped, the gulls lighted on them; and they so continued, floating among the boats and shipping for near a month, till the slow current carried them by degrees out of the harbour.'

The next expedition of Kara-Ali, unhappily for humanity, was not so destitute of results—it was signalized by the catastrophe of Scio. No event of the Greek Revolution excited at the time so much attention, or called forth so universal an exclamation of sympathy from the public of all European nations. And dreadful as the event was in itself, it may perhaps have turned in the end

to the advantage of humanity ; for that general outcry, and the sense of shame, which was tardily aroused even among the less brutalized portion of the Turks themselves, seem to have produced a considerable effect towards altering the temper in which that sanguinary contest was conducted. Certain it is, that with the massacre of Scio the system of atrocity till then pursued by the Turks seems to have reached its climax ; nor, until the Egyptian invader brought with him a new horde of savages, was humanity again violated by the wholesale butchery or reduction to slavery of unoffending thousands.

The flourishing state of Scio, and the high civilisation of the little community which inhabited it, have been dwelt upon by all travellers in the Levant, since modern curiosity began to be attracted in that direction. Its prosperity seems to have been partly owing to its having been granted out, according to ancient Oriental usage, to several successive sultanas nearly connected with the reigning monarch. Under these gentle task-mistresses—for such has been almost uniformly the character of Turkish females of high rank—the people had attained the highest degree of cultivation, and the land presented an aspect as different from that of most of the dreary islands of the *Ægean* as can well be conceived. In 1821, seventy thousand inhabitants, according to the return of the Greek Archbishop—probably many thousand more—crowded its surface. The Turkish governor was assisted, and in most matters controlled, by four Gerontes elected by the people, one of them of the Latin persuasion. Two causes chiefly contributed to the mental improvement of the people—the influence of the great mercantile houses, of which members usually resided by rotation at Vienna, London, and other places connected by trade with them—and the college, of comparatively recent erection, with six hundred students, a library, and a printing-office. The Sciotes were well known and valued all over the Levant ; the higher classes chiefly as merchants, the lower in various branches of industry, but especially as gardeners, with whom the delightful coasts of the Bosphorus were mainly supplied from this island.

As might naturally be supposed, the opulent and peaceful Sciotes looked on with great dislike at the progress of the Greek insurrection. As it advanced, they took the most energetic measures towards disclaiming it. They demanded and obtained a larger Turkish garrison ; the Gerontes and the Archbishop voluntarily went into the fortress as hostages ; and the Turks took care to secure, under various pretexts, some seventy more of the chief inhabitants. But these timorous precautions were of little avail. The neighbouring islanders of Samos were active and independent ; they disembarked a small expedition in March, 1822, under

a Samiote adventurer, Logotheti, and a Sciote, Boorna; a few discontented of the lower class joined them, and the island was rather conquered than revolutionized at a blow. Some of the wealthier inhabitants fled into the fortress garrisoned by the Turks; others left the island; nor does it appear that the bulk of the population made any movement one way or the other.

It was, no doubt, to be expected that the Sciotes, who had been exempt in their own persons and properties from the oppressions of Turkish tyranny from generation to generation, should have a very feeble and traditionary sympathy in the cause of their fellow Greeks. But they were destined to teach anew, by their fall, the important lesson, that there are emergencies on which all the selfish feelings of little communities should be laid aside, and every citizen should learn to regard himself as a member of the larger aggregate comprehended under the term of nation;—resenting its injuries, sympathizing in its sufferings, although they may not strike home to his own bosom, or menace his own daily comforts. There is no commoner topic of argument in the logic of slavery than that which would sever the individual from the people; and represent the actual pressure of despotism on the person of the subject as the sole reason which justifies him, in prudence or in principle, in the endeavour to shake it off. What good could the Sciotes, already self-governed and well governed, gain by the emancipation of Greece? There are reasoners enough, now that the immediate excitement of that war of liberation is over, who will maintain that their true policy was to remain submissive subjects, and who will execrate the small and turbulent minority as having brought on the island all the evils which followed, by their irrational rebellion. Yet the more far-sighted and consistent friend of liberty will recognise in this case one of those instances, of rare occurrence, in which the duty of the citizen is to sacrifice his property, his tranquillity, the security of his family, in pursuit of a good, abstract and remote, as far as his own enjoyments are concerned, for the pure and unmixed love of his country. And such policy is, in truth, the safest, as a thousand instances have proved, no less than the manliest. Had the Sciotes taken the national side, and fortified their island in co-operation with their Samiote neighbours, they, with wealth and population such as theirs, were secured almost against the remotest contingency of capture from the wild and desultory efforts of the Ottomans.

As it was, the wealthy and peaceful part of them welcomed with undisguised joy the intelligence that a Turkish fleet, under the Capitan Pasha in person, was on its way to recapture the island. Little did they dream of the real purpose of that arma-

ment, foreseen and almost publicly announced as it was from the very beginning. It was given out by public report at Constantinople, that the island was to be surrendered to the adventurers who chose to join the expedition; and the squadron of the Capitan Pasha was accordingly manned and equipped with a celerity to which Turkish expeditions had seldom afforded a parallel. The 'Caiquegees,'* or boatmen of the Bosphorus, had successfully resisted an attempt made by the Capitan Pasha to impress them on a former occasion, when nothing but hard blows was expected; they now enlisted in crowds; and every other ruffian of the capital, who could command a knife or a pistol, followed their example. When the Capitan Pasha arrived opposite Scio, 'he took in a reinforcement of assassins. All the desperadoes on the coast were invited to join in the expedition. Every fellow that came on board with a weapon of death was received as welcome; and others were called on to follow in scampavias, misticoes, or whatever conveyance they could find; and in this way about ten thousand Asiatic ruffians were added to those of Europe, among whom were many hummalls, or porters, from the quays of Smyrna.' The Samiotes made some show of opposition, but speedily fled, and escaped from the opposite coast to Ipsara. Many of the peaceable inhabitants had joined their supposed protectors, the Turks; these, together with the rest, had returned to their homes; and the people of the town had actually commenced their ordinary employments, rejoicing in the suppression of the revolt, when the whole multitude of the fleet, together with the banditti who had disembarked from private vessels in different parts of the island, were let loose at once upon them.

We need not proceed with the well-known narrative of the destruction of Scio. Probably, a more complete and utter desolation was never effected by the unsparing hand of war—not even when the Persians, two thousand three hundred years before, made their grand *battue* of the Sciotes, as described by Herodotus,—sweeping the wretched inhabitants before an advancing line of hunters from one extremity of the island to the other. A few weeks sufficed for the whole work of ruin. Scio was reduced to a complete desert. Its whole population, with the exception of a few hundred who had escaped into the several consulates, was massacred, or sold into

* A curious account of the physical characteristics and habits of this remarkable class of the population of Constantinople will be found in Dr Brayer's work, although, according to his usual fashion, rather highly coloured.

slavery—the streets and the country were strewn with mangled bodies—the wells in the gardens filled with the corpses of children, whom their mothers, surprised in their last hiding-place, had thrown into them in their despair, as an only refuge from Turkish brutality.

Dr Walsh's narrative of these events, and of the terrible visitation of retributive justice by which the Capitan Pasha was destroyed in his own burning ship, close to the shores of Scio, is of course only from hearsay; but he was himself witness to the outrages committed at Constantinople against the Sciote bankers and merchants, whose counting-houses offered peculiar temptations for the domiciliary visits of the Turks. Such of their clerks and cashiers as had not succeeded in making their escape, were seized and put to the torture. Among all the savage customs of the Turks, the practice of judicial torture, once so common among the nations of Europe, as an authorized and systematic process, has not been in general attributed to them. Dr Walsh, however, pledges his credibility on the facts which he relates respecting it; and although many of his statements appear to border on the marvellous, we cannot suppose that the whole information which he has collected is merely fallacious. Indeed, he seems to have taken more than ordinary pains to ascertain the fact of its application by personal inspection. It was in that horrible dungeon, the prison of the Bostangi Bashi, or police minister, as he may be termed, which was used for the same purpose in the time of Baron de Tot, that Greek prisoners were commonly tortured. 'It had been my intention,' says Dr Walsh, with much simplicity, 'to have gone over with a janissary to this prison, which is one of those in which torture is inflicted, and 'I was greatly vexed that a circumstance occurred to prevent me!' Notwithstanding this disappointment, Dr Walsh contrived to collect a sufficient amount of anecdote on this subject, to gratify the taste of the most horror-loving reader; and, with a mere reference to these terrific narratives (vol. II., p. 23–230), we must proceed with the narrative before us.

Little more than two months after the catastrophe of Scio, Dr Walsh set out from Constantinople to visit that island and the neighbouring coasts, still reeking from the massacres which had been perpetrated. The worthy chaplain must have had a singular propensity for scenes of horror, as indeed we have just had occasion to remark; for in this instance he seems to have had no other object but to indulge his curiosity in gazing on miseries which he dared not relieve, and atrocities which he could not redress. His route lay through Smyrna, where he found the neigh-

bouring coast still whitened with the bones of the Greeks who had perished in the massacre of the year before. He next visited the narrow peninsula where Teos, the city of Anacreon, formerly stood; which, from its secluded position, has rarely been examined by European travellers. It is a wild and woody region, occupied chiefly by branches from the central mountain, Corycus, famous in classical times as the haunt of robbers. Two small Turkish towns—Sevrihissar, and Sedijak—seem to contain the greater part of its population. Teos itself lies almost at the extremity of the peninsula,—a mass of beautiful ruins of the best age of Grecian architecture, half-buried in vines and pomegranates, on a coast blooming with the graceful sea-lily—the real lily of Anacreon, as some have supposed. The famous inscription called the Teian Diræ (a species of commination, or set of curses against offenders, published by authority of the church establishment of that little commonwealth) was found supporting the stone seats in a female bath at Sedijak. The Greek population of this solitary district had disappeared by flight or slaughter. At Sevrihissar, the Turk who gave lodgings to Dr Walsh and his companions had been one of the adventurers to Scio. His house was filled with plunder and slaves.

‘There was an unfortunate papas who stood waiting on this man. As a brother clergyman, we wished to show him some attention, and offered him a pinch of snuff. The man’s countenance brightened up at this little show of kindness, and he stretched out his hand to accept it; but he was paralyzed by a frown and a growl from his master, and dropped his arm and hung his head in a state of the most abject terror and sense of degradation.’ At Sedijak ‘there had been a population of about forty Greeks, but, like those of Sevrihissar, some of them were stabbed or shot by the Turks, whenever their countrymen landed on the coast, and they were now reduced to two individuals. On coming out of the bath, a female met us at the door. While the Turks were engaged conversing about the marbles, she took occasion to attract my notice by uncovering part of her face; I leaned towards her, and she whispered me she was a Christian, and, drawing aside her cloak, showed me a wound in her side. The Turks now turned about, and she again covered her face with a look of such imploring misery as I shall never forget. I found she was one of the two survivors of the whole Greek population. It would have delighted us to have taken this poor creature with us from her exquisite sufferings; but we had no means, and it is probable a few days terminated them.’

These were fit preludes to the spectacle afforded by Scio itself, which Dr Walsh visited in his Majesty’s frigate the *Hinde*, under the only escort that could have rendered such a journey safe. The town appeared, from the sea, as bright and flourishing as ever, and they all ‘exclaimed against the exaggerated reports

‘of the ruins of Scio.’ But a nearer approach dispelled the illusion.

‘We now crossed the green and entered the town. The principal street was called *Ἀπαλότις*, or the Level. It was long, wide, regular, and formed a fine perspective. The edifices were generally private houses, with ornamented façades, that gave them the air of public buildings. They were built of hewn stone, like those of Valetta, with balconies on projecting buttresses, and sculptured armorial bearings over many of the doors. The interior was ornamented with balustrades of marble, of a rich vein and high polish, the ceilings were curiously carved and gilded, the halls painted in fresco, and hung with pictures; and every thing indicated what we had heard, that the inhabitants had been a rich, cultivated, and polished people. All was now destroyed and defaced. The roofs beaten in, the staircases upturned, the windows and door-cases blackened with smoke. Among the rubbish lay skulls, arms, and half-consumed bodies, amid paper, books, and broken furniture. Everywhere in the streets were what seemed heaps of rags, which we were sometimes obliged to walk through. They were soft, and the pressure of our feet forced out the limbs and ghastly faces of the bodies that were lying weltering under them. The feeling of this was very horrible, and whenever our feet got entangled in such heaps, we hastily extricated them with a shuddering that almost overcame us. We visited the houses of Strati, Rhodochannachi, Dimenti, Rhalle, and others, whose names were well known and respected in most of the commercial towns of Europe. I had seen the bodies of their partners lying in the streets of Constantinople. After visiting the private houses, we entered the public edifices. Half-way up the street stood the cathedral and the bishop’s palace. The bishop had given himself up as a hostage, and, with the rest, was hanged on the battlements of the fortress. In a broken part of the floor, in a room in the palace, was lying the body of one of his family. Our chowash stood over him, and striking him with the end of his baton, told him to get up, as he had slept long enough; then turning to me, he said, with a coarse laugh, “He is a lazy fellow—he won’t stir.”

‘From the palace we proceeded to the college, which stood on the opposite side, higher up the street. This was not a temporary edifice converted into a school, but large regular buildings, with ornamented fronts, forming a regular quadrangle like one of our colleges, containing chapel, theatre, hall, and professors’ and students’ apartments; it had supported twenty-five professors in the different sciences and languages, and students from all parts of the Levant. The first objects that presented themselves were the bodies of two of the professors lying at the entrance of one of the quadrangles. They were partly covered with the fragments of their gowns, but their hands and legs appeared from under them. We entered one of the lecturers’ halls; the floor was covered with torn pieces of books; I brought one of them away with me; it was part of a Homer, having the original text at one side, and on the other a modern Greek commentary and paraphrase, written by the professor, and printed at the college press. Of this college, nothing re-

mains but the scorched walls. The professors were generally and indiscriminately massacred when the Turks burst into it, and the students, the rising hopes of the country, carried off as slaves. They are now scattered over Asia and Europe, in the lowest state of degradation as Christians, and forcibly compelled to undergo the Mahomedan rite.'

The environs of the city presented an aspect of equal desolation.—

'We found, on nearer approach, the garden walls torn down, the villas razed and burned, and the bodies of the proprietors lying about unburied. We made our way through enclosures now unfenced, and saw vines, figs, pear, and peach trees, torn about in every direction, while the fruit was hanging on the branches, or lying on the ground, in the greatest profusion, and no one to gather it. In fact, we met nothing that had life in the country no more than in the city; the very birds seemed to have been scared away by the carnage; we neither saw nor heard them, or any other sound than the dismal yell of a solitary dog, which seemed to be howling over the remains of his master. . . .

'The British consul, Signor Giudici, had given shelter to as many of the miserable remnant of the Greek population as could reach the asylum of his house, at the imminent hazard of his own life. Two hundred and seven women and children were crowded together in his garden; and these, together with a few preserved by the other consuls, were all that remained of one hundred thousand souls, perhaps the most cheerful and comfortable little community on the face of the earth. Some of these forlorn women supported their situation with a melancholy cheerfulness, characteristic of the Greek disposition, but others seemed quite unable to bear up against the calamity. Among these were two or three of the most respectable on the island. Their husbands had been massacred, their children made slaves, and they sat solitary and unmoved within their huts, taking no notice of us, and absorbed only in their own deep and dismal reflections. The children, however, all gathered round us, and walked with us everywhere, either holding by our hands or the skirts of our coats, looking up to us with faces full of confidence and pleasure, as if they knew by intuition that we were friends, and interested for them; but while we were distributing a few paras among them, they were seized with a sudden terror, and all disappeared. The cause was soon manifest. The chouash and the janissary had just entered the garden, and these poor children fled from the sight of a Turk with the same instinctive terror that a kid flies from the sight of a tiger.'—Vol. II. p. 66-77.

After various adventures on the coast of Asia, the party reached Ephesus by rowing up the Cayster from the bar of the river; and arrived at Constantinople without any farther occurrence worthy of remark. Their journey, though short, had been full of interest, and of a character sufficiently exciting for the most adventurous traveller, if we may judge by its effects on their janissary, Achmet. 'He was a fat, heavy fellow, whose only

‘ motion had been from his own house to the British palace, where he sat all day long in the coffee-house at the gate, in the luxury of repose, dozing between coffee and tobacco. From the exercise and excitement he had been under, he lost a great part of his corpulence, and came back as active and as spare as a greyhound. He had weighed himself before he set out, and found himself 154 oke ; he did so on his return, and found himself only 100. So he actually came back to us, and though we had already paid him enormously, he demanded remuneration for the loss of fifty-four oke of flesh in our service.’

The great bulk of the unfortunate Sciotes, thus reduced to captivity, were brought to the slave-markets of Constantinople, Smyrna, and even of Alexandria. Living under the protection of mild laws, and in a Christian community, we can scarcely form to ourselves an idea of the infinite horrors comprehended in this brief recital. The whole youth of the island, of both sexes, more especially the females,—many of them brought up as delicately, as luxuriously, almost as intellectually, and certainly as tenderly guarded from every contact of coarseness and impurity as those of the same classes among ourselves,—became the property of the most ferocious and licentious outcasts of the human race, and subject to every species of brutality from them ; or only preserved by their covetousness to adorn the harems of their wealthier countrymen ! ‘ The Oriental manner of making slaves, and securing a property in them, is this. Any fellows who join an expedition as volunteers for plunder of this kind, enter a house, and after setting fire to it, and killing generally the male adults, they carry off the property, with the females and boys. They then proceed to the next custom-house, and having paid twenty piastres, or about ten shillings, they take out a “ teskerai,” or ticket, which certifies the slavery, and then the persons of the unfortunate family become the property of the captors for ever, with all their posterity. If any of them is disposed to sell the whole or part, he gives up with them their teskerai, which transfers the property to the purchaser in perpetuity. Forty-one thousand teskerais were granted in this way for Sciote slaves up to the 1st of May, of which five thousand had been taken out for those proceeding to Constantinople alone, and generally by fellows in the lowest grade of society.’ They were sold ‘ like cattle in an English fair’ for weeks, in various parts of Constantinople and Pera ; where temporary slave-markets were established, close to the dwellings, and under the very eyes of the Franks ; many of whom might have been personally acquainted with such of the wretched victims as belonged to the upper ranks of their island society. It may well be sup-

posed that all the efforts which humanity could suggest, and far more than selfish prudence would have allowed in a time of such terrible excitement, were made by the foreign residents in behalf of their fellow-Christians : many were saved from slavery before they had tasted its worst horrors—many families reunited, after their members had been torn asunder, and widely separated by the course of their different fates. Few, however, were thus rescued, in comparison with the numbers which drained the cup of servitude and debasement to its last dregs. After some months—to bring this sad episode of modern Greek history to a conclusion—the Sultana, to whom the island belonged, was reminded, by a deficiency in her purse, of the destruction of her valuable little property. A new governor was sent to Scio on conciliatory principles; and Greeks were invited from the neighbouring parts to colonize it. The lands were afterwards restored to such of the original proprietors as could be found, charged with the payment of a stated purchase-money to the Government. Some years later, Sultan Mahmoud's edict for the general emancipation of Greek slaves, brought back a remnant of the former inhabitants; but the flourishing Sciote youth had for the most part either perished in slavery, or been forced to adopt the faith of Islam. The light-hearted Ionians, like their ancestors in the days of Darius, returned cheerfully under the protection of the Great King who had desolated their land, and saturated it with the carnage of their brethren. The Sultan, in an unusual fit of generosity, remitted them the purchase-money; and the last circumstance of which we are aware in their annals is, that they gave a public dinner at Pera, in January 1832, when the Sultan's health was drunk with all the honours, and the proceedings were duly reported in the *Moniteur Ottoman*!

The crisis of Turkish violence was now nearly over. Shortly after our traveller's return to Constantinople, a change of Ministry took place; and a more moderate character began to pervade the acts and declarations of the Government. Delhi Abdalla was made Grand Vizier. This man's history was a very common instance of the manner in which the highest functionaries of the Turkish empire are to this day selected, like the confidants of princes in the 'Arabian Nights,' from having had the good fortune to amuse the sovereign in his hours of relaxation. He had been a common boatman on the Bosphorus, and had attracted the Sultan's attention by his habits of singing songs, shouting when he spoke, and swearing strange oaths. Barbarossa, Coumourgi, and many more among the most daring and distinguished Turkish leaders, had no higher or more creditable origin.

But Delhi Abdalla was not one of these. He had not energy or capacity for his place, and was remarkable only for a good-nature, which contrasted strongly with the ruthless character of most of his fellow-dignitaries. He not only protected, but treated with great benevolence many of the unfortunate Greeks. 'The family of a Greek,' says Dr Walsh, 'whom I knew something of, terrified at a rumour of new massacres, had attempted to escape from Constantinople, but were discovered, arrested, and were about to be cast into the horrible prison of the Bostangi Bashi, to undergo some of its inflictions. The Delhi heard of it, and ordered them to be first brought before himself. "I am told," said he, in his usual familiar and eccentric way, "that you had left Constantinople to go to a better place, and I have sent for you to let me know where that is, and I will go along with you." Not being able to inform him, he bade them go back quietly to their shops, and dismissed them. The poor people knew that their shops were occupied by others, and supposing that they were sent in this manner merely to be executed in the streets like others, as they went along, proceeded in a very melancholy mood, expecting at every step their heads would roll before them. They were agreeably surprised, however, to find that they were suffered to proceed alive to their former shops, which they found the Vizier had repurchased for them, restocked with every article they sold, and that he had left, beside, a sum of money to carry on their business.' But this amiable favourite's continuance in office was short. He was deposed by the Sultan, at his own request, greatly to the sorrow of the Greeks; being probably ill at ease in his office, and desirous of quitting it. He was very conveniently made the scape-goat of a prophecy. 'The astrologers had predicted that some important change would take place in the empire on a particular day. The Sultan, therefore, fixed upon it to announce the deposition of the Delhi, and thus to obviate the effects on the minds of the people by exhibiting the accomplishment of the prediction in the person of his Grand Vizier.' He retired on a pension of 2000 piastres a month—the common treatment in Turkey of such Viziers as have the good fortune to be dismissed on no worse charge than that of incapacity.

Having accompanied the worthy chaplain through all the horrors of the Greek Revolution, of which it was his fortune to witness so much, we would gladly have added to our extracts, if we had had sufficient space for the purpose, by following him to more peaceful scenes, and into districts rarely visited. His description of the beautiful little archipelago of the Princess' Islands, where he and his friend, Mr Leeves, lodged during the

summer of 1823, is new and interesting. These islands lie about nine miles from Constantinople, in the Sea of Marmora. They have been much frequented by the opulent Greeks, for the purpose of summer residence, almost ever since the foundation of the city; and during the Revolution they were crowded with people of that nation from another cause, being crammed together, 'like fowls in a hencoop,' for the convenience of their persecutors, who used to come daily and fetch away victims for execution from these maritime prisons. The scenes which passed resembled those which used to take place in the prisons of Paris, when the guillotine demanded its daily complement of victims. Large parties were wont to assemble to play their favourite games of chess or dominoes under the plane-trees of the village in each little island. 'Every day a caique with a chouash arrived, bearing an order to send some of them to the capital. They were carried off from under the tree where they sat, and in the midst of their game, and were never seen by their friends again, who, nevertheless, continued their play, expecting next day to be carried off themselves.'

From these islands Dr Walsh made a summer excursion, under less inauspicious circumstances than that of the preceding year, through the ancient province of Bithynia,—one of the most interesting regions of the classical world, both from natural beauties and from historical tradition. He visited the famous city of Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia, whence Dioclesian issued his edicts for the extirpation of Christianity; and where, by a singular coincidence, Constantine underwent, on his deathbed, that rite of baptism, which superstition and remorse had caused him to delay so long; and Nicæa (Isnik), the seat of the first Christian Council, situated in one of the finest sites in the world, and still exhibiting undecayed and perfect the magnificent walls described by Gibbon.

But the natural beauties of Bithynia furnish, after all, its chief attractions. Here is the vast woody belt which the Turks term the 'Ocean of Trees,' covering the craggy declivities of Olympus, and its accessory chains to the eastward, and extending far into the unexplored tracts of Anatolia. Oaks, magnificent Oriental planes, poplars, and lime-trees, but more especially fruit-trees, of a size and beauty unknown in Western climates, cover the surface of the land. The walnut, plum, pear, apple, and quince multiply in wild abundance, their fruit unclaimed and ungathered by the scanty inhabitants. The chestnut, when in flower, 'checkers the whole face of the hills' by the profusion of its white tints. The cherry, which Lucullus brought to the West from the shores of the Black Sea, grows to

the size of an enormous forest tree ; sometimes not less, if we might believe our author's rather hyperbolic description, than 100 feet in height. The Bithynian forest is the western extremity of the woody zone of Turkey in Asia ;—that belt which extends, with some interruptions, along the whole southern coast of the Euxine, and furnishes the finest store of timber for naval and architectural purposes in the region of the Mediterranean and its adjacent seas.

In the course of this tour, Dr Walsh succeeded in reaching the top of the Asiatic Olympus. His description of the venerable mountain is picturesque enough, but his want of scientific knowledge renders his observations of little value.

From Brusa, at the foot of Olympus, Dr Walsh returned to his summer station in the islands, and the following winter passed without affording many additional memoranda to his journal. In the summer of 1824, the little rock of Ipsara, which had afforded constant annoyance to the Turks ever since the rebellion broke out, was taken by the Capitan Pasha ; and the capital was regaled again with an exhibition of ears, lips, and noses. This time, however, the slave-market was little enriched ; as the women and children had for the most part contrived to make their escape. Encouraged by the conquest of Ipsara, the Turks planned an attack on the large island of Samos ; and 50,000 of the same desperadoes who had destroyed Scio assembled on Mount Mycale. But the Samiotes were united and on their guard ; and the Ottoman war-fiend was frustrate of his will. The Capitan Pasha sailed off, and joined the Egyptians, who about the same time threatened the Morea. In the month of October of that year, Lord Strangford returned to England ; and his chaplain travelled home from Constantinople by that overland journey, of which, as before mentioned, he published an account several years ago.

After six years spent in visiting other parts of the world, in the course of his professional employment, our author again took up his residence on the shores of the Bosphorus in 1830. Never, in modern times, unless in France at the period of her Revolution, have six years produced so wide a difference in the whole aspect of the public affairs of any country. Within that time Greece had been erected into an independent state ; Diebitsch had passed the Balkan ; and Turkey, abandoned by the rest of Europe, had been thrown almost passive into the arms of Russia for support : and, before either of these events, the annihilation of the corps of Janissaries had subverted at a blow the very foundations of Turkish policy.

Nor had these events of moment in the political world passed

away without leaving traces in the ordinary aspect of things and people. Turkey was in all the bustle of practical reform, when it is taken up rather late, but vigorously, by those in authority. The janissaries having been removed, the Sultan next attacked the second great nuisance of his capital—the dogs. He assaulted them, not like the French at Lisbon, with the bayonet, but with the more Oriental weapon of poison. But as the Turks murmured at the destruction of their grim favourites, and the city began to suffer from the want of its usual scavengers, a number of families of the survivors were transported to Scutari, and brought up at the public expense. Since that period they seem to have recovered their original numbers, and the rising generation retains all that orthodox hostility to Franks which distinguished its forefathers. Swine, the ancient horror of true believers, took the place of dogs. Their flesh was publicly sold in the streets; and the faithful having become accustomed to the sight of the unclean animal, began at last to purchase it; affecting a pious ignorance of the difference between pork and mutton. Wine had begun to make its appearance more publicly than heretofore; and among official people a certain degree of conviviality was rather cultivated as a gentlemanly accomplishment. Martial music was heard in the streets, and troops were parading—a thing unheard of in the former Turkish military establishment. Something like an approach to an European uniform had been already effected; although the recruits preferred wearing their shoes down at heel like Turkish slippers; and the Ulemah had pronounced that a regulation cap with a rim to it was an impiety, as tending to impede the Mussulman in his prostrations. A newspaper was established, and the Turks were reading it every where in the streets and coffeehouses. The popularity of the composition was, however, not to be wondered at, since it was full of remarks on public persons and events; and, as Dr Walsh observes, ‘as the Sultan is the virtual editor, his opinion of a man is of some importance.’

But the greatest change of all, at least in outward appearance, was in the Sultan himself. During his first residence at Stamboul, Dr Walsh had contracted an aversion, amounting to horror, for the man-slayer, the great author of evil, from whose ultimate authority all the bloodshed and torture of that dreadful time seemed to proceed. He had gone to visit him, in 1821, entering the seraglio gate between piles of the ears and noses of slaughtered Greeks. He then saw in him a ‘tall, ill-made, mean-looking man; his eye was continually rolling, and the white of it, something like the colour of white glass, gleaming

‘now and then under his mahogany forehead, as he glanced sideways at us, gave him, I thought, a most demon-like expression, according well with the cruel character I had heard of the man, the melancholy state of the country, and the gloomy cell in which he received us.’

It is no wonder that the lively imagination of this writer was so impressed with the circumstances of the time and place, as to connect them indelibly with the character of the man himself. But Mahmoud was then the slave of events : after he had by his own strength of mind emancipated himself from their control, his true disposition had room to evince itself. He was not, as our author represents him, cruel and gloomy at one epoch, lively and humane in another ; but in both alike acting under the strong impulse of self-preservation ; with just talent and energy sufficient to decide upon a sanguinary line of conduct as necessary to secure him at first ; and pursuing his schemes of improvement in latter days, rather as engines to subvert the janissaries, the Ulemah, the corporate bodies, and the old prejudices which hemmed him and controlled his independent action, than from any superior liberality or intelligence. Dr Walsh represents him as a sort of problem in human nature ; the converse, as he says, of the wicked Roman emperors, who for the most part began as just rulers, and ended as cruel despots : he forgets Octavius, whose character both as triumvir and as emperor was not dissimilar to that of Mahmoud. Had Augustus governed a country surrounded by states of greater power and ambition, he would probably, like Mahmoud, have been well content to purchase security at home at the price of foreign dependence. And both were actors alike, in their assumed ferocity as well as humanity. The following scene exhibits Mahmoud in one of his theatrical displays of mildness : it would have furnished a fine subject for the author of ‘Anastasius.’ Mustapha, Pasha of Scodra, after an unsuccessful insurrection, had been sent a prisoner to Constantinople :—

‘After some days he was ordered to attend the Sultan, at his palace of Beshiktash. He was accompanied by a large escort of cavalry, and attended by other pashas ; but as the Turks, when they intend a man’s destruction, treat him with more than usual show of kindness, it was considered that all this display was a certain announcement of the man’s immediate execution. The hall was open to the public, and when he entered a crowd entered with him and ranged along the walls. He came forward, holding his little son, a fine boy about six years old, by the hand. He appeared a large and comely man, and seemed to excite a good deal of sympathy, particularly as he was accompanied by the executioner with his drawn scimitar. The Sultan was known to be above, looking on from a balcony ; his secretary, Mustapha, sat below, at a desk ; and

in the midst stood the delinquent Pasha, with his arms folded across his breast, and it was every moment expected that a horizontal movement of the hand of the Sultan would cause his head to roll on the floor. The sign was not given, and he was invited to sit on the divan, which is generally the position in which a man is strangled. He was presented with coffee, but his hand so shook that he spilled it over his robe and dropped the cup. A chouash now advanced, and all eyes were fixed on him; but instead of producing a bowstring, he drew from his bosom a gold watch and chain, and presented it to the boy as a present from the Sultan. The child placed it in his girdle, and looked exceedingly delighted when he showed it to his father. He was now informed by Mustapha that the Sultan wished to attach him as a friend rather than punish him as an enemy, and that as he had no residence at Constantinople, a suitable one was provided for him. He then retired to a splendid caique waiting for him on the Bosphorus, and left the hall with his head on, very much to his own and the astonishment of the spectators, and to the disappointment of the executioner, who complained that he was defrauded of his due.—Vol. II., p. 286.

Such are the signs of reform and amelioration which, of late years, have given birth to so many predictions respecting the approaching civilisation of the Ottoman race, and its elevation to a rank of equality among European nations. Interested as we are in common with all the states of Western Europe in controlling the ambition of Russia, Englishmen have been partly led by their own political leanings to adopt an altered view of the prospects of the East, founded rather on their wishes than their reason. And no common skill and perseverance have been of late devoted to the task of removing our supposed prejudices, and impressing us with new ideas on this momentous subject. Our fears and jealousies of Russia have been stimulated beyond the reasonable pitch; while, in order to afford an imaginary counterpoise, we have been called upon to exert our utmost energies in preserving the Turkish empire. To encourage us in so Quixotic an enterprise, every effort has been made to paint the Turks as employed in throwing off the weight of centuries of bigotry and misgovernment; and ready to assist us ably and zealously by reforming their own institutions. Nay, those institutions themselves have been represented as strangely misunderstood—as leading, though by different paths, to even a higher state of public happiness and morality than the vaunted civilisation of Christendom! We have been called upon to admire the social condition of a people among whom the first principles of society are unknown or perverted—nay, even the commercial wisdom of a government which holds a monopoly of some of the common necessities of life, merely because its functionaries have hitherto been too grossly ignorant to understand or put in practice the system of

prohibitive duties—a system which, mistaken as it is, suggests itself almost inevitably to every people during the first struggles of rising industry.* This is not the first occasion on which the character of the Turkish nation and government has been debated in connexion with political party among ourselves. When Pitt almost hazarded, and the Whigs opposed, a general war for the purpose of maintaining the balance of the East, Russia and Turkey were weighed, as they are now, against each other, by rival pamphleteers; and Mr Eaton was as busily engaged in writing down the Turks as Mr Thornton in writing them up. But our knowledge of Oriental affairs has made great progress since that time; and the question is now discussed with far more both of talent and earnestness.

The more impending and serious the danger which is supposed to menace our political and commercial supremacy from the designs of Russia, the more urgently important it becomes that the public mind should not be misled into seeking support against it where no safe reliance can be placed. At this period, more than at any former one, the voice of the great body of the educated public in many countries, and especially in our own, has a paramount influence in maintaining peace or precipitating hostilities. This is well known to those who strive by every possible means to impress their own theories, not on cabinets, but on the people; and less disinterested speculators find it worth their while to try the same experiment. Intrigue is no longer carried on by diplomatists alone, or limited to the precincts of courts; its modern organs are the newspaper and the pamphlet; and the favour of the masses is courted as zealously as that of princes or ministers in former times. It is therefore most earnestly to be wished that the Oriental question may soon be discussed, and exhibited in its true light, by men qualified to expose errors and correct misrepresentations; in order to save English good sense from the danger which it has sometimes of

* See a pamphlet entitled 'Russia, by a Manchester Manufacturer,' lately published in a cheap shape for general diffusion; the writer's object being to counteract the influence of such publications as those to which we have alluded. In many of his observations we heartily concur. But his notion of the speedy abolition of war by general education, his philanthropy, and his creed of international policy, are a little too visionary for the present state of the world. He is also a member of the Manchester Board of Trade, and too strongly impressed with the notion that there is 'nothing like cotton,' and that the wealth and prosperity of England is absolutely identified with her trade to the United States.

late appeared to run, of being hurried into steps which cannot be retraced, under the influence of delusion. For we cannot hesitate to express our conviction, that of all delusions it is one of the greatest, to expect that the Turkish empire can or will be long maintained in its present shape—bolstered up as it is by foreign support. We need not repeat the trite but true assertion, that political bodies corporate, once in decay, can no more recover vital energy than natural;—that history offers no one instance of an empire which, after its strength and sinews have mouldered away, has recovered them again by the mere quiet process of internal improvement. Nor need we stop to show how absolute a barrier the Mahomedan religion presents between the Turks and European civilisation—how utterly impossible it is for a state not Christian to enter on equal terms into the civil commonwealth of Christendom. But apart from such general observations, no one who has seriously considered the national character and peculiar policy of the Turkish people, can imagine the possibility of an empire, possessed of European strength and concentration, composed of them, either alone, or in conjunction with subject nations. It was said by Gibbon most truly, that the Turks have been, since the period of the Conquest, encamped, not settled, in Europe. They amount to a third, or a fourth, at the utmost, of the population of that part of the Sultan's dominions. They are scattered in very unequal proportions over its surface. In some parts they form a tolerably thick agricultural population. In others, as at Constantinople itself, they are engaged in the trades and manufactures of a large city. But nowhere do they exercise those extended operations of skill and thought, which bring men together,—cause them to rely on each other,—give them the habit of combined peaceful action,—and impart to them the intelligence and the energy on which alone a strong commonwealth is built up. The Armenians are their bankers; the Jews their dealers; the Greeks their merchants. The very organization of the people seems to have denied them those finer qualities, both mental and corporal, which fit men for the superior branches of industry. A Turk's fingers, Dr Walsh quaintly observes, seem all to be thumbs; he has no manual dexterity for any delicate employment. And his mind is as unfit for subtle operation as his body. The Turks neither write nor print (with the exception of bombastic poetry and more bombastic history). They do not build, but destroy. They show no wish to adorn the soil which they inhabit, or to connect in any way the existence of the present generation with posterity. Their object in this world seems to be mere animal existence, as completely as that of the beasts of the field. Their

religious sense is deep, enduring, exalted; but it is a religion which deadens and stupifies the intellectual faculties. It so exaggerates the worthlessness of the present life, that it arrives in practice at nearly the same result with irreligion itself. Let us eat and drink, for immortality begins to-morrow! A round of simple duties, nobly conceived, but for the most part easily performed; good works, so strictly and literally defined as to render salvation a matter to be calculated and assured beforehand;—these furnish all the intermediate prospect between the eye of the true believer and the gates of Paradise, to which Azrael is already commissioned to give him his passport. If such a belief exalts the courage of the conqueror in prosperous days, the very resignation which it inspires teaches its votary to acquiesce in defeat and degradation. And although in some points it has a tendency to cherish and even to elevate the moral sensibilities, yet it allows ample indulgence to the conscientious believer both in ferocity and sensuality.

Such is the Turkish nation, which Sultan Mahmoud, we are told, has undertaken to regenerate. And how is that regeneration to be effected? Unquestionably by instilling some new motive of action, or rousing into life some dormant energy. Reformation does not consist in *improvements*—the drilling of soldiers, the printing of newspapers, customhouses, barracks, and fortifications. These are signs, and signs of value when they indicate a national impulse. But when imposed on a nation as the rudiments, instead of arising as the results of civilisation, they signify nothing at all—no more than the Sultan's riding in a frock coat, drinking champagne, and allowing his ladies monthly importations of the newest Parisian modes. The motive is wanting still. The principles on which the fabric of the Ottoman empire at first reposed were courage and the love of military glory—fanaticism—the lust of sway—and the proud sense of superiority above the timid and nerveless races which fell prostrate before it. But military energy is developed only in periods of conquest: Reduced to an inglorious defensive position, will European tactics reinfuse the departed vigour into the sinews of the Moslem armies? The Turks, both nationally and individually, are cowed and depressed. They have been so far degraded as to fawn upon those very Russians whom their prejudices as well as their interests teach them to regard with hatred. The presence of the Muscovite, as the protector of their metropolis, seems to have excited neither shame nor indignation in the people who regard him as destined to supplant them in its possession. With respect to religion, it is difficult to understand what is the precise scope of the present ruler's policy. He lacks

courage either to crush or to cherish the national enthusiasm. On the one hand he irritates the religious part of his people by open violations of the law of the Prophet, and by imitation of Christian usages; while, on the other, his public acts and proclamations are all couched in the most orthodox and even fanatical language. He is neither Moslem, Christian, nor *philosophe*; but presents himself to the public to-day in one character and to-morrow in another. And, finally, while he constantly appeals to the Ottoman pride and sense of supremacy, every act of his has the necessary tendency to debase it. Even his best and wisest measures are precisely those which contribute most directly to this result. He cannot elevate the condition of the Raya without proportionally depressing his insolent superior—the Turk. If political wisdom has one certain lesson to teach, whether in Britain or in Turkey, it is this, that a plurality of nations cannot subsist together under the same sway, except on the footing of master and vassal, or of absolute equality. Reduce the Turk to the same level in social importance with the brave Albanian, the steady Armenian, and the ingenious Greek, and what becomes of his political dominion?

But if the Turkish people, as a nation, is undoubtedly condemned by its own vice and incapacity to the speedy loss of its empire, notwithstanding all the efforts of European powers to support it, are we therefore to conclude that Russian rapacity is on the point of receiving its long-desired reward? Why must we acquiesce in the notion which has been fostered alike by the favourers and the enemies of Russia until it has almost passed into an axiom, that annexation to the Russian empire would be the necessary consequence of the dissolution of the Turkish sovereignty? Such a consequence might be averted if the views of the great Western States, and more especially our own, were directed by some steady principle and towards definite objects. There are in European Turkey several races of men, Christians in religion, and European in their historical recollections, which multiply, increase, and take fresh root on the soil on which their oppressors decay. The Bulgarians, a peaceful and singularly industrious and orderly people, cover the northern provinces; and gradually reclaim from the desert, tracts which Turkish and Russian violence have devastated. The Servians, and the Albanian tribes, in their mountain districts, become less and less dependent in every successive generation. The Armenians divide with the Greeks the commerce and industry of the great cities. This latter people especially, although its developement was perhaps impeded by the premature explosion of its Revolution, and the long disasters

which followed, has made, since the middle of the last century, a greater stride in the march of improvement, both intellectual and economical, than any people of the Old World. Everywhere the flood of Ottoman conquest and rapine is on the ebb; and its receding waters not only leave dry the landmarks of former civilisation, but a fresh and vigorous growth of life and strength springs up, refreshed by the temporary overflow. Here, then, we assert, in these Christian races are the elements of the future empire of the East; strong enough, when cautiously and jealously watched over by the mutual distrust of European powers, to grow of itself into a mighty dominion. Let us not be deceived by the assertions of superficial travellers and journalists, whose whole stock of knowledge consists in that little *modicum* of personal observation which they confidently set up against the deductions of political wisdom. The Greek, they say, is cowardly, dishonest, corrupt; the Turk possesses bravery, integrity, and an innate nobleness of character; the former must therefore continue in subjection, the latter should be protected in his supremacy. Were these assertions true to their utmost extent, they would not justify the conclusions drawn from them. In the present age, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, it will be found that the vices of slaves are a better foundation for the construction of a commonwealth than the virtues of savages. Mutual dependence for the purpose of mutual security, and the safe pursuit of individual wealth and comfort—this is the basis on which modern civilisation rests. The isolated and sullen Turk, whatever his other qualities may be, is utterly intractable to that discipline which enables men to work together as a community, for the attainment of definite objects. The Christian nations of Turkey possess in a high degree this vital principle, of which their masters are wholly destitute. Partial turbulence, corruption, and vice cannot, therefore, ultimately impede their progress. Let us look at the new Greek kingdom. If we confine ourselves to the reports of journalists and visitors, we hear of little but poverty, intrigue, and dissatisfaction—artisans and labourers emigrating back to Turkey—chiefs struggling in vain, by irregular exertions, to shake off the trammels of foreign government. Such pictures are sedulously held up before our eyes; and we are triumphantly asked to compare these results of revolution with the reforming spirit and the vigorous government of Sultan Mahmoud. We reply with confidence, that those who look a little deeper cannot fail to perceive, that the independent portion of the Greek people has made more *real* progress in eight years of national freedom, than the Turks, in four centuries which have passed since their

establishment in Europe. The one is on its way, be the opposing circumstances what they may, towards a station of no ordinary eminence among nations; the latter, without power not only to advance, but to hold together, wait but for the first contingency to fall beneath the races which they had spurned. If the dominion of the Turks in Asia seems less imminently threatened, it is, first, because the Christian nations there beneath their sway are less numerous and less advanced; and in the next place, because they are as yet kept apart from the dangerous contact of European civilisation. But there also the Egyptian invasion has struck the first blow at their tottering fabric of empire, and its fall is delayed only for a period of which we can even now foresee the probable termination.

ART. VIII. — *A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies*. By SAMUEL WARREN of the Inner Temple, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1835.

THIS work is entirely of a professional kind, and we have only placed its title at the head of this article to take the occasion for discussing a question of great importance, and on both sides of which—but on one especially—great errors prevail among those members of the community who are unconnected with the various departments of legal practice. It is only fair, however, towards Mr Warren to observe, that his book contains a great deal of information which must prove useful to students, and many suggestions well deserving of their best attention, both as to their professional and their personal conduct.

The reader is probably already aware that the subject to which we allude is the charge so constantly made against lawyers, or rather advocates, of maintaining either side of any cause indifferently. This accusation, which, of course, is as old as the profession, assumes various shapes, more or less formidable according to the quarter from whence it proceeds. The multitude regard the learned objects of their invective as persons wholly devoid of common honesty, because they are ready to attack or defend any person, or any position, for hire; to ruin the innocent and screen the guilty, if paid for it; utterly confounding all distinctions of right and wrong, to support any proposition for money;—nay, with an exaggeration, or rather a gross perversion of the fact, more glaring than any thing ever practised by the objects of their attack, ignorant men are often found to describe lawyers

as setting themselves up, as it were, to auction, and ready to take the side of him who pays them best. Better informed and more reflecting persons, wholly incapable of such extravagances, still regard as of doubtful honesty, and of pernicious tendency, the calling of those who lend themselves indiscriminately to the defence of any cause without previously examining its merits; and who may thus be furthering injustice at first without knowing it, but who, unable to stop or retrace their steps, must oftentimes persist in patronising wrong after they are made aware of it;—while a class of reasoners of a still higher order, and far more learning, visit the faults of the judicial system, and of jurisprudence generally, upon its professors, and, denying that parties themselves have any right to misstate or conceal the real merits of their cause, charge their representatives with being accessory to the perversion, or suppression of the truth. The legal profession has laboured under this further and singular disadvantage, that those who were aware how groundless all the accusations are to which we have alluded, undertaking its defence upon erroneous principles, and in misapprehension of the fact, and imagining much worse things to be done than actually are perpetrated, or at least avowed and justified, have asserted a kind of right wilfully to misrepresent both law and fact; and have excused this upon the ground that such statements being understood not to be necessarily true, deceive nobody. Dean Swift, Mr Bentham, and Dr Paley may be mentioned as the most remarkable persons who have held those different opinions; and may thus be said to represent the various classes of opponents and defenders with whom the lawyers have upon this important question to contend. The satirist describes them as ‘a society of men bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid.’ Mr Bentham, who was not very unnaturally biassed in his opinions of the legal profession, by finding its members, during the greater part of his life, hostile to all amendment of the law, and who held that one of the law’s main defects was the encouragement of wilful falsehood, could scarcely be brought to regard its practitioners as honest men. Dr Paley, in his chapter on ‘Lies,’ endeavours to show that some falsehoods are not criminal; and under the head of those which deceive nobody, and are therefore innocent, enumerates the instance of ‘an advocate asserting the justice, or his belief of the justice, of his client’s cause,’ as one in which no implied promise to speak the truth was given; and consequently (according to his view of the nature of falsehood, which regards it as a breach of promise) no duty is violated. He places the

case of the advocate on the same footing with that of the author who publishes a fable or a novel; and therefore considers him either as avowing that what he says is untrue, or at least as not affirming its truth. Without stopping to enquire which of these opinions the advocate has most right to complain of, let us shortly examine the foundations of his office; from whence we shall easily be able to deduce both the justification of its privileges and their limits.

As many reasoners on this subject mix up with it the imperfections of the law in the country where the controversy arises, and seem to contemplate a state of things in which justice may be administered without any professional assistance to the parties, we may begin by considering the question upon the supposition of the jurisprudence having attained the greatest imaginable perfection. Let us then suppose that a code of laws has been framed with all the skill of which the human mind is master, and worded with all the precision of which human language is susceptible; that the judges who are to administer this code are thoroughly versed in its provisions; that effectual means have been taken for promulgating its contents; and that these are as well known to the body of the people as their necessary occupations will permit. First of all, they will be very far from any thing like a thorough knowledge of it. Make its provisions as simple as you please, there will be many persons unable clearly to comprehend and accurately to remember them. While men's faculties continue to vary, one will have a far more complete acquaintance even with the simplest code than another; and perhaps scarcely any will be so familiar with it as to trust his own skill safely. But no system of jurisprudence can be very simple which is to define all the rights of property, and of persons, in an extensive community enjoying a high degree of refinement. Therefore, the great body of the people never can possess any thing near a thorough knowledge of the details of the law; and hardly any who have other pursuits can attain that knowledge completely.

In such a state of society, therefore, the difference between the legal knowledge of various individuals must be incalculably greater than where a more simple code is established. But next:—even if we suppose the abstract knowledge of the laws to be universal, which is next to impossible, and to be equal in all men, which is utterly impossible, the power of applying that knowledge to the cases which occur, must vary in different men according, first, to their natural capacity; secondly, to their studies and pursuits; thirdly, to their experience in this particular respect: A dull man will have little skill of this kind; an idle,

though able, man not much more; and one who has often been a party in litigation, will excel abler and more knowing men who have never been before a judge. Again—suppose all these difficulties overcome, and all such inequalities levelled by some miracle—and that the whole community are thoroughly and equally versed, both in the theory of its laws and in the method of applying them to the facts—the accuracy of these facts forms of itself another difficulty just as insuperable and another source of inequality as abundant. So that, if we were to admit the possibility of forming a code of laws, which every man should be equally able to comprehend and to apply, we should still be compelled to allow that the greatest diversity would exist among them, in the power of bringing the facts before the judge, and of convincing him on which side the contested truth lay.

Now this demonstrates the impossibility of administering justice without professional advocates; for it shows that, with fallible judges at least, the scale must often be turned in favour of parties whose natural capacity, or study of the law, or experience in litigation, surpassed that of their adversaries. Even supposing the judge to be so thoroughly conversant in the science of jurisprudence, and so skilful in its application, that no ingenuity could deceive him upon the matter of law, how could he guard himself against the effects of an imperfect disclosure of the facts? Conceive a cunning knave, with plausibility enough to hide his artifices, pitted against a simple peasant, or a timid woman, or an aged person, whom he has injured or seeks to wrong,—it is easy to see how much the judge as well as the weaker party must be at the mercy of the wrongdoer. Besides—one party may have no impediment, while another is hindered from even appearing before the court, by age—infirmary—avocations more important than the matter in dispute. The necessity, therefore, to the administration of justice of a body of men devoting themselves to maintain the rights of those who cannot defend themselves, is quite manifest; and must continue after all the improvements that can be made in the theory and in the practice of jurisprudence. ‘Un ordre’ (says the Chancellor D’Aguisseau), ‘aussi ancien que la magistrature; aussi noble que la vertu; aussi nécessaire que la justice;’—a panegyric, but a just one, to which, proceeding from so illustrious a source, nothing needs be added. It is the office of these men to represent the parties; to use for them their own learning, skill, and ability; to do for them what they would do for themselves, if possessed of that capacity and those acquirements. By this means the judge is assisted, because the matter in dispute, whether of law or of fact is brought more clearly before him than it pos-

sibly could be by any other contrivance; the public is benefited, because the business is transacted in a comparatively short time; and above all, injustice is prevented, because an equality is established between the parties, and the decision is not left to be affected by the accidental qualities, bodily or mental, of their condition.

It follows immediately from this obvious view of the matter, that the advocate cannot be said to appear at all in his own person; and that whatever he states to the judge must be considered as offered by the party whom he represents. He is that party endowed with legal knowledge, with the skill of applying it, and with the power of bringing forward the facts of the case. Therefore, whatever the party could have justly said for himself, the advocate may justly say for him.

But it may be said, that though the party might justly misrepresent the law through ignorance, the advocate, being a lawyer, has no right to do so, because he knows better; and that the party himself cannot justly state facts which he knows to be false, and, therefore, that the advocate is not entitled to misrepresent the facts. Now, first as to the law,—we at once grant that the advocate is not entitled to state what he knows to be bad law. But then he must be quite clear that the proposition is in point of law groundless before he so becomes disentitled. In the cases put above of a code either so simple as to leave no doubts, or though complicated, yet thoroughly ascertained and well-known to all—cases which must ever remain purely imaginary—no advocate would have a right—but so neither would any have the least temptation—to misstate the law. But even in the case of such codes, the application of the law to the facts might admit of much doubt; and, generally, no advocate ought to be shut out from the use of any legal argument, or from maintaining any proposition of law, where there is the least doubt. The reason of this is obvious. In order to arrive at the conclusion that the point is clear against his client, he must have examined the whole question in every view. He must, as it were, have anticipated the office of the judge. Now, it often happens that an advocate may have formed a very clear and an unfavourable opinion on the legal merits of his case, and that on a fuller examination he finds reason to change it; or that the decision is formed contrary to his expectation, and against his opinion. Had he acted upon that opinion, and refused to urge the point, his client would have been injured, and injustice would have been done. Then as to misrepresentation of facts, the advocate states them as his client has instructed him; and all that he tells the judge is, that such is his client's own account of the matter. It is not correct to say, as Dr Paley does, that

he does not pretend to state the facts truly, and therefore is guiltless of falsehood, because he deceives nobody. He does pretend to state the facts truly; he desires to be believed; he gives what Dr Paley considers the implied promise to speak the truth; but he gives it not for himself; he gives it for the party whom he represents. The promise which he makes on his own part relates not at all to the facts of the case, but only to his client having so represented them to him. The fact to which alone he binds himself, which alone he states on his own authority, is, that all he says has been told him by his client. If he invents any thing; if, in any one particular of fact, he travels out of his instructions; he loses all the privileges of his profession, and Dr Paley's defence becomes of no avail. He is guilty of falsehood; he makes the court believe that the party has made a statement which he never made; and he does what well deserves, and always, when detected, receives grave reprobation.

If, then, the client discloses to his advocate a case which fails in point of fact; if he acknowledges, for instance, that the statement required to support his claim is unfounded; there can be no doubt whatever that the advocate is bound to refuse stating the facts thus admitted to be untrue. But if the client only disclose a case which wears a suspicious appearance, is the advocate bound to examine it minutely, and satisfy himself whether it is true or false? Clearly not. He has no means of doing so; he has no time for the enquiry. He is bound, if he has suspicions, to let the party know, that unless the fact be as represented, he will be defeated; but he is also bound to take the fact as represented to him, and to state it, as he always does, on the responsibility of those who instruct him. We use the expression *bound*, and not merely entitled; and the obligation extends to stating the case of his client in point of law, as well as in point of fact. Unless the law is quite clear against the party, and unless the fact is admitted to fail him, he has an indisputable right to have his case maintained in both respects, and his advocate is positively bound to state it, and to urge it with all his powers. The reason of this will immediately appear, not only if we consider what has been already mentioned regarding the utter impossibility of an advocate entering in each case into a preliminary investigation, and, as it were, a trial of its merits, before he determines whether or not he shall be engaged in it—but still more strikingly, if we attend to another most material circumstance.

If it depends on the opinion of an advocate whether he shall make any statement or not (that is, any statement given by his client, and the bringing which forward is admitted to be for his benefit)—how long will it be before it depends upon his opinion

of the whole case, whether he shall undertake the cause or not? If the lending of his assistance to the client is to depend upon the opinion he forms of the case, how long will it be before it depends upon his inclination? Can there be the least doubt that this preliminary enquiry must open the door to the grossest of all abuses, and the one most fatal, both to the character of the profession and the administration of justice, the choice of clients and causes by whatever advocates are most in request? How easy will it be in each case to say, ‘I don’t believe your story’—or, ‘I don’t agree with your law’—and thus to refuse being the defender of the poor and the oppressed, on pretence of refusing to assist an unjust cause! In truth, the silly charge against the profession, that its aid is lent to all causes indiscriminately, and that it may furnish instruments to oppression, and may help injustice to its objects, leads at once, by a very direct and short route, to a course of proceeding which makes it truly, and almost in every case, the means of overwhelming innocence and working injustice. For this whole charge resolves itself, whenever it is examined, into a complaint, that advocates undertake either side; and as one must be wrong, it is contended that in each case there is an advocate defending injustice. True—but till the event of the trial, you have no right to say which side is wrong. Therefore, the charge is, that the advocate has undertaken the cause without previous examination. Consequently, the remedy proposed is making this previous examination, which of course implies the right to refuse the cause; and this at once gives the rich, and the powerful, and the popular, a monopoly of legal resources; and if it shuts not the courts to all who are desolate and oppressed, at least precludes them from the assistance of those whose ability and experience qualifies them for the safe conduct of suits. Indeed, were this preposterous but very prevalent notion once established, once firmly rooted so as to produce its legitimate fruit—the obligation in each case to institute a preliminary enquiry before undertaking it—there are times, in every country, when the result would be, the utter exclusion of certain parties from all professional assistance whatever. Suppose a season of great political violence, and an arbitrary power established, in the hands either of a tyrannical court, as in this country a century and a half ago, or of a ferocious multitude, as in France during the first Revolution, what chance could the victim either of the despot or of the mob have of obtaining any defender at all, even among the humbler members of the profession, if the undertaking his cause was optional and not imperative? If the advocate, when applied to, was bound by such an absurd rule to institute an examination and satisfy himself, would he not be sure to employ the rule for

his own protection, and refuse the defence of all whom the tyrant, be he of one head or of many, had marked out for destruction? Nay, would not this very rule be the source, and the only source, of the advocate's danger? For as long as he has no choice, but is bound by strict rule to defend every client, and undertake every cause, he is necessarily free from all responsibility. Tyranny itself cannot frame a charge against him, while the performance of the duty is compulsory; but make it optional, and there is some ground for questioning, and there will soon enough be found reasons, for punishing the exercise of the discretion. Under our Charleses and Jameses there was no material risk encountered by those who defended causes against which the tyrannical Court was most strongly biassed. Honesty was punished in the judges, when it now and then broke out; the advocates never suffered. Even during the Reign of Terror at Paris, when the execrable Revolutionary Tribunal had wholly yielded to the menaces of the blood-thirsty rabble, there never wanted advocates to maintain a defence, rendered unavailing by the ferocity, or by the pusillanimity, yet more despicable, of the judges. Had advocates been clothed with the attributes of justice, which those who inveigh against them are ever requiring them to display; had they been in the practice of what is daintily termed 'refusing to undertake an unjust cause,'—that is, of previously examining each case, and refusing it if they chose,—we may be well assured that instead of but few decisions being pronounced against the English court, there would have been none at all; and what is of far more importance, all the noble displays of learning and reasoning would have been lost, which served to preserve the flame of liberty in those dismal times, and the destruction of the tyrants which it ultimately accomplished might have been indefinitely delayed. Even in France, where much less was effected by the exertions of the bar, there can be no doubt that whatever it contributed towards the restoration of liberty, first by preparing the Revolution of 1784, and then by the overthrow of the mob-tyranny of 1793-4, would have been wholly lost, had the lawyers exercised any discretion in undertaking the defence of the accused; and in later times the lawyers of both countries have beyond all dispute been enabled, with comparatively little risk to themselves, to resist the oppressions of the Government, chiefly by the maintenance of the rule which, depriving them of all power to refuse their assistance, secures the administration of justice in evil times, and is by ignorant declaimers complained of as the fountain of injustice.

Thus, from the unquestionable proposition, that advocacy is

indispensably necessary to the administration of justice, follows another equally undeniable, that an advocate can exercise no discretion in undertaking any cause. But it may be said that this by no means proves the necessity of his urging whatever the exigency of the cause demands—and to a certain extent we have admitted such a qualification of the rule; he is not at liberty to maintain positions of clearly bad law, or to state as facts matters which are not in his instructions, or the falsehood of which he is made aware of by his client. Beyond these exceptions, however, the limitation of the advocate's duty cannot be carried. This is evident from the fundamental rule itself, which forbids him to refuse a cause. For if he were entitled to sift each statement made by his client with scrupulous nicety, in order to satisfy himself of its truth, he might, after undertaking the cause, make his assistance wholly nugatory. There would be really no kind of difference between refusing the cause at once, and undertaking it only to tell the client that he could not conscientiously bring its merits before the court; or, which would amount to the same thing, that certain parts of it appeared unfounded, and therefore must be omitted. The preliminary enquiry, of which, even supposing it practicable, we have shown the mischiefs, would only be transferred from the date of the retainer to the period of the first consultation; and the door for escaping from the cause would be as widely opened, though at a different stage of the proceeding. Hence the rule against refusing a cause leads inevitably to the rule against refusing to state the facts which are beneficial to the client, upon his authority, without any preliminary enquiry into the accuracy of the instructions. If it be said that advocates must often state things which they suspect to be untrue, the answer is, that they have no right to rest upon their own suspicions. If it be said that they must sometimes state what they believe to be untrue, though they do not know it to be so, the answer is, that their office is not to state things as believed by them to be true, but as represented by the parties to be so. Their individual belief is not the ground of their statement; it is not the foundation upon which they rest their client's claim. Furthermore, the advocate who states that he believes a statement to be true, when he does not believe it, commits a breach of veracity, and does an act altogether unjustifiable. Dr Paley speaks of his 'asserting the justice, or his belief of the justice of his client's case.' He may, nay, must assert the case to be just, for he represents his client in so doing; but his own belief in its justice he has no right whatever to assert unless he does believe in it. This is at once abandoning the representative character, in

which his whole duty and his whole protection consists; and putting forward his own individual character, which is quite foreign to the proceeding. The too frequent practice of some advocates, who, as it were, give evidence, by stating their personal belief of the statements they make, has no effect upon the argument. If they make such assertions contrary to the truth, which we presume they very rarely do, they are without any excuse. But their making them at all, however much they may be convinced of what they are stating, is extremely injudicious; for it must throw discredit upon whatever they state without any such asseveration, and thus tend to disclose their opinion of a case being unfounded, which opinion their client has a right to expect will be withholden. As long as the advocate only states in his representative capacity what the party has authorized him to state, no harm can possibly be done; because every one knows it to be only the story of the party, and it will depend upon the evidence whether it shall be credited or not. All the zeal with which he can support the statement—all the ingenuity by which he can reconcile it to the evidence—all the pathos by which he can appeal to the feelings in its behalf—must be taken as the effusions of the client himself; the advocate is merely bringing before the court whatever the party would have said if he had been equally gifted and equally experienced in the rhetorical art. If, indeed, it be said that the exercise of this art should not be permitted because of its tendency to aid the wrong, as well as to maintain the right, we answer, that with this argument we have no present concern; for it would equally preclude the parties themselves from all appeals to the passions; and our business now only is with the office of the advocate. Doubtless, if eloquence must be banished from the commonwealth, there can be no exception or reservation made in favour of the bar. But if it be said that more mischief may arise from this instrument in the hands of professional rhetoricians, inasmuch as the course of justice may thus be made to depend upon the comparative eloquence of the advocates, and that from this consideration a reason arises for reviewing the fundamental proposition in favour of advocacy; we answer, first, that the reasons formerly urged countervail this; and, secondly, that there is a much greater equality in the mere eloquence of advocates than in that of the community at large. Appeals to the feelings, indeed, may often be made by the looks and tears of a party much more effectually than by the most touching discourse of the advocate.

What has been said appears to exhaust the question. But it is sometimes put in another shape, and in that we may now consider it, although it will be found easily disposed of by the fore-

going remarks :—A party seeks to obtain what another rightfully holds, or is in possession of some property which belongs to another. There is no doubt of his being in the wrong—he does not pretend otherwise to his advocate—but he knows that there are legal niceties, as, for example, in the rules of procedure and of evidence, which may enable him to prevail against conscience; and without misrepresenting any fact whatever, he desires the assistance of the professional man to help him in defeating the rightful owner. ‘I am in possession,’ he says, ‘of this bale of goods, which belongs to my neighbour; but the only witness who could prove his title to it is dead; and I require you to defend me.’ Here there is no question of making any statement, but merely of watching the plaintiff’s proof, and as the decision can only be obtained by the means which the law points out, he must, if resisted, fail to recover his property. This is certainly an extreme case; and we incline to think, that it comes within the exception already admitted, where the advocate is made aware by the client of the falsehood of a proposed statement. Though nothing is said, the mere appearing and defending seems equivalent to the assertion of an untruth, known to be such by the advocate who so appears and defends. Accordingly, we believe, that there are very few practitioners who would consent to be thus made the instruments of working glaring injustice. That they do, however, become such instruments is unquestionable, because the parties take care to conceal the truth from them; and whatever suspicions the advocate may have, in all such cases his course is clear, as we have already shown. It may, indeed, be contended, that, even when made aware of the truth, provided he has to state nothing, he is bound to perform the duty of watching the plaintiff’s case, because whoever is in possession, can only be deprived of the property by legal process; because, as all property is the creature of positive law, the bale of goods belongs to him whom the rules of law do not enable another to divest of it; and because the accidental loss of a witness is, according to those rules, as fatal to the claim as any accident which might actually change the property. In short, the strict right of any party to have the whole benefit of the law, such as it is, and of an advocate to represent him, may be maintained; it may be said, that for the defects of the law neither the party nor the advocate is answerable; that while it continues so imperfect as to prevent a man from obtaining his right, it in fact confers the right upon another; and that the higher tribunal of conscience can alone reach such cases as the rules of the judicial system have not provided for. In other words, it is argued that ‘the law was not made for the righte-

'ous.' Whether this view of the subject is sufficient to justify an advocate in maintaining a cause, in the extreme circumstances above supposed, of the party disclosing to him his own wrong, and requiring advantage to be taken of an accidental defect in his adversary's proof, we do not stop to enquire. But the considerations now stated are quite sufficient to show, that, in the more ordinary case of a party calling on his advocate to defend him, without showing himself to be in the right, that defence must be undertaken as a matter of course, and without any previous enquiry.

There is, indeed, one case in which no doubt has ever been raised upon this right, even when the party confided to his advocate the utter groundlessness of his defence. We mean that of a person charged with a crime, or attacked in a civil suit with the view of proving against him morally criminal conduct. It never has been doubted that an advocate is bound to undertake such a defence, and to do his best to make it successful. The reason commonly assigned is, because no one ought to suffer unless guilt be brought home to him by strict legal proof; and until this is accomplished, he has a right to be treated as innocent. It would not be very easy to pursue this distinction in all cases: it would be found, on a close examination, that much of the reasoning which is employed to support this right of defence in cases of crime, or cases *quasi-criminal*, would go to establish a similar right in other cases. But there is no occasion for following the enquiry further. That in a proceeding merely of a criminal nature, where the object is the infliction of punishment for the sake of public example, a marked distinction must be taken between the duties of accuser and defender, and that a latitude is allowed the latter, to which the former has no right whatever—has never been doubted—and the distinction rests upon grounds sufficiently obvious.

There is a remarkable passage in Tully's 'Offices,' which, if taken literally, would betoken a want of precision in that great philosopher and accomplished advocate; or an inattention to obvious circumstances so unusual with him as makes it pretty clear that such is not its real sense. After laying it down as quite clear that nothing can justify the prosecution of an innocent person, by which we must, of course, understand a person believed by the prosecutor to be innocent, he adds, 'Nec tamen, ut hoc fugiendum est, ita habendum est religioni, nocentem aliquando, modo ne nefarium impiumque defendere.*' Taken literally, this

* *De Off. lib. ii. cap. 14.* The rest of the passage is well known.

would seem to exclude persons accused of what Cicero plainly considers the greatest of all crimes from the benefits of a defence; or which, as we have observed, is the same thing, to require the advocate to exercise a discretion, after previous examination, in those cases where of all others his obligation to defend should be the most peremptory. But it is most likely that by defence Cicero here means defending the crime when the fact is proved or admitted. This makes the proposition less inconsistent and more plausible—but even in this sense, it must be allowed to be unfounded. For a defence, whether of justification or extenuation, may be made for persons so charged, as well as for Milo charged with murder, and not denying that he killed Clodius. Thus the impious act, for example, of the same Clodius, finding his way into Cæsar's house during the mysterious solemnization of the secret rites, might be admitted, and the party's ignorance of what was going on set up as a defence; or his knowledge of it, and consequently his guilt might be admitted, and intoxication, youth, seduction, or other circumstances, shown in mitigation of punishment. No reason whatever can be assigned for making a distinction in this respect between impiety and other crimes.

It is hardly necessary to add, that our argument in this discussion has been confined to the duties of an advocate, and not at all to those of a legal adviser; or to state that *he* can have no right whatever to aid a party in the perpetration of injustice under the protection of the law. He is bound, indeed, to give the strongest opinion against that which he disapproves, and by every means in his power to discourage either an action or a defence, which appears to him, when consulted upon the nature of it, to be botomed in wrong.

Among the persons who most frequently are heard to inveigh against lawyers for defending (as it is called) 'any cause, how-ever iniquitous,' it is not a little amusing to remark politicians enrolled in the different regular parties which divide the community. Suppose it were the practice of lawyers to give their opinions according as they were retained, what would those objectors then say? How would they describe the consciences of men who not only should defend a wrongful act as the representatives of

'Vult hoc multitudo, patitur consuetudo, fert etiam humanitas; iudicis est, semper in causis verum sequi; patroni nonnunquam verisimile, etiam si minus sit verum, defendere; quod scribere (presertim cum de philosophia scriberem non auderem, nisi idem placeret gravissimo Stoicorum Panætio.

the wrong doer, but should praise it in their own proper persons and characters, and even advise the doing it, knowing all the while that it was wrong? Yet this comes much nearer the conduct pursued by those who vote and speak in favour of measures of which they disapprove, than it approaches any thing of which lawyers can be accused. While the necessity of party connexions exists, it may be requisite for men to suppress differences of opinion upon lesser points, and even to join in supporting some things contrary to their deliberate opinions, in order that the more important interests, respecting which they are all agreed, may not lose the benefit of full concert among their supporters, by the error (according to Mr Fox's remark) of rather giving up every thing to an enemy than any thing to a friend. But as this cannot be done without men frequently saying, either in words or by their votes, that their opinion is one way when it is the other, we own that the difficulty of defending such a course of proceeding appears to us far more pressing than that of vindicating the advocate, who only asserts as a fact what is strictly true—that his client has so informed him. And as to the liability of the two privileges to be abused, no one who reflects for a moment can doubt that the partisan's is very much more in danger of it than the advocate's, and that the abuse of it is attended with incalculably greater mischiefs.

ART. IX.—*Report on the Commerce and Manufactures of Switzerland.* By JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. Printed by Order of the House of Commons. London: 1836.

IT is not our intention, in noticing this able Report, to go into any discussions of a controversial character on the principles of trade; or to add any thing in an abstract form to those reasonings on economical science which, from time to time, have appeared in this Journal. We shall content ourselves with laying before the public a slight sketch of the advantages which even a country so disadvantageously situated as Switzerland has derived from a liberal system; thereby bringing home to those who have agreed with us in our speculative doctrines the comfortable confirmation of success, and inducing, as we hope, the yet doubting portion of our countrymen to acknowledge that our opinions have not been of so Utopian a character as many have represented them.

Before, however, we proceed to the Report itself, we may

be allowed to congratulate our readers on the silent, yet not unimportant progress which the sound principles of commerce we have so long advocated are year by year achieving. Thus, even in the last Session, however it may otherwise have disappointed the hopes of some, it cannot be denied that, in commercial affairs, several important objects have been attained. The equalization of the sugar duties, which some short time back would have filled whole benches of the Opposition with deep alarm, and driven the West Indian body into the last extremities of remonstrance,—which would have made Downing Street ring with murmurings,—which Liverpool would scarcely have allowed her Huskisson, or Bristol, in former times, her Burke to have proposed, has been effected without a division, and almost without a debate; and a valuable bill of Mr Poulett Thomson's, for the modification of a great many custom's duties, was unopposed, so far as we remember, even by the small minorities in which the spirit of restriction still resides. Amidst the alarms at change which have haunted the Conservatives, there appears to have existed a general desire to have sugar from Bengal, as well as from Jamaica; to regale on cheaper fruits, whether Gallic or Italian; to allow our dealers in ivory to stand on equal terms of competition with those of Paris; and to place the rich dyewoods of the New World as much within the reach of British as Continental customers.

The Report before us proceeds, as is known probably to most of our readers, from a gentleman who has been employed for several years, at intervals, in a series of commercial missions from our own to foreign governments;—missions not so much of diplomacy as of enquiry; the object of which was to collect such information on the state of trade and commerce in the nations he was sent to, as might dissipate the mutual ignorance European communities have of each other's wants; and tend to lay the foundation of a more comprehensive and liberal interchange. Having stated the results of his enquiries in a previous Report in respect to France and Belgium, he proceeded last year to Switzerland; and the papers before us contain the information which he collected on the spot.

The Report, in the first instance, is general,—applying to the whole of the Swiss Cantons; and to this there are appended a series of papers on the statistics of several of the component states. Their revenue, their expenditure, the degree of education now attained, with some history of its progress—the food, customs, and popular privileges of the inhabitants are explained. There is included also in many, a short synopsis of commercial history; remarks on the effects of particular occurrences,—such as the Edict of Nantes, the French Revolu-

tions, the Milan Decrees, and other memorable occurrences bearing on trade and manufactures; and it adds much to the weight and authority of the Reporter, that many of these sub-reports, if we may so call them, were prepared for his use by the most eminent, official, and administrative officers of the states which were respectively the seat of his enquiries. We are only restrained by their length from submitting copious extracts for the instruction and entertainment of our readers.

It must be obvious to all, that if there be one region in the world more inaccessible to the raw materials of manufacture than another,—if there be a single clime within the temperate zone of the civilized world, wherein nature has done nothing,—it is Switzerland. On the one side are the Alps, impervious to canals, and to railroads; and, till the genius of Napoleon surmounted the difficulties, almost to road-making itself. On another side, France, a nation, the commercial doctrines of which are unworthy of her high civilisation, and which press peculiarly upon her industrious and unoffending neighbour. Then comes Germany, which has recently, from various causes, as much defensive as aggressive, formed herself into a powerful commercial league. But notwithstanding all the disadvantages of her situation, her progress in wealth has been remarkable.

‘It could not but excite the attention of any reflecting person, that the manufactures of Switzerland—almost unobserved, and altogether unprotected, had been gradually, but triumphantly, forcing their way into all the markets of the world, however remote, or seemingly inaccessible. That such a result was not the consequence of geographical position is obvious, for Switzerland neither produces the raw material which she manufactures, nor, when manufactured, has she any port of outlet, except on the conditions which her maritime neighbours impose upon her. No one of her fabrics owes its prosperity to a protecting or interposing legislation; yet it is not the less true that, without custom-houses to exclude or laws to prohibit the full action of foreign competition on her various industries, her progress has been almost unexampled in manufacturing prosperity. I anticipated, certainly, that Switzerland would exhibit a living and instructive example of the truth and importance of the great principles of political economy when brought into practical operation; but I scarcely expected to find that they had been instrumental in producing such a vast mass of content and happiness as I found existing in the manufacturing Cantons, or that they would have raised so large a proportion of the labouring class to independence and comfort.’

The sources of this remarkable prosperity are to be found in her liberal system of commercial policy.

‘It is impossible,’ says Dr Bowring, ‘to mistake the value of a policy, the results of which are to be traced in the general content—in the general prosperity. In most of the manufacturing Cantons of Switzerland the

power of legislation is not only indirectly, but directly, in the hands of the whole body of the people. Were their commercial economy opposed to the common interest, it could not exist for a day. It has the sanction of universal experience and of universal approbation. Two millions of men have made, under every disadvantage, the experiment of free trade as a system. Its incontrovertible results must, I am sure, silence the doubts and remove the difficulties of the honest and disinterested enquirer. One element only is wanting to make Switzerland the most prosperous of manufacturing nations. Capital is rapidly increasing by the action of unrestricted, unfettered, unprotected industry. Intelligence is widely spreading—intelligence, the consequence of universal popular instruction.'

Nothing, indeed, can be more honourable to the Swiss nation than to find, upon examination, so great a proportion of her small revenues devoted to purposes of instruction. The items no doubt look small to an English eye; but still they far exceed the army estimates, ordinary, extraordinary, and ordnance, of Helvetian Chancellors of the Exchequer; and a careful perusal of them will show to the people of these kingdoms, that in educational success, many countries, and amongst them the small Swiss commonwealth, are already our superiors; and are reaping, through the superiority of their popular knowledge, many advantages both in social order, good morals, and sound principles, which are yet unattained by their more powerful but less instructed neighbours.

The following observations exhibit a striking view of the beneficial effects of the freedom of industry and trade in the Swiss communities :—

'Switzerland,' says Dr Bowring, 'is far away from all the great outlets of trade. The cotton she manufactures has to be conveyed many hundreds of miles from the Mediterranean, and even a greater distance from the Atlantic Ocean. Her silks she imports from Italy and France, and her wool from Germany. When her produce seeks a market in a foreign land, it is exposed to the risks and delays and charges of the same tardy, difficult, and expensive transit. It must find its way over the Jura or the Alpine mountains; be conveyed down the irriguous rivers, or on the inland lakes; yet, spite of all impediments, the manufactured products of Switzerland are found in all the great markets of the universe; and the reason is simple, but obvious. Industry has been left to itself. Wealth has not been diverted, by legislative interference, from its own natural tendencies. There has been no foolish struggle encouraged by the government between the protected monopoly of the few and the unprotected interests of the many.'

'It might be expected that the prohibitory system with which surrounding states have fenced their frontiers would alarm the manufacturers of Switzerland, and induce them to seek commercial alliances among the neighbouring countries, by adopting a similar legislation, falsely called protective. But such has not been the tendency of Swiss

opinion, nor the recommendation of Swiss experience. Many of the most enlightened manufacturers assured me, that though, in 1814, they were much alarmed by the great political changes in progress, and earnestly desirous of making some arrangements with other powers, grounded on a basis of mutual favour, they were now convinced that the free-trade and the free-transit policy are the wisest, the most prosperous, and the best. Notwithstanding the natural disadvantages of the geographical position of the Swiss Cantons, I am persuaded there does not exist in the world a manufacturing industry more sound, healthy, and elastic than that of Switzerland. In travelling through the different districts, I constantly found merchants and manufacturers who had established connexions with the remotest countries of the globe. They assured me that the anxieties had now ceased which they had felt for some time in consequence of the lines of custom-houses with which France, and Germany, and Italy, their circumjacent neighbours, had girdled their frontiers; that they were, in fact, independent of that narrow and selfish policy which had created the tariffs of so many European nations; that they had been pressed into a wider and more profitable field, which they could successfully explore to the extent of their capitals and their means of production.'

Let us contrast with the geographical difficulties of Switzerland the fortunate position of Great Britain. Look at her means of transit and ours; and if, according to some doctrines not exploded, protection is required in proportion to national encumbrances, do they or we require it most? Manchester receives her cotton by the railway from Liverpool, and the next week's train returns it for exportation. Birmingham, by her canals, finds an easy vent in the Severn, the Mersey, or the Thames; and, when her railroads are completed, will be the centre perhaps of the greatest number of important lines of transit in the world. Leeds and Sheffield have the Humber to their east, and the Mersey, for their vast American exports, on the west; and the same thing may be said of other great towns, themselves seaports, such as Dublin, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dundee. But the Helvetian Cantons are locked up by nature. Nor are they only hemmed in by rocks, by mountains, or by torrents. Man has added to these natural, conventional impediments, and made the pathway of manufactures from Switzerland more and more difficult. Yet the weak, by means of sound principles become strong,—'concordia res parvæ crescunt,'—and Switzerland, refused by nations a hundred times more favoured than herself all fair intercommunion in trade, has so forced her way to all the corners of the earth, that France and Germany, the looms of Manchester and Spitalfields, the artisans of Birmingham and Sheffield, dread her competition in cottons, silks, jewellery, and toys. She has surmounted her Alpine barrier, and by a victorious economy has pushed her way to distant markets and the sea. Leghorn

and Genoa, Marseilles and Havre, the ports of Belgium near the Rhine, and of Venice and Trieste on the Adriatic, are one or other within her reach by the mere effect of her unconquerable cheapness. Whence, then, that cheapness which achieves such wonders? It arises entirely from the immunity her manufacturers enjoy from every vexatious impost; from the comparative lightness of taxation; and, above all, from the education prevalent amongst all classes of her population; which makes them see their true interests, and has hitherto defeated every attempt (as may be seen by the following articles, selected from the Report, which were agreed to at a Confederation that assembled under some alarm in 1833) to introduce a protective system.

‘ 1. The Swiss Confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and manufacture.

‘ 2. Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French Custom-house System, of the Prussian Commercial League, or the custom-house line of any foreign nation.

‘ 3. It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade.

‘ 4. It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbourly, and border traffic and market transactions.

‘ 5. Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms.

‘ 6. When exceptionable favours can be obtained they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed, so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with.

‘ 7. In the interior of Switzerland it shall make every exertion to assist industry and to remove impediments to intercourse, taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers.’

It will be collected from the foregoing remarks that Dr Bowring confined his attention to those portions of the Helvetian States which are more particularly engaged in manufacturing industry; and there will be found in tabular forms, by those who have sufficient interest in the subject to peruse his very instructive Report, detailed accounts of the state and sources of revenue, of public debt, of expenditure appropriated to municipal and administrative objects, and to popular instruction. Of these states, Zurich, Basil, Geneva, St Gall, Neuchatel, Appenzell, and Angovia, are the most distinguished for industry, and for their growing prosperity. They have all, from small beginnings, and very early periods, been

engaged in manufacturing pursuits ; and by the union of objects half pastoral and half mechanical, the citizens have attained a comfort almost without a parallel amongst contemporary nations, —combining the affluence and the intelligence, without the vices of more extensive communities. It appears that at various periods attempts have been made to assimilate their system to those of neighbouring states ; sometimes out of dismay at contiguous restrictions ; sometimes from a desire of retaliation ; and of late, in the case of the German Cantons, from an idea that it would be desirable to secure their incorporation with so large a community of consumers as the Prussian league. It is satisfactory, however, to contemplate, as we have seen by the articles just quoted, the universal failure of every species of backsliding from sound principles ; and the augmented antipathy to false theories of trade, in proportion as education and popular privileges have become more diffused.

Thus, notwithstanding the increase of electoral power gained throughout Switzerland in the year following the last French Revolution, we see in popular assemblies the triumph of principles which amongst us are adopted by those only who have devoted much time and attention to the subject. In all the sub-reports annexed to this publication, we find a spirit of determined adherence to their established system ; and in some a persuasive and almost affecting tone of remonstrance against the oppressive duties imposed upon their productions by England and by France. Thus, in a paper furnished by Von Der Muhll Burchhardt on the affairs of Basil, that gentleman observes—‘ Our relations with England and its colonies, as far as our exportations are concerned, are of small importance on account of the excessively high duties levied on our productions, and which are rendered still heavier by the method employed in raising them, and this applies particularly to our ribbons. Nevertheless, Switzerland imports from England indigo and other Indian produce, cotton, cotton-twist, cotton-cloth, cloth and other woollen stuffs, iron, tin, sheet-iron, steel, machinery, hardware, cutlery, earthenware, &c. For the greater developement of our relations with great Britain, I can see no other means than the reduction of the rate of duties, the permitting the free exportation of certain machinery, and a more rapid and cheap communication between the two countries. *On our part nothing farther can be done, as English and colonial produce is introduced with perfect freedom.*’

On the other hand, what is done by England ? On watches, a most material department of Swiss industry, we impose a duty of twenty per cent ; the consequence of which is, that our exchequer gets scarcely any duty at all ; and our English watch-

makers have to contend against an illicit annual importation of 20,000 watches. France has already reduced her duties on this article; but so numerous are the vexations, in transit and otherwise, that still remain, that were we to make a similar reduction, London would become the grand entrepôt for commerce in watches; because the Swiss manufacturers would much prefer a consignment to a house in London to an adventure requiring so much more capital, and returns so protracted in point of time as those from Calcutta or New York. Nor is this branch of trade immaterial, when we learn, that in the Canton of Neuchatel alone upwards of 120,000 watches are annually made, and at Geneva almost as many; the total value of which cannot be far short of a million sterling.

The result of Dr Bowring's enquiries may be summed up in a few words. He found every where a prosperous trade in cotton, silks, and watch-making. He found an educated, an industrious, and a frugal population—the imposts of the state small, and the means of subsistence not augmented by duties on raw materials. He saw a country which bore these golden marks of human culture in spite of the Alps, the physical, and France, and Germany, and England, the commercial enemies of her prosperity.

There have been many wonders worked by commerce in the ancient as well as the modern world; but no nation, ancient or modern, ever had difficulties to encounter so permanent and irremovable. When Holland had fortified herself against the ocean, her labours were comparatively over—and having sown she reaped her harvest. When Tyre and Carthage acquired and practised navigation, they found themselves the monopolists of the sea, both without the Pillars of Hercules and within; and without additional expenses or impediments, they secured an indefinite augmentation of returns. But Switzerland has to renew, on every journey, the same dull, dreary transit. Embosomed amidst other states, she is not only subject to their political revolutions, but is at the mercy and the caprice of less educated neighbours. Sometimes a German tariff, sometimes Italian non-intercourse, frequently French and English jealousy, but the Alps *always* impede her progress—yet cheapness and industry have surmounted all these difficulties. If the Thames refuses, in the Hudson she finds a haven for her merchandise—and should that fail, she will seek it in the Amazon or the Indus. If the West be hermetically sealed, with inextinguishable spirit she perils her productions, on land-journies of amazing length, through Russia and Persia to the East. The same spirit which preserved her independence, preserves her industry. The memory of Tell still abides in her mountains; and as he saved her from Austrian

domination, her industrious artisans now enable her to bear up against the more destructive warfare of a foreign competition.

It behoves us then to consider that, if with such small advantages,—without an Arkwright, a Wedgewood, or a Watt, or the power of capital required to put their magnificent conceptions into practice,—Switzerland has done so much,—alarming us not only in third markets, but in Manchester itself,—how much more able we are, with greater natural and acquired advantages than any nation upon earth, to augment indefinitely those treasures, which are the handmaids of free trade. With the East newly opened to our enterprise, with the vast continents of America, requiring increased productions, we undoubtedly have felt less than might have been anticipated, the effects of our rigorous code. But we have nevertheless felt them—in Germany and in the Baltic, in Poland and Russia, and in all the kingdoms of the Old World.

It ought then to become the duty of Parliament to take advantage of the ascendancy we yet enjoy, and to proclaim, by annual acts of liberality, our practical adherence to sound principles. This, no doubt, is the course which is marked out for itself by the present Board of Trade; and the gentleman who now presides over that department could have taken no step more wise than to explore, as he has done in the case of France and Switzerland, and as we hear he is about to do in Italy, the actual state of manufactures in those countries.

Be the determination of the people of this country, in respect to the reception of foreign commodities, what it may, we trust that the Swiss Cantons will not, from impatience at British or French restrictions, be diverted from the course they have hitherto so honourably pursued. They have, from age to age, been visited by myriads of strangers, from the surpassing beauty and magnificence with which nature has invested their territory; but it is only of late years that they have become remarkable as being the best practical political economists in the world; and if it be true, as we believe it is, that their liberal policy has increased their wealth as much as it has redounded to their honour, we trust that when again tempted, under feelings of mortification at the treatment they receive, or of annoyance at the high duties we still impose upon their productions, to retrace their steps, or to make common cause with their German neighbours, they will meet only to re-enact the memorable resolutions of 1833, above quoted; and they may be assured that, at no distant time, a British code of commerce will arise, which will compete in its liberal character with theirs, and enable them, without the aid and intervention of the smuggler, to reciprocate with us an honourable and remunerating commerce.

ART. X.—1. *The Court and Camp of Don Carlos; being the results of a late Tour in the Basque Provinces, and parts of Catalonia, Arragon, Castile, and Estramadura.* By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN. 8vo. London: 1836.

2. *Twelve Months in the British Legion.* By an Officer of the Ninth Regiment. 8vo. London: 1836.

THE subject of these works would render them interesting at the present moment were their merits much more considerable than they are. An account by eyewitnesses of the state of things on the spot where a great struggle is carrying on,—if not between the partisans of the two opposite principles that divide all Europe, yet certainly between parties in whose fate the adherents of those principles seem resolved to interest themselves, as if the fate of their respective systems were involved in the issue,—cannot fail to be perused with general attention. Neither of the books is, indeed, at all equal in merit to Mr Henningsen's, which we took notice of in our last Number; and the inferiority is perhaps chiefly owing to the authors having been engaged in far fewer and less interesting transactions. But both of them are well worth a careful perusal, and both are creditable to the writers.

'The Court and Camp of Don Carlos' (a kind of title borrowed from some other book, and not very descriptive of Mr Honan's work) has this advantage over the 'Twelve Months in the British Legion,' that the latter does not come with the authority of a name. The advantage, however, is more apparent than real; and we consider the anonymous work entitled to credit quite as much as if the author's name had been given. For we recollect to have seen it in an advertisement, and though it is now suppressed, probably through modesty, it can hardly be said to be concealed; inasmuch as whoever compares the narrative with the lists of wounded, and of honours distributed after the battle of the 5th of May, can be at no loss to discover who the author is. As he has not chosen to name himself it is no business of ours to violate the sort of *incognito* in which he prefers appearing.

As for Mr Honan, he has given not only his name, but the capacity in which he was serving; namely, as the *Foreign Correspondent* of a London newspaper known to take the Carlist side of the question. He is himself very decidedly of that opinion; but we really cannot say that he is at all a blind or even violent partisan. On the contrary, he appears to tell whatever he

saw or heard with sufficient impartiality; and much of his narrative is unfavourable to the side he espouses. Works like his (and the remark applies also to the anonymous author's), though they are interesting, and contain information of value, are of too slight a description to require or to justify a very elaborate examination. But some idea may be conveniently enough obtained of the state of the contest and of the country by following the writer in his excursion.

Mr Honan set out in November, 1835, and soon reached Bayonne, where the first thing that struck him was the open and unrestricted manner in which the Carlists were receiving supplies both of men and necessaries. There was a Carlist club known to be sitting and in daily communication with the insurgents within the Spanish frontier. His passport was backed for Spain generally, so that he had only to choose his route; and he seems to have had none of the difficulty experienced by Mr Henningsen in making his way by the aid of smugglers into the district occupied by Don Carlos. He had, however, been furnished with secret signals before arriving at Bayonne, enabling him there to become acquainted with emissaries of the Infante's party; although he always abstained from any party connexion himself, strongly as his opinions inclined to that side. These emissaries facilitated his progress to the headquarters, and enabled him to introduce himself there.

Some very characteristic traits of the Spaniards are given almost at the opening of the book. Their braggart disposition, not confined to mere form of expression, is exemplified by a reference to the gross exaggerations so habitually practised by both sides throughout the war, and which have wholly deprived of credit with the rest of Europe whatever comes under the title of a Spanish despatch.

‘ Well knowing how the war was going on in the North, and that the Carlists were invariably successful, since the first defeat of Saarsfield to the final overthrow of Valdez, at the Amescuas; it was a matter of amusement to me, then resident at Madrid, to read the daily extraordinary gazettes of victories, by which the Carlists were annihilated. The very post was often filled with letters from officers in the army, detailing their misfortunes to their friends, and presaging a fatal issue to the war; while the gazette of the same day contained brilliant details of operations and omens of final triumphs of the arms of the Queen. Every man in the *Puerta del Sol* knew that the gazette was false, yet still the Government was weak enough to publish it; and though every one knew it was false, yet such was the tyranny of the Liberals, that no person dared avow his opinions; and these narratives were sent into other countries uncontradicted, except by some private letters, to form the groundwork of financial delusion, by which, in turn, each money-

market of Europe has been sacrificed, and for the conception and execution of which the Spanish Ministers of the Treasury enjoy a special reputation. I was even told by the officer of the day, on one of these great battles, whose duty it was to count the bodies of the slain enemy on the field, that he found but forty-five corpses, while the gazette represented no less than 3400 put *hors de combat*—an instance of exaggeration only to be matched by a Carlist bulletin, lately published, of Cordova's retreat to Vittoria, which, headed "Victory! Victory!! Victory!!!" declared that 9000 men were destroyed out of 12,000, although, in good truth, not more than about sixty poor fellows hit the dust.

'It must be admitted that the Carlist exaggerations were less frequent than the others; for while the Queen's gazette announced that the Infante's force was diminished to a small mountain-band, which was about expiring from starvation, we have seen it increasing daily in number and equipment, until, from a commencement of 700 men, it has swollen to a number of 30,000 armed and organized—and that, while it was stated to be in the throes of death, it was driving a succession of seven Queen's generals before it, and finally occupying the whole of the provinces, and defying every new attempt that was made to put it down.'—Pp. 6, 7.

To be sure the part of this passage which follows what we have quoted, must be admitted to put the reader's credulity to a severe trial. So much was this habit of exaggeration admitted, that Mr Honan says the Christino officers themselves made a jest of it. So far we can go along with him. But surely, when he tells us that he heard one of them say at table, 'I was beaten—' 'I have committed faults which in any other service would cashier me; and look! here is the sword which the Queen has given me, and here is the commission by which I am appointed Commander-in-Chief'—we are justified in pausing; and in concluding that our author has either been made game of by a bad joke of the general, or has misunderstood what his Excellency said.

The table-d'hôte which he frequented at Bayonne gave him opportunities of observing this spirit of exaggeration, so well known to all who recollect the events and the boastings during the Peninsular war.

'The Englishmen were, as they ever are, taciturn, and wondered at the bustle of their companions; while the French were gay, and chatted and laughed on indifferent subjects, and seemed desirous to throw off the political character until the moment of action arrived, when the old royalist blood would show that men were still alive, *sans peur et sans reproche*; but the Spaniards were not for a moment at their ease; and the most indifferent spectator must have observed that some deep spell was upon them. Each would, in turn, break out into violent denuncia-

tions against the Queen, or some of the people most forward in supporting her; while others discussed the state of the nation, and prospects of the two belligerents, with a fluency and a wisdom which astonished me, although well accustomed to a Spaniard's flow of words. The youngest had but just arrived from the headquarters of Don Carlos, and was about to undertake a mission into one of the southern provinces—and two were, it was hinted, preparing to venture to Madrid, to wake the sluggish hopes of their party there. All were full of zeal and warmth: at least, their words were those of fire, and if their actions but corresponded to their promises, Don Carlos would be faithfully served. But I have seen too much of Spaniards to be deceived by any show of determination; and I have known a man talk by the hour at the *Puerta del Sol*, of honour, virtue, and patriotism, till the blood boiled within me; and I have found the same person go the round of all the *tertuliás* at night, with the same set of ideas, and the same inspiring language, all which was to end in his doing nothing; for the display and the pleasure of hearing himself talk was all he aimed at.—Pp. 13, 14.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the state of the country, through which the author passed on his way to Don Carlos's headquarters, was the little interruption given by the war to agricultural operations; or generally to the comforts of the people. Tillage, and all farming pursuits were apparently carried on as if every thing had been in a state of profound peace. The accommodation at the inns was almost uniformly good; indeed he hardly seems to have been in an indifferent one to the North of Vittoria; and the inhabitants of the country generally were in easy circumstances. Though contributions were levied for the Infante's service, this was done with regularity; and, the people being all willing contributors, the demands were light upon them.

From Irun the author proceeded to Hernani; and he says he was at some pains to ascertain the real nature of the affair which took place there between the British Legion, then for the first time engaged, and the Carlists. Why we should rather credit his account of the matter—that is, the account given him by the Carlists—than the Christino version, does not appear very clear. However, he broadly asserts, that pretending it was only a reconnoitring, when there was nothing to examine, is absurd; and that claiming a victory, because the Carlists on being attacked, drew in their outposts (a matter of course on coming to engagement), is still more preposterous. Leaving this matter to be decided by a more narrow examination of the accounts, and of the position before and after the engagement, we may follow Mr Honan into the presence of General Gomez, to whom he was presented at Hernani. As we have, of course, no wish whatever that the case of

the Carlists, such as it is, both against our interference, and on its prospects of success, should be kept back, we shall extract his account of this interview.

‘ We found him in company with General *Montenegro* of the artillery, and General *Silvester* of the engineers, two officers well known in the Spanish army, and who had, not many months since, come over to Don Carlos. We were exceedingly well received; and Gomez, attended by Colonel *Esterica*, who was chief of the staff on the day of the attack I have been describing, explained the whole position with brevity and simplicity, and without any of that vain boasting so peculiar to the Spanish. Both these gentlemen gave the English every credit for their bravery in the attack, and declared it was their gallantry which saved the Christinos from being cut to pieces in the retreat; but they at the same time expressed themselves strongly against our countrymen for meddling in a contest with which they had no concern, and fighting in the name of liberty against the free provinces of the North, where there has existed for centuries a representation and a constitution. They conversed freely on the state of the Carlist cause, and spoke with confidence of a favourable result; as all the late advices from Catalonia proved the insurrection was in full activity there, and that, as the candle was thus lighted at both ends, it must speedily take fire in the centre, which was Arragon. They made no scruple of admitting the weakness of their cavalry, and the want of money, which compelled them to keep the troops two months in arrear, and the variety of obstacles which time must produce against them; but they were not only full of hope, but of confidence; and they appealed to the state of the country through which we came, as to the progress which they had made within the last twelve months—the provinces then militarily occupied by the Christinos being now entirely free. Gomez was a good-looking man, about forty-five, with a high forehead, a little bald, and an air of common-sense, if not of great talent, about him. He was dressed in a blue frock, with the buttons of Carlos V. *Esterica*, the chief of his staff, was a tall handsome fellow, six feet high, with a pair of noble mustaches, looking the true guerilla chief, with his *samara* and *Boyna*. General *Montenegro* was equally amiable, and he conversed without ceremony on the nature of the service and the plans which he had in view. He is a very small man, but with a sharp clear eye that promises much for his intellect; and the Carlists made public rejoicing when he joined them, not only on account of his great experience as an artillery officer, but because his well-known prudence was a guarantee that he thought theirs the strongest side. General *Silvester* was also a delicate-looking man, but full of knowledge, and eminent as an engineer. He wore his arm in a sling, having fallen from his horse in one of the late excursions. Our party was strengthened by *Segastibelsa*, the commander-in-chief of the province of Guipuzcoa, into which I have forgotten to say we entered at Irun, and by his second in command, *Isturitza*, both with big whiskers and mustaches, and being fine specimens of guerilla chiefs, which they in reality were, more than regular soldiers.

‘ We had thus, in the apartment of Gomez, no less than five general

officers, all practical men, with their staff of officers, of the best families of Spain ; so that we had the opportunity of being convinced by our own eyes that Don Carlos was followed not by adventurers, but by gentlemen, who, if they had not shown their devotion to him, might have remained with rank and pay in the Queen's army.'—Pp. 73, 76.

Mr Honan and his two travelling companions, one of whom was an English officer, had an opportunity in this neighbourhood of seeing somewhat of the cannonade, which was, though at intervals, kept up from St Sebastian. As often as any of the Carlists were seen, shot were fired, and they retreated behind an old building ; from which shelter they sallied to pick up the balls,—a premium being given for these by their leaders. But upon these particulars, and others of a personal and unimportant kind, we do not detain the reader ; our object being to note the statements which have some bearing upon the questions involved in the contest. Of this latter description is the representation constantly made by our author, that Don Carlos has very little support from the priests. After observing that he had only seen one monk, and half a dozen of the secular clergy near the army, he says he enquired the reason of ' this scarcity of holy men ; ' and was told that they were in little favour at headquarters, the generals gladly dispensing with their attendance. The church, he adds, had not come forward, as was expected, for Don Carlos, who was much displeased to find that it did nothing for him until the massacre of the friars at Madrid, and the burning of the convents by General Rodil. In another part of his book, he describes the Infante as ' a conscientious and a religious man, but not a bigot ; ' and as making ' a just distinction between the parish clergy and the lazy ' friars.' Nay, he affirms that Don Carlos is understood to ' view ' without regret the step taken by the Queen's government to ' convert these overgrown properties to the national use ; as he ' hopes to arrive in time at Madrid to profit by the harvest, ' which it is sowing.' Hereupon our author breaks forth in astonishment at the ignorance which prevails in England upon this subject—and that, ' while every one asserts that Don ' Carlos is surrounded with monks, and singing psalms all day, ' he has no other religious professor near him but his confessor— ' a jolly fat priest, who is fond of his wine and a frolic, and cordially detests the cowl and the cell.' Now, without at all disputing these facts, we cannot help thinking that the prince, whom our author holds entitled to the Spanish crown, has at all events an undeniable right to use the prayer of the well-known Spanish proverb with regard to his friends. For was there ever any thing worse than the light in which Mr Honan's kindly zeal in his behalf has led him to represent this prince ?

'*He could not, in his position*' (says our author), '*venture to say so,*'—alluding to his alleged dislike of friars and love of monastic confiscation. But then he would fain take all the benefit of the sacrilegious pillage (as good Catholics and legimitates must hold it to be), while he throws the blame of it upon his rivals; and he has no kind of objection to be thought the champion of the establishment, lazy friars and all, whilst he grounds his appeals to the ignorant and superstitious people upon the measures adopted against these abuses by the Christinos, and yet is himself, after all, just as little a friend to the system as any of them!

The next point to which the author's party directed their journey, was Onate, which Don Carlos had made his residence from the earliest period of the war; and to obtain possession of which the unsuccessful attempt in October, 1835, had been made by the Christinos under Cordova, and by the Legion in their support. At Onate, Mr Honan was introduced to M. Cruz Mayor, Don Carlos's Minister for Foreign Affairs, whom he describes as a person overwhelmed with the business of his office, having hardly a moment in the day to himself. He received our author, however, with much courtesy, and entered at large into the whole particulars of the Carlist cause,—admitting all the points that were unfavourable to their prospects,—but dwelling upon the brighter side also; and stating that the rising in Catalonia was the main ground of his confident expectations of final success. The circumstances communicated, including the details of the Carlist force, need not be here described; we have no doubt that they are given as the Minister stated them; we have as little doubt that the author informed him of the purpose for which he was visiting the Basque provinces, and the headquarters of the army, as well as the court of the Infante,—namely, to publish whatever facts he could collect in an English newspaper. Thus apprised, the minister's account would naturally enough be made just what he was desirous to have conveyed through that channel to the people of England, and especially of London. It is only fair towards the author to add, that he by no means coveted the opportunity of being presented to Don Carlos. Indeed, when the Minister proposed it, Mr Honan showed much delicacy in rather declining it; on the ground that, connected with neither party, his intention was to visit Madrid, where he was on friendly terms with many of the Christinos. But the Minister pressed him to be presented; declaring that they were very desirous the truth should be made known, in order to check the misrepresentations current in England. We shall only mention the total amount of the army in the Basque provinces, which was stated at about 32,000; and the

security in which Don Carlos lived at Onate, without any works of defence, and only 500 men to guard him. These circumstances were much relied upon as showing how far from desperate his affairs were. From the 200 officers sent to discipline and command the Catalonians, great things were expected. The civil arrangements—especially the important matter of the contributions levied—were represented as placed upon a satisfactory footing; and the Infante has, it seems, carefully avoided the system of confiscation adopted by the Queen's party; in so much as to preserve, Mr Honan says, the valuables in a hostile nobleman's house for a year past, though the sale of them would have realized a large sum—a thing which we take for granted could only have occurred through some strange accident, and never happened a second time. The supply of the troops with provisions is described as ample;—a pound of white bread, a pound of meat, and a pint of wine, with one real, or about twopence halfpenny, a-day, in money, though the pay was then two months in arrear. Certainly, except the English and French armies, there are none in Europe that come near this, and even those do not much exceed it. Our readers will naturally enough desire to see something of Don Carlos, who, as might be expected, is our author's favourite hero.

‘ I found the Prince standing near a table covered with papers; and to those who know his amiability of manner, and the natural sweetness of his disposition, it is not necessary for me to say that I was most kindly received. He hoped that my friends and I had been well treated on our journey, as it was his wish that Englishmen should meet every accommodation and facility, because he looked upon us as friends, by whom he had been protected in the moment of difficulty; and he assured me that orders should be given to open every source of information to us, as his only desire was, that the truth and the whole truth should be made known. He considered his claims founded in justice, and supported by the voice of the people; and as success had attended all his efforts since his arrival in the provinces, he had nothing to conceal, and our investigation would render him good, not harm; as it was only by honourable and unprejudiced men visiting his army, that the tales which had been circulated to his injury could be refuted.

‘ Don Carlos then did me the honour to remember having seen me at Madrid, and, with a quiet smile, hoped soon to repeat that pleasure. I retired as soon as the Infante ceased to speak; and he bade me farewell in a most affectionate tone, repeating that orders should be given to facilitate my views in every respect.

‘ Don Carlos wore a plain blue frock-coat; and it was his wish that every one should be presented to him without ceremony, as his good sense told him that the forms of the Madrid court would be out of place at Onate, and in the midst of a campaign. He was looking thinner

than when I saw him before, and fatigue and care had evidently put furrows in his cheeks ; but his countenance was as usual—full of benevolence, and though not a handsome man, his dark full eye gave expression to his face ; and the sweetness of his voice, and the gentleness of his manners, surprised you into loving him, whatever were your opinions as to his political rights.’—Pp. 114–116.

Mr Honan runs on in his praise, but we must content ourselves with transcribing two or three sentences in which he concentrates his panegyric :—

‘ Don Carlos’s character is but little understood in England ; and it is strange to find a prejudice there against him, when he possesses every quality which we prize, and consider indispensable in men of elevated station. He is just, humane, and generous, and so great a lover of truth, that he has never been known to break his word, or to allow an equivocation in his presence. He was the only member of the Royal family at Madrid who paid debts, or preserved regularity in the household. The weekly bills were paid with the same exactness as in an English family ; and while all the other inhabitants of the palace, to whom tradesmen applied in vain, indulged in dissipation, and disregarded increased expense, his system was so thoroughly maintained, that though he left Madrid for Lisbon at a few days’ notice, not a shilling remained unsettled.

‘ An heir to the throne, according to a strict entail—full of virtues—without a stain on his public or private character—an honest, moral, and a liberal man—a good husband—a good father—humane and charitable ; still he is a fugitive from his proper home, hunted by those who have fed on his bounty ; and he may yet fall a victim to the malice of his enemies. Let us not discuss his claims, but render justice to his principles ; and if he should succeed, let England believe that fortune has not favoured the unworthy ; and if he should fail, let him at least command our sympathy and esteem.’—Pp. 116–119.

We shall not stop to enquire how his well-known decree came to proceed from one thus represented as remarkable for justice, humanity, and generosity. Nor shall we ask how he came to approve of the frightful butcheries committed in pursuance, or rather in excess of it, by the savage spirit of Zumalacarregui, as related by Mr Henningsen and his other eulogists.

Our author visited the headquarters of other divisions of the Basque army ; but a very large portion of his volume is occupied with the account of his journeys over parts of those provinces which had been, in the former years of this civil war, the scenes of the more remarkable engagements. No doubt such a tour has its interest, especially to military men ; but the accounts of the different affairs which are introduced, at considerable length, as each place is visited, do not require to be much considered

here. They are necessarily received by the author at second hand,—often at a great distance from the actors or eyewitnesses; and when it is considered, that most of those best able to instruct him may have been aware of the view with which his enquiries were made, we cannot avoid feeling considerable distrust of their relations; notwithstanding his entreaties to his informants that they would rather understate than exaggerate—an advice given in vain, we should fear, to Spaniards.

Among those general officers who treated our author with much attention, and spoke, as he represents, and no doubt believes, most confidentially to him, was Count Casa Eguia. He is described as a fine old gentleman, of sixty-five, whose whole body has been shattered to pieces by one of those diabolical contrivances of cowardly malignity, which, it should seem, are peculiar to the Spaniards of the present day—a letter enclosing some detonating powder. By this he lost his left arm and two fingers of his right hand, and had twenty wounds in his body. He was one of the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camps during the Peninsular War; and told our author (not, we conclude, in confidence) 'that he *made it a rule to imitate* the decision and promptitude which marks all the movements of his great master.' He complained much of not being able to bring Cordova to an action;—'assured us that he had repeatedly offered battle within the last three months, which the other had declined;' and 'appealed to us, if the flank march which had been made almost under our eyes, did not give sufficient opportunity to the combined Spanish and auxiliary troops to attack him if they dared, their numbers being so superior to his.' This is only a very little of all the confidential communications of this worthy old gentleman, who, strictly as he may follow his rule of imitating the Duke of Wellington, in always being prompt and decided, must, we suspect, have formed his communicative habits in some other school. In speaking, however, 'with enthusiasm of the conduct of his troops,' we must admit that he follows the example of his illustrious master.

Having completed his tour of these provinces, Mr Honan returned to Bayonne, fully convinced that, with a force less than 150,000 men, the Queen's generals never could subdue and keep down the Carlist troops and their partisans; and that the abolition of their peculiar privileges (*fuéros*) by the injudicious conduct of the government, has so exasperated the whole people, excepting some of the inhabitants of the towns, that if Don Carlos were destroyed to-morrow, there would still be the same struggle maintained for their independence.

He next crossed the province of Languedoc, and went through Toulouse, to the Spanish frontier on the Perpignan side, with the view of visiting Catalonia. On the road towards Barcelona, the intelligence met him of the horrid atrocities which signalized the first insurrection in that city. The rest of the volume, nearly one-half of it, has little or nothing to do with either the Court or the Camp of Don Carlos; but it possesses considerable interest, and throws some light upon the present state of the Spanish nation. In Catalonia, he describes the country as all Carlist, and the adherents of the Queen as only to be found in the towns; while the regular army of the Christinos does not exceed 5000, though 40,000 volunteers have been armed, chiefly with muskets sent out since the Quadruple Treaty.

The whole details of the Barcelona insurrection, and the dreadful murder of O'Donnell and the other prisoners in cold blood, are given upon the authority of eyewitnesses, for whose veracity our author vouches. We are averse to enter into the shocking details; but the outline may be given shortly. Some sudden excitement was occasioned by rumours, probably well founded, of the Carlists having massacred several of the Christinos in a village which they had taken; and a few young men ran about crying out 'death to the traitors.' A great mob was soon collected, and the Lieutenant-Governor opposing no resistance whatever, nor any of the authorities interposing at all, the multitude, headed by boys who had been parading in the processions of the season, ran to the citadel, which the troops helped them to scale, and obtained from the officer commanding a list of the names of the prisoners in the three prisons. These wretched victims were then brought out with the greatest regularity, one after another as by a roll-call, according to their rank, and inhumanly put to death. A hundred and seven persons, of whom ten were officers, thus perished. Colonel O'Donnell, whose wife had just obtained his exchange at the Carlist headquarters, but had not arrived with it, was among the number; and the brutal ferocity with which these execrable cannibals treated his mangled remains, as indeed their brethren at Madrid have since done Quesada's, the Christino General, cannot be recorded to pollute our page. But, one statement of our author must be added, in the hope that it may receive a contradiction; and if not, that the indignation which it is so well calculated to excite may serve to prevent a repetition of such a crime. It is said that when the alarm began, the commander of the English squadron waited on the acting Governor, and offered him the assistance of our marines as a demonstration; and that he refused it through fear of committing himself with the furious mob,—alleging, however, that no mischief was intended.

If this be true, no error in judgment can excuse it; for the fact is undeniable that the Governor offered no resistance,—possibly with his own forces had not sufficient means of doing so. When indeed the multitude turned from the bloody orgies to proclaim the Constitution, and had actually laid the stone to commemorate its revival, the Governor lost no time in making his stand. He got his troops under arms, harangued the people, and, on pretence that the further mention of the Constitution would divide them as against the common enemy, prevailed with them to remove the stone and drop all such proceedings. Mina soon after arrived, and arrested the ringleaders in the constitutional part of the revolt; among whom an English gentleman, wholly unconcerned in it, was seized; and they were all sent on board the British squadron, in order, it was said, to save them from the mob; though our author asserts, that the feelings of the mob were quite with them, and therefore treats this as a pretence—inveighing loudly against converting ‘a British man-of-war into a gaol.’ How can he tell what the feelings of the mob were? True, they had been engaged a day or two before in proclaiming the Constitution; but is that the least security against their thirsting for the blood of their ringleaders in four-and-twenty hours after? The refusal, however, of the proffered aid from our squadron, if it be correctly stated, and the non-resistance to the blood-thirsty multitude at the beginning of the insurrection, forms a charge of the gravest kind against the Lieutenant-Governor, and makes him wholly responsible for the atrocious events which followed. We cannot withhold in this case the application of the rule to which we formerly referred in speaking of the massacres committed by the Carlist chiefs, under the alleged pressure of their sanguinary followers. No man in a commanding station, be it military or civil, has a right to expect that he should escape the blame of acts which he lets himself be either frightened, or seduced into doing, by means of others, over whom his duty requires him to exercise a control. Such a defence is an aggravation of the crime; such *involuntary* conduct is beyond description despicable, without losing one of the bad qualities which would have been confessed to mark the voluntary act. No attempts, Mr Honan asserts, have ever been made to bring the perpetrators of the massacre to justice. From hence he infers that the Queen’s government has made itself responsible for it; and that the other parties to the Quadruple Alliance are not only justified in withdrawing from it, but bound to do so. But without a knowledge of all that has passed on this subject between the parties, no one can take upon himself to condemn our government and that of France for not having adopted this resolution.

Our author went from Barcelona by sea to Port Vendres, and from thence, after making a tour in France, he proceeded to Madrid. The following particulars relating to his passage of the Pyrenees may amuse the reader.

‘ After an hour’s progress, we passed the lone house which marked the frontier, and entered Spain again, for the third time within three months, and commenced at once to climb the formidable barrier of mountain which nature has placed between both countries. The snow had accumulated in some places, on each side of the track which was kept down by the constant traffic, as high as the horse’s head, and sometimes as high as that of the rider; and it seemed as if the road had been cut through it as through a chalk hill, while in other parts it formed a wall on one side of the way, the other looking over some fearful precipice, on the banks of which the snow had no hold to accumulate, and from which one false step of the mule would have dashed us into eternity. The force of habit in our courier was here remarkable: like all those men who are on horseback for several days together, he had learned to sleep in the saddle; and even in the most dangerous places and on the most uneven ground he sat, his knees and thighs mechanically closed against the mule’s side, with his eyes shut, and buried in profound slumber. There was one particular place, with a mountain of snow at one hand and a yawning gulf of some hundred feet on the other, in which a noisy torrent roared, where the track was so narrow that none but a mule well accustomed to the walk could hold his feet; and the reader may well judge my surprise, when, having passed it myself, I looked round to see how my companions fared, to find the courier still sleeping, I may say snoring, unconscious of the least danger. I waited till the peril was past, and then I awoke him, entreating for all our sakes that he would resist the inclination to doze till we got into better ground; but though he faithfully promised he would, I found him in a few minutes relapsed again, and I gave up remonstrance for the future. The couriers employed between Madrid and Paris perform the journey in five days, and sometimes in four hours less; and one, that I had occasion to despatch to London, made the whole journey in six days and four hours. They travel night and day, snatching a morsel of occasional refreshment, and availing themselves sometimes in France of a cabriolet, if it can be procured. The couriers of the French and English embassies are slow in comparison with those employed by the bankers and merchants, and I have known one of very heavy weight who had gone and returned from Paris to Madrid in eleven days.

‘ At length we gained the summit of the mountain, and commenced our descent; but the track became every moment worse and more dangerous in the going down than in the ascent. The guides entreated us to dismount and walk; but the courier reluctantly gave up his saddle and his sleep, and, after an half hour’s march in his heavy jack-boots, he declared he could not stand the fatigue, and he again crossed his mule, and gave his life to chance.’—Pp. 331–333.

His account of what he saw at Madrid is in several respects

curious; and we are not aware of any description in an English work so full and so striking, as his is, of the whole particulars of a Bull Fight. It occupies several chapters, and to give any abstract of it is quite inconsistent with our present purpose. But no one can read it, and also mark the signs of a cruel national character which this, like all other works, ascribe to the Spanish people, without being persuaded that the two things have some connexion. The delight taken by all classes, from the monarch to the most abject of the rabble, in those sanguinary sports,—nay, the enthusiasm amounting to ecstasy with which the women of all conditions gaze on them,—may by some be taken for only collateral effects of the same disposition which engendered the more horrible butcheries of Madrid and of Barcelona. There must needs be a mutual influence kept up between men's dispositions and their habits of life; nor can it be reasonably doubted, upon any hypothesis, that the Spanish, like the Roman games, directly tend to maintain and exasperate those savage propensities in which they may have originated. 'The poor horse is gored in a fearful manner' (says Mr Honan after observing that—'to this part of the fight no experience can reconcile a stranger'), 'his chest with deep gashes, his belly often ripped up, and, can I say it, his entrails hanging on the ground! The crowd do not feel the cruelty, and all classes rise in transport, and cheer the bull, exclaiming that such a race is always game, and the most delicate ladies wave their handkerchiefs.' It was the same people that kicked about the unfortunate O'Donnell's head, and left it for days on the street and the public walks; to say nothing of the worser enormities practised upon his and Quesada's remains.

Mr Honan had not been more than two days at Madrid when he was ordered to leave Spain, after some communication, he says, had passed between the British Ambassador and the Spanish Government. He expressed his readiness to go if an order from the Police came to him; but he was suffered to remain unmolested for a month; and in order to satisfy his friends that their fears for his personal safety among the excited Christinos were unfounded, he had purposely frequented all kinds of places of public resort, and gone unmasked to masquerades, where there were hundreds who knew his political leanings, and his recent visits to the Carlist quarters. It seemed, he says, as if the government had seen the folly of their objecting to his residence. But one morning at six o'clock he was awakened by an officer from the Police, who produced an order and a passport for Lisbon. He was not suffered to communicate with any one, even his banker, except the British minister, whose house was next door; and was carried away as soon as he had dressed

himself and breakfasted, and paid his bills. He was strictly guarded on the journey; the officers who accompanied him being well armed, and one of them always sleeping in the same room with him. After ten days thus passed, in the depth of winter, he was liberated upon their arrival at the Portuguese frontier. We take for granted that there must have been some pretext stated, at least, to the British ambassador, for this very extraordinary proceeding. Surely no man can think of contending that Mr Honan's opinions being favourable to the Carlists, while he was acting in every respect an open part, and only doing what he professed to do, and being what he avowed himself, offered the shadow of a justification for such an outrage? It is true there is only the statement of one party before us; but it must be remembered that nearly the same narrative was made public at the time, and has received no contradiction. At any rate it is now before the world, with the name of the writer,—the sufferer; and there can be no doubt that some explanation will be given—it is to be hoped a satisfactory one.

The work of the Officer in the British Legion is, as might be expected, written under the influence of feelings and opinions quite the reverse of Mr Honan's; yet the discrepancy in the results of the observations made upon the country and the contending forces is much less considerable than could have been foreseen—a circumstance extremely creditable to the fairness of both writers. It is true that the more general results drawn by each from his observations, as to the ultimate event of the war, would probably be exceedingly different; yet the Christino officer is very far indeed from underrating the difficulties of the Constitutional cause, or treating the power of its adversaries as other than most formidable. He gives, too, a very impartial account of the affairs of Hernani, Orduna, and others, in which the Queen's troops either had nothing to boast of, or were severely handled, and indeed defeated with great loss. But there prevails through the narrative a strong prejudice against some of the Spanish commanders, and generally against the government. Nor is it Cordova alone of whom the worst possible description is given. Others whom the breath of suspicion has never assailed, are treated as feeble and irresolute, though the charge of treachery is reserved for Cordova. All, however, that is proved against him is his having displayed a more than ordinary portion of that intolerable exaggeration in which his countrymen seem to indulge, beyond all other men, when describing their own exploits. That there is, however, some degree of national prejudice in our author's opinion

of the Spaniards, the following anecdote may suffice to show. After saying that he was led to his quarters at the priest's house, in a village which he names, but which, on the priest's account, we shall not, he adds,—

‘He was a tall, handsome, aristocratical-looking man, and more like a dashing English cavalry officer than any I had met in Spain. He asked me a number of questions about the difference between Spanish and English tactics, and appeared to be somewhat struck when I told him that in the cavalry we went “threes right” and “threes left” as they did. He was very curious as to what we thought of the war, and whether in our opinion it was just or unjust. I replied of course that we all thought it a base and infamous war on the part of Don Carlos, and that but for Cordova it would have been long since terminated. He fully agreed with me in the latter particular, and with regard to the general character of Spanish officers compared with French and English, made use of this remarkable expression—“*El oficial Frances é Ingles tiene honor; el Español no tiene nada*”—“the French and English officer possesses a sense of honour; the Spanish has none.” After answering all his queries to his satisfaction, he said that the best thing we could do would be to go to sleep, to which I fully assented.’—Pp. 170, 171.

The sufferings of the Legion from want, ill-treatment by the Spanish Government, and disease, are detailed in a manner which will probably have the effect of still further lessening the inclination to join it. Our author ascribes the disease, indeed, to their treatment; and argues that it must have been as he states, from their having had no sickness among them till they came to Vittoria, where they were ‘in quarters and with nothing to do.’ We believe this is the ordinary case: while troops are in the field, whatever hardships they undergo, the excitement occasioned by the service keeps them in health; but fever and dysentery (as at Vittoria) break out upon their going into quarters. They lost a thousand men in this way in a few weeks. It is remarkable that the Irish brigade suffered little or nothing from sickness in the very same circumstances; and ‘throve and grew fat,’ upon the same ‘bad rations, and in the same severe winter’ that proved fatal to so many of the English and Scotch. The author ascribes this difference to the wretched fare which they are accustomed to in their own country. The following description of Vittoria during the sickness, is sufficiently striking, though the levity of one part is extremely reprehensible:—

‘The natural gloominess of the town, added to the universal sickness that broke out at this period, gave it the look of a city of the plague. The hospitals were full of sick and dying, and from dawn of day till set of sun, the streets re-echoed to the melancholy sounds of the

fiſe and drum playing the Dead March as the departed ſoldier was borne to his laſt home. The air ſeemed loaded with fever, and thoſe who marched in the train followed with a lack-luſtre eye, as if aware that their turn was next. The boys in the ſtreets, ſtruck with the mournful ſolemnity of a ceremony which is unknown in the Spaniſh army, paraded up and down with ſticks reversed and whiſtling the funeral anthem—the ladies in the balconies caught up the air and continued it on their pianos—the very bugles that ſounded the reveil and advance had a lugubrious ſound, as if blown by a man in his grave; and at length the Dead March in Saul became the only piece of muſic current in Vittoria during the whole of the five months the Legion was quartered there and in its vicinity.

‘The number of deaths ſpeedily augmented to ſuch a degree that all attempt at ceremony was aboliſhed, and the bodies were carried away in carts to the burial ground, where they were thrown ſix or ſeven into the ſame hole. Thoſe that died of our regiment were buried in a piece of ground outside the walls, called the *Campo Santo*, where we prevailed on the prieſt to mutter over a prayer or two by aſſuring him that the deceased was a good Catholic. “Half a loaf is better than no bread,” and it was thought that a Catholic prayer over a dead Proteſtant was better than no prayer at all.’—Pp. 120, 121.

The account of a ſurprise is alſo very good; and the merriment of the writer being here quite in its proper place, does not offend as when he introduces it on the occaſion of a funeral:—

‘I and my friend had gone to bed after a rainy day which had increaſed the mud in and about the village to a perilous depth, and we’re luxuriating in all the pleaſures of a comfortable mattress, when juſt as we had wrapped ourſelves in Sancho’s “blanket of ſleep,” a repeated knocking at the door mingled in our dreams as the rumbling of diſtant thunder or the ſurge of the roaring ocean.

“C——,” ſaid I, in the firſt moments of diſturbed ſomnolency, “there’s a knock at the door.” “Pooh, nonſenſe, it’s only the artillery going by,” ſnored my companion, turning on his ſide—“go to ſleep, I hear nothing.” Willing to be perſuaded, I turned on my ſide alſo, and was on the point of again dropping into a profound ſlumber, when a loud rattling knock convinced us of its reality and cauſed us to ſtart upon our feet to diſcover the reaſon.

“Sir! gentlemen!” ſhouted the hated voice of a corporal, “the regiment has fallen in—it’s juſt marching off”—and throwing open the ſhutter of the window to aſcertain the truth of the aſſertion, we heard the heavy tramp of men in the dark, and the ſtartling ſounds of “right turn, left wheel,” as the companies paſſed the corner of our houſe and entered the long muddy lane leading to Ilarraza.

“What merry lives we lead that ſoldiers be,”

thought I, as haſtily ſlipping on my ſtockings and boots, I recollected that not a ſingle preparation had been made for the march, and that our

scattered garments were lying about the floor, the saddle-bags unpacked, the kitchen fire out, and no light to be got, and Mora herself fast asleep in her stall. In this extremity awakening the host and hostess, we commended our goods and chattels to their care, with the assurance that we should return for them early the next morning, though at the same time we did not know but that we might be starting for the other end of Spain; and begging them with all the affection of Sancho for his Dapple to take care of Mora, we set off in pursuit of our companies just as the rearguard was leaving the village.

‘My boots were unlaced, for it was impossible to fasten them in the darkness and hurry; and as I plunged ankle-deep into the cold mud, one of them stuck fast in a foot-mark, and I spent five minutes groping about for it on my hands and knees, greatly to the detriment of a pair of white gloves which had been put on as if for the occasion. The straggling boot at length was found, and all wet and slippery I thrust my foot into it, and again made off for my company, which I overtook as it was entering Ilarraza.’—Pp. 166—169.

The only affair of importance in which the Legion has been engaged, is the battle of the fifth of May, as is well known. But that at once put to flight all the sneers at those gallant men, in which the adversaries of the constitutional cause had before so freely indulged. Nothing can be better than our author’s account of this remarkable engagement. He himself performed a distinguished part—that is to say, distinguished by all the merit which one in his rank could display—great coolness, quickness, and bravery. His narrative of it is equally adorned by modesty; and the reader can only be aware of his excellent conduct by carefully laying circumstances together; for of any thing like Spanish boasting there is absolutely nothing. The passage is too long for extracting; but we shall give a part of it in kindness to our readers as well as in justice to the author. The following is his account of what to him was the end of the battle, for it relates his being wounded and carried off the field:—

‘On rejoining General Shaw with the reinforcement, I found the remnant of the 7th drawn up in close column behind the house, and as much of the 9th as could be collected standing a few yards distant, covered partly by the apple-trees and partly by the breastwork that ran in front. Colonel Fitzgerald was at the head of his men, and at the signal from the brigadier to charge, sprang over the parapet and advanced alone with nothing but a riding-whip in his hand, in the face of the most tremendous fire I had witnessed during the whole of the action. The bullets poured upon the ploughed field as thick as hail, and the clods of earth might be seen knocked up in little clouds of dust like the “wine-glasses” on a fish-pond during a shower of rain. The men hesitated;—“Irishmen!” somebody exclaimed, “will you see your old colonel shot, and not move on to save him?” The hot blood of Ireland was stirred, and with a cry of “*More power to the Colonel!*” they

cleared the breastwork and advanced with levelled bayonets against the opposite line. I had just reached the colonel's side, and was crossing the field at the top of my speed, when a shot struck me on the left hip, and with a stunning shock my heels flew up into the air, at the same time that the charging regiment passed over me, and I was left alone, extended on my back in the middle of the plain.

‘ I rose on my feet, but fell down as if pinned to the earth by a tent-peg. I looked at the wound and saw a neat round hole on the seam of the trowsers, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling out. The field was bare, and not a soul in sight except the white-headed Carlists as they rose to fire over the parapet, while the splashes of mud that sprinkled over my face, told of the volleys that fell around. I gave a roll towards the breastwork I had quitted, and saw my sword, which had flown out of my hand with the violence of the shock, lying at some distance. With difficulty I crawled back to the spot, and had just gained possession of the hilt, when a second bullet struck my right hand, and passing through the fleshy part of the thumb, lodged next to the skin on the other side. The pain was not acute—it felt like a benumbing shock of electricity. A Spanish serjeant passed over my body towards some shelter; I hailed him in Spanish *por amor de Dios*, to raise me on my legs, but leaping the parapet he left me to my fate. It was now evident that there was nothing to hope for from others, and with a sort of feeling of uncertainty like that of a man hanging over a precipice by a single thread, I commenced rolling towards the breast-work, on which I lifted myself with considerable pain and difficulty, and swinging my legs over the top, tumbled into the muddy lane below. I was aware of the danger of sticking fast in the mud, and making a plunge across the path, I seated myself on the causeway on the other side, where being under cover I paused a moment to rest and consider what was to be done.

‘ The whole extent of the breastwork appeared to be deserted, the troops having left it to attack the next line, and a couple of dead bodies drenched in blood were the only human forms that met my sight. The house which had been so often taken and retaken was about fifty yards on my left, and to it I directed my eyes in hopes of succour, when a rustling among the bushes in the neighbourhood, attracted my attention, and a blue-capped head was thrust round the corner of the house eyeing me intently. Presently another was poked through one of the windows as if reconnoitring the ground, and immediately the two Carlists fixed bayonets and advanced cautiously with the purpose of running me through. It was a fortunate circumstance that the two dead bodies were lying near them, for they paused a little while to search their pockets, thereby giving me time to resume my rotatory motion down the hill in the direction of the 1st Brigade. A small bank intervened, and down it I plunged with desperate resolution, falling upon a dying man at the bottom who groaned heavily as I passed. The idea occurred to me to hide myself under the body, but it was useless as the Carlists had seen me move and were now in full pursuit. I continued my course, sometimes rolling and sometimes scrambling on all fours, with the blood gushing

from my hand, and was on the point of rising on my knees to make a last effort in defence of my life, when I espied a soldier of the 9th in the distance, to whom I waved my sword to come to my rescue. The Carlists on his approach hung back and commenced loading their pieces—the man hesitated whether to stand or run away. It was a critical moment—when most fortunately three of my own company came up, who fixed their bayonets over my body and dared the Carlists to advance. I turned my head towards the house, and saw that my enemies had fled!

‘Placing me on three firelocks, my men hurried along under cover of the breastwork towards the shores of the bay. In our way we passed the 10th Regiment drawn up in close column with Colonel O’Connell at their head. Part of my old regiment, the 1st, was there, and I nodded to several officers of my acquaintance as I was rapidly borne along. Presently after, we were joined by my servant who had heard that I was killed. He threw a cloak over me, the warmth of which was very acceptable, for the transition from violent exertion, and the wet clothes, had brought on a fit of shivering. The ground in every part we passed over was stained with drops of blood that showed the smartness of the action. The firing still continued heavily in the direction of the enemy’s left, and I exhorted the men to redouble their speed in case of a retrograde movement. In sight of the bay, we saw the *Phoenix* steamer anchored close in shore, and flinging her bombs over our heads into the enemy’s redoubt. “The blue-jackets are taking them in tow—hurrah!” and the men pushed forward towards the sands of the beach.’—Pp. 237-242.

The merits of General Evans require no panegyric; for he has never been seriously attacked. It may suffice to say that no one will rise from a perusal of this book without lamenting that so excellent and so gallant an officer should have been placed in such difficult circumstances; and feeling confident expectations of his entire success, when those circumstances are such as to bring success within the compass of possibility.

But no reflecting and right-minded person can wish the Legion and its General any success, save on one condition only—that the contest shall be carried on according to the strict rules of civilized warfare, by the army to which they are acting as auxiliaries. If those rules are disregarded by the principals in the quarrel, our countrymen become accessories to murder. It is neither more nor less than this; and nothing can be more futile than attempting to conceal or to gloss it over. Their interference in the dispute is purely voluntary; allegiance, or any other duty, to either party, they owe none; and they are without the shadow of a defence for remaining one hour longer in co-operation with men, who, if they refuse quarter to their captives, are plainly guilty of murder. In the volumes which we have been considering, it is gratifying to remark, that there seems every reason for believing that the Eliot Convention is better observed than heretofore.

Enough of violence and bloodshed certainly has stained both the Carlist and the Constitutional cause; but chiefly at a distance from the scene of the joint operations.

It may, however, be asked by some, whether, even supposing no breach to be committed of the laws of war, our countrymen are justified in taking a part? And, no doubt, a very plausible argument is raised to prove the negative of the proposition. War, it is said, can only be excused, even in the eyes of those who do not hold the strict doctrines of the Quakers, upon the ground of its necessity for self-defence. Hence it is contended, that whoever engages in it, unless either compelled by the lawful authority of his own rulers, or induced by the desire of serving his country, incurs the guilt of blood. Into this question, however, we need not at present enter. The precedents, showing the practice of nations, are in favour of such voluntary belligerents. They are of two kinds; one always held, though lawful, to be unspeakably despicable—as many acts strictly lawful are, both in municipal and international concerns; the other as generally allowed to be equally honourable and legal. Of the former description is the hiring out of its subjects by one government to fight the battles of another state, in whose quarrel it has no concern; or, which is the same thing, the subjects taking that part for mere hire. Of the latter kind is the taking part, not for hire merely, but out of affection for the cause in which a foreign prince or people happen to be engaged. We regard the Legion as having originally been raised in support of the cause of liberal principles, against the efforts of an arbitrary monarch to crush the freedom of his country, and help on by his success in Spain the like arbitrary system in the other parts of Europe. That a number of those who embarked in this contest regarded the pay and subsistence rather than the cause, proves nothing against the general doctrine which justifies the whole operation. The discredit of such conduct belongs to the individuals alone, and does not affect the cause. It is, however, altogether undeniable, that the continuing as auxiliaries to the Queen's party may become more or less discreditable according to the general conduct of that party. The breach by them of the rules of civilized war has been already mentioned as at once rendering all further co-operation criminal. But other things may make it at least disreputable to assist them, and advisable to withdraw, upon the earliest opportunity that presents itself, of fairly closing the connexion. If the massacres of Madrid and Barcelona were repeated—if anarchy or insurrection were to spread—if the government appeared to have no power, or no inclination to make itself respected—we do not

say that an insulated act would require the cessation of the existing intercourse, but a general habit would render its farther continuance disreputable. There might be no participation by the British auxiliaries in those scenes which we are supposing, but the cause which they are in Spain to maintain being discredited, and no obligation existing to defend the wrongdoers, a continued service under their orders, and for their defence, would no longer be justified.

It may next be said, that the remarkable events which have lately occurred, in most of the towns in the Peninsula have greatly changed the aspect of affairs; and placed the contest upon a footing extremely different from its position at the commencement of hostilities. In fact, a revolution has taken place, both in Spain and Portugal; the sovereigns of both countries having been compelled to change the government in every thing but name, as the alternative to avoid being dethroned, if not put to death. In both countries, too, the revolt has been of the very worst description—a military insurrection. The people, or a small portion of the people, may have begun the movement; but the soldiery have, both at Madrid and at Lisbon, carried the design into execution, and by main force extorted the sovereign's assent to the proposed changes.

Now, one or two things are sufficiently manifest in relation to this subject. No foreign nation has any right to interfere as long as a regular government exists in those countries, whatever be its nature, and in what way soever it may have been established. It may be the wildest democracy, or the most hateful despotism, or the most corrupt and oppressive oligarchy—that is matter for the people whom these constitutions oppress, and not for any foreign power, to consider. While the people submit to the new government, and while it can maintain the relations of amity with its neighbours, no one has a right to object, or even to keep aloof, and refuse the ordinary intercourse of peace. We are now assuming the new government to be all that the friends of arbitrary power can allege against it, and still no one has a right to interfere. Again, if any such interference is attempted by one power, all others have a right to oppose it. In no other way can national independence be safe. The conduct of France in 1823, and of the Holy Alliance previously, was universally execrated only because it infringed upon this principle. Nor could any event justify a repetition of the interference now, but the Peninsula being reduced to such a state of anarchy as should be incompatible with the safety of its neighbours. Nothing certainly in the frame of the new government, or even in the manner of its formation, by military violence, or by mob violence, could afford

any pretext whatever for such a proceeding. We have ambassadors at Constantinople and St Petersburg; so have the Americans; yet no one ever supposed that either country approved the form or the conduct of those despotic governments, or the acts of violence, indeed of murder, by which the sceptre is so often transmitted from one prince to another. When Gustavus III., by a military operation, that is, by drawing out his guards, and planting his guns, and stationing his artillerymen, with lighted matches, round the House of Nobles, changed the aristocratic into an absolute monarchy, the aristocratic monarchy at that time established in England continued in amicable relations with Sweden, and was not supposed to have sanctioned a precedent for its own destruction. No one, then, can reasonably question the obligation under which France and England lie, to maintain the same relations as before the late changes, with the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid. It would, indeed, be a strange doctrine in these times to hold, that the new constitution being too popular, furnishes any reason for a conduct so opposite to that held upon almost all other occasions.

But are France and England bound to continue the kind of assistance lent to the Queen's party against the Pretender to her crown? This is quite a different question. The maxim is no doubt undeniably true, that the obligations of a treaty are contracted with the state, and not with the prince personally, or with the powers which one form of government establishes in that state, and a change of the government destroys; and if a treaty had bound the allies to give Spain assistance against any third party, no change of dynasty, or revolution in the government, could have affected the validity of the obligation. But the case here is materially different. The allies had either bound themselves to help one party in Spain against another; or (which has been represented to mean the same thing, and which may, at least, be admitted to produce the same conduct) they had bound themselves to terminate the civil broils there prevailing, and prevent the worse anarchy threatened by the Carlist insurrection. If the former view of the treaty is taken, there can be no question that a total change in the position of one party to the Spanish contest, and the violent means by which this change was effected, may justly be taken into consideration by the allies, before they resolve to continue the same course of conduct. If the latter view be taken, it seems equally indisputable, that the proceedings at Madrid, as well as their result, enter most fairly into the question, when the preventing confusion is, by the supposition, the very object of the contract. That neither party, then, is any longer under the precise obligations of the treaty,

may be admitted. But does it follow that it would be wise to withdraw our assistance at the moment when it may most be wanted? Has any thing happened to make it less the interest, either of England or of France, that the Queen's Government should prevail over the Carlists? If the country generally submit to the constitution of 1812—if there is about as large a portion of Spain still attached to the Queen, and hostile to the Infante, as there was before the late revolutionary movements—surely no reason can be assigned for discontinuing the aid by which it was deemed wise, both in France and England, to facilitate the re-establishment of general tranquillity in the Peninsula. A more vigorous interposition might, indeed, have long ago settled the dispute; and would in all probability have prevented the insurrections. But there seems no great consistency in the argument, that because we might have compassed our object more speedily by acting more promptly, we should now cease to act at all, when that object is as desirable as ever, and only has become more difficult of attainment, in consequence of our past supineness.

And, after all, is the new difficulty in the nature of the thing or only in the minds of the parties? Do the late proceedings, and above all, does the restoration of the Constitution of 1812 make the Queen's cause more hopeless? or do they only endanger it by their tendency to alienate the allies, France especially, from its support? A short time will show how far the new Government has vigour enough to maintain public tranquillity, and above all, to curb and control the soldiery. If it has this force, then all must admit that the late revolution is more likely to animate the exertions of the people, and increase the chances of success against the Carlists, whose hostility to the principles of the Constitution is still more rooted than their enmity to the person of the Queen. In these circumstances, with all the disposition which must so inevitably arise in the people of England and of France, from observing the atrocities committed in Spain, to withdraw and leave the contending parties to fight out their own quarrel in their own way, there cannot be any doubt that, retiring in this manner at the present moment, would be premature, and a departure from the spirit of the policy in which the Quadruple Alliance originated.

In nothing that has been said, we trust any one will suppose us to point at such proceedings as might endanger the first of all blessings, to England as well as France,—the peace of the two countries. Nothing more needs be said to guard the friends of peace against a charge of that kind. But again, we must express the disgust and indignation which all true friends of liberty

have felt at the spectacle of military revolutions. There cannot be any thing of more dreadful example—any thing more fatal to freedom. That the soldiers in a free state should so far have a fellow feeling with their countrymen as to refuse being made the instruments of overthrowing their liberties, is the very best security against tyrants; nay, is the only chance which a popular government has of being compatible with a standing army. But no man can without dismay see the troops, or a handful of the troops, taking the lead in effecting political changes; and such a sight may well make every one reflect on the insecure tenure by which the rights of the people are held in every country where they are not, as in France, armed and disciplined, whilst a vast military force is arrayed on the side of power.

ART. XI.—*The Statesman.* By HENRY TAYLOR, Esq.
Author of Philip Van Artevelde. 12mo. London: 1836.

THIS is a book full of excellent matter, on a subject which has hitherto occupied very little attention. It consists of Essays on various points connected with the administration of Government; written, it would seem, at different times and in different moods, as the sundry experiences of a life occupied in public business have happened to suggest them. Its more immediate and especial importance lies in its bearing upon our present system of Executive Government; the manifold defects of which, both in theory and in practice, are well held up to the public view, and a plan of reform suggested and urged with earnest eloquence upon the general attention, which needs nothing but a strong call from without to be introduced with the greatest ease and advantage. It is in the hope, we imagine, of awaking such a call, that the book has been published in its present somewhat immature and undigested state. The essays, though composed with the intention of working them up afterwards into a complete body of doctrine, have been hurried into the world almost as they were originally written,—for the professed purpose of ‘diverting the attention of thoughtful men from the forms of Government to the business of governing;’—with a view (we may add) to such a reconstitution of our executive establishment as may ensure for the public service, both a more plentiful supply of able men, and a fairer scope for the exercise of their abilities. But although, to those who are capable of entering fully into the

author's views, this will form the point of main and central interest, it is not by any means the only point of interest which the book possesses. Though the questions discussed in it relate especially to government and present governing, the manner in which they are discussed is pregnant with instruction for all persons, and applicable to a great variety of occasions; and every body who cares about the government of life, or takes a serious interest in the philosophical knowledge of men and manners, will find his account in a diligent study of it.

Much wanted, however, and well timed as the book appears to us to be, it is in danger, we fear, of falling into temporary neglect; and we could almost wish it had been aimed more to catch immediate attention, though at the risk of detracting something from its permanent value. It is written in a tone of subdued earnestness, with an almost total abstinence from false effects and exaggerated expressions; and its leading characteristic is unqualified, uncompromising good sense, brought to the consideration of all matters, great and small; with a steady resolution to treat no subject as unworthy to be gravely written about, which is worthy to be seriously entertained by a wise man, with a view to conduct and action. These qualities, while they stamp it unequivocally a sterling and standard work, must at the same time prevent it from being immediately appreciated as it deserves; except by those who may be disposed to read it with a kind of interest, which is rarely felt by contemporary readers in any work which is not posthumous. By the generality, the work of a living author will always be read carelessly and inadvertently; for they always expect to find every thing done to their hands by him; and if they miss any of his meanings, they are satisfied with thinking, not only that it is his fault—which it may or may not be,—but that he is the loser; which, if the meanings be worth any thing, he certainly is not. We have endeavoured, for our own part, to keep clear of this delusion, and to read the book as if it were our business, not to deal out critical judgments for the sake of the author and his publisher, but to understand its value for our own benefit, and to proclaim it for the benefit of the public.

The task of pointing out defects we would willingly dispense with altogether; knowing how much healthier it is for the mind to be engaged in feeding freely on what is good than in pointing out what is bad. But it sometimes happens that the detection of one error is the removal of many. A defect in one part will often, by placing the reader in a false position, make other parts appear defective likewise, which are not so in reality. And few persons will be at the pains of correcting the fault, and re-adjusting their position for themselves. The principal faults which

we have observed in this book are of this kind ; and do in fact, as it appears to us, throw more difficulties in the way of ordinary readers than they can be reasonably expected to overcome.

In the first place, the title (which is not so unimportant a thing as it may be thought, for it gives the first direction to the reader's expectation) seems to us ill chosen ; as tending to raise anticipations which the work itself is neither calculated nor intended to fulfil. The name seems to promise a finished portrait of a Statesman, ideal or actual,—or at least a finished sketch, more or less roughly executed, but made out in all its parts, and exhibiting all his proportions ; whereas we are presented only with the *disjecta membra*, thrown together with little regard to their completeness, and with no attempt at all to show how they will compose into a consistent figure. We cannot regard this as a trifle. On all subjects which do not admit of exact treatment it is necessary to have a constant reference to the *purpose* of the writer, in order to interpret his meanings rightly. If we set out with a wrong notion of this purpose, we are less likely to correct that notion as we proceed, than to misinterpret every thing else with reference to it. The 'Statesman' must look to suffer much irrelevant criticism from this cause. People will perplex themselves with attempting to discover in each paragraph a more direct bearing on the character of the 'Statesman,' than it was meant to have. Hence the meaning of some passages will be distorted ; that of others overstretched ; detached observations will be misconstrued with reference to what goes before ; what are meant merely for remarks will be taken for precepts ; qualities and practices which are only described, will be understood as recommended.

The difficulty is increased by the division of the book into chapters, and still further by the orderly arrangement of the first five or six of them ; in which the education, the fortunes, and the duties of a statesman are treated of, if not with completeness, yet with a coherency which prolongs the promise of the title-page.

It must at the same time be observed, that this fault, whatever it be, is entirely confined to the title and the typographical arrangement. The preface and the conclusion warn us what to look for. But as it is usual to skip the preface, and at least not to begin with the conclusion, we suspect that the original misdirection will send more people the wrong way than the warning will set right again. Otherwise we should have had nothing to object ; for we cannot better describe the real nature, purposes, and pretensions of the book, than in Mr Taylor's own words. In the preface, after speaking of the want of some coherent body of doctrine on admi-

nistrative government, as it ought to be exercised in a free state, he proceeds—

‘I should be much indeed misunderstood, if, in pointing to this want in our literature, I were supposed to advance, on the part of the volume thus introduced, the slightest pretension to supply it. Amongst the dreams of juvenile presumption, it had, I acknowledge, at one time entered into my fancy, that if life should be long continued to me, and leisure should by any happy accident accrue upon it, I might, in the course of years, undertake such an enterprise. When this vision lost some of its original brightness, I still conceived that I might be enabled to blot from Bacon’s note of “deficients” so much of the doctrine “*De Negotiis*” as belongs to the division which he has entitled “*De Occasionibus Sparsis*.” But the colours of this exhalation also faded in due season; and when the scheme came to be chilled and condensed, the contents of the following volume were the only result that, for the present at least, I could hope to realize.’—*Preface*, p. x.

On reviewing these contents, he speaks in his Conclusion thus—

‘I close these dissertations with a full sense of the incoherent manner in which they have been brought together,—shaping themselves into no system, falling into no methodized sequence, and holding to each other by hardly any thing beyond their relevancy to one subject. My apology for so offering them is, that if I had applied myself to devise a system, or even a connected succession, I must necessarily have written more from speculative meditation, less from knowledge. What I knew practically, or by reflection flowing from circumstances, must have been connected by what I might persuade myself that I knew inventively, or by reflection flowing from reflection. I am well aware of the weight and value which is given to a work by a just and harmonious incorporation of its parts. But I may be permitted to say, that there is also a value currently and not unduly attached to what men are prompted to think concerning matters within their knowledge. Perceiving that I was not in a condition to undertake such a work as might combine both values, the alternative which I have chosen is that of treating the topics severally, as they were thrown up by the sundry suggestion of experience.

‘It is possible, indeed, that by postponing my work to a future period, a further accumulation of experience might have enabled me to improve it in the matter of connexion and completeness, without derogating from the other claim. But it has appeared to me that there are considerations which render the present time seasonable for the publication of a book even thus imperfect upon this theme.’—P. 261.

That the work does not possess that double value which Mr Taylor distinctly disclaims for it, we have certainly no right to complain, even if we were otherwise disposed to regret it. But we do in fact rate so highly that kind of value which it does possess, that we are glad he did not risk the loss of that, in an attempt to combine the other with it. Where the object is ge-

neral instruction, enquiry, or illumination, and not to prove some specific point, or recommend some specific act, dispersed and aphoristic writing is on many accounts the best. Dispersed observations can be better depended on for sincerity than those which are made to complete a treatise, or to support a theory; for, in the latter case, if they do not fit their place naturally, there is a strong temptation to *adapt* them to it; and if not insincere, they will often be found to be empty. Thoughts, called forth by the passing occasion, or strongly suggested by present experience, are always valuable, so far as they go—for they represent something in nature. Those suggested only by general theory and speculation, have often no value at all, and represent nothing. Moreover, the former, if written down as occasion presses them from the mind, are certain to be not only more sincere and substantial in themselves, but more just and forcible in the expression. Like notes made on the spot, or sketches taken from nature, they are better left as they are. Every attempt to retouch them from imagination or from memory, diminishes their force and truth. Add to this, that as knowledge, when conveyed in a dispersed manner, is handled with more soundness and vigour in the writing, so it is commonly better digested in the reading. When presented in a complete and systematic form, it is generally either swallowed whole, or dismissed altogether. The particular truths which build up and vivify the system—if not corrupted to give a show of support to it—pass alike untasted by those who accept, and by those who reject the whole. By the one, they are indolently received as true; by the other, they are not less indolently set aside as false, or from the purpose. In either case is the reader induced to turn his own mind loose upon the matter presented to it, to work upon and digest it for itself, and derive its own conclusion; which is the only just and reasonable process by which mind acts upon mind, and knowledge is increased and multiplied.

There is, no doubt, something very noble and imposing in a complete and comprehensive system, made out in all its features, and supported by the coherency of its parts. But such systems are rarely without some mixture of falsehood—and the falsehood passes current with the rest. These are the false gods that steal away man's worship from the truth. Not only is the mind of the reader dazzled and won by their beauty, their pretensions, and the final rest to enquiry which they seem to promise; but the patient and laborious circumspection with which the monitor himself sets out is not unfrequently exhausted in the construction of them, and turns into mere devotion before they are completed. Of all the systems invented to provide a final solution for the

doubts and difficulties which perplex an intricate question, where is that one which does not contain, in one part or another, some prodigious assumption ?

‘ We figure to ourselves
The thing we like ; and then we build it up,
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand :
For Thought is tired of wandering through the world,
And homebound Fancy *runs her bark ashore* ;’—*

Words which we would almost venture to fix as a motto to every book that ever professed to contain a system.

For his own personal reputation, indeed, Mr Taylor might have done better had he given to his book that appearance of absoluteness and pretension which is fitted to catch indolent attentions, and to make men think less of the quality of the matter, and more of the authority of the writer. But his object being not to provide men with opinions on administrative government, but to set their minds freely at work about it ; ‘ to ring a bell to ‘ call other wits together—which is the meaner office ; ’—to draw attention to the subject rather than to himself ; to excite enquiry rather than satisfy it ;—he has on all accounts, we think, judged wisely in choosing the dispersed manner of discussion.

At any rate, whatever may be thought about the mode of treatment which Mr Taylor has thought fit to adopt, the book must be taken for what it is. It distinctly professes to be in its nature fragmentary. We are not, therefore, to look for completeness in its several parts ; we are not to fancy that questions which are not discussed are thereby represented as unimportant ; that duties which are not urged are meant to be considered unessential ; that distinctions not dwelt on have been, therefore, overlooked. The reader must fill up the picture to himself. He is not to enquire whether the writer has said every thing in the way of qualification and explanation which is necessary to prevent his judgments and precepts from being misunderstood ; but whether they are capable of being so explained and qualified as to be free from objection. Obvious, however, as this is, it is not less obvious that such a task requires more candour, and a more simple and serious spirit than is usually brought to the perusal of a ‘ new work, by the author of,’ &c. ; and more trouble than the generality of readers will think fit to impose upon themselves ; and that much misconception and some offence will arise in consequence. We certainly wish that Mr Taylor had provided against this more carefully, which he might have done,

* Philip Van Artevelde.

without endangering the freshness of his matter, by merely adopting a different arrangement of topics, and interposing a few sentences here and there to keep the reader in company with him.

It occasionally happens that, in the pursuit of his argument, he just crosses the border of some neighbouring question of great extent and importance, and passes out again, not only without surveying it, but without any apparent notice of its existence. In consequence of this, some readers will not be aware that any thing lies beyond ; and of those who are, the greater number will suppose that Mr Taylor is ignorant of it himself. A simple sentence of warning, conveying some general idea, however dim and undefined, of the direction, the nature, and the extent of the enquiry, which it did not suit him to pursue, could have prevented both these misapprehensions. To take the first example which offers itself. Speaking, in the second page, of the course of education which parents should provide for those sons whom they design for political life, he says, ‘ At the age of sixteen, or ‘ thereabouts, the general education of the boy should be for the ‘ most part completed ; and whether or not it be completed, at ‘ that age, or but little later, the specific should begin.’ He then goes on to recommend a variety of studies and exercises in which the boy should be worked,—all with a view to his efficiency as a practical statesman,—not to the integrity and expansion of his character as a man. Now, Mr Taylor cannot mean that, by the age of sixteen, the character can (generally speaking) have had room and time to expand freely in all directions ; still less can he recommend such an education as would cripple or neglect one half of the character, in order to give greater intensity and effect to the other. But his expressions do not preclude such an interpretation ; and we the rather mention it, because it is the tendency of these times to run headlong into the very error which he has omitted to guard against. If he were himself charged with assenting to this doctrine, he would probably say that, by the ‘ general education of the boy,’ he meant only that elementary education, which has no reference to any specific career, and furnishes no preparation for the performance of any specific duty ; and that, by the commencement of the specific education at the age of sixteen, he meant only that it should then begin to *mix* with the general ; that, at that age, such a direction should be given to the general education as might gradually take in more and more of the peculiar studies requisite for the after career, and without interfering with the developement of the other faculties, might call gradually into more especial activity those which would be more especially

wanted for the business of life ; not that the *education* should cease, but that the *apprenticeship* * should begin. And certainly

* We borrow this expression from a book which has attracted less attention than, considering its attractive qualities, we can well account for,—Mr Hartley Coleridge's *Biographia Borealis* ; a book which has every title to be popular, which a light and entertaining subject, singular fullness and variety of interesting matter, and a playful brilliancy of execution, can give. There are few subjects of much interest either to men or philosophers, in which something may not be found in it either wise or witty, generally both. The passage to which we have adverted in the text, is so valuable in itself, and so much to our present purpose, that we take leave to extract it entire.

‘ The position is simply this—*a mere apprenticeship is not a good education.*

‘ Whatever system of tuition is solely adapted to enable the pupil to play a certain part in the world's drama, whether for his own earthly advantage, or for that of any other man or community of men, is a mere apprenticeship. It matters not whether that part be high or low—the hero or the fool.

‘ *A good education*, on the other hand, looks primarily to the right formation of the man in man, and its final cause is the well-being of the pupil, as he is a moral, responsible, or immortal being.

‘ But, because to every man there is appointed a certain ministry and service, a path prescribed to duty, a work to perform, and a race to run, an office in the economy of Providence,—a good education always provides a good apprenticeship ; for usefulness is a necessary property of goodness.

‘ The moral culture of man, and so much of intellectual culture as is conducive thereto, is essential to education. Whatever of intellectual culture is beyond this should be regarded as pertaining to apprenticeship, and should be apportioned to the demands of the vocation for which that apprenticeship is designed to qualify.

‘ A man whose education is without apprenticeship will be useless ; a man whose education is all apprenticeship will be bad, and therefore pernicious, and the more pernicious in proportion as his function is high, noble, or influential.

‘ Most of the systems of tuition provided for the subordinate classes have been defective ; as aiming either solely to qualify the pupil for his station, or to give him a chance and hope of rising above that station ; either to make the man a mere labourer, or to turn the labourer into a gentleman,—the discipline or improvement of the man being too often postponed or omitted. The tuition of the higher castes is equally defective, when it forms gentlemen to be mere gentlemen ; where it refers the primary duties to the rank, not to universal obligation. Secondly, when it inculcates the acquirement of mental or personal accomplishments as ultimate ends, without reference either to practical utility or

looking to the large field of a statesman's operations, the variety of powers and knowledge which he should possess, the variety of interests which he should enlarge his understanding to comprehend, and his heart to sympathize with; and looking also to the neglected state in which the whole region of this power and knowledge is left by the ordinary liberal education of these times; he might well urge, that the early intermixture of such studies as he recommends, ought to be considered not as a crippling of any other faculties, or a usurpation of the time due to them, but as an essential element in the education, not of the statesman only, but of the man; indispensable to the harmonious development of the entire character—to the accomplishment of the mind, in one of the three graces which constitute its perfection. 'For
' as the good of the body is divided into health, beauty, strength,
' and pleasure; so the good of the mind, enquired in rational
' and moral knowledges, tendeth to this—to make the mind
' sound and without perturbation; beautiful and graced with
' decency; and *strong and agile for all duties of life.*'

There is evidence elsewhere in the volume that Mr Taylor does by no means overlook, or underestimate these considerations. We doubt not, that in speaking of the specific education, he saw it in its due subordination to that which has for its object the formation of a manly character. What we complain of

to self-edification. Thirdly, when all apprenticeship is omitted, or an apprenticeship given wholly alien from the peculiar, individual, and functionary duties; as *e. g.*, when a scion of nobility is crammed with the arbitrary technicals of professed scholarship, or wastes his time in learning to do for himself what his steward, his gamekeeper, or his chaplain could do better for him. Fourthly, where the whole education is subservient to the apprenticeship. This is perhaps the commonest fault of all, especially with that unfortunate class whose education is to be their portion and means of advancement. It bears a creditable semblance of steadiness and industry, it wins the applause of parents and tutors, it makes shining and rising young men, and sometimes judges, chancellors, ambassadors, and ministers of State. But it does not make good men or wise men either. Even if it leave the heart uninjured, it keeps the mind unnaturally ignorant; for, viewing all things in an artificial relation to one object, it sees, and therefore knows, nothing in its true relations to man and the universe. The more their knowledge the greater their errors. The greater their command of facts the more perilously false their inferences. They may, indeed, be wise in their own craft, but they are pitiful blunderers when they step beyond it. Be it recollected that we are not speaking of that devotion of time to a professional study which may be a duty, but of that perversion of self-government which makes the profession all in all.—*Life of Roscoe, Note.*

is, that he has not taken care that his reader shall see it in the same relation, and from the same point of view.

As another example of the same defect, we may mention the omission, in the earlier part of the book, of any reference to the *ends* which a statesman should propose, and the spirit in which he should enter his career. Yet is this the most important thing of all; for it is the constant pursuit of a good end which can alone guide a man safely through the more perplexed paths and difficult dilemmas of duty: the end which each action proposes not only determines its direction, so that it can rarely be erroneous, but imparts its savour, so that it can never be corrupt,—a security this, which doctrine cannot teach; for there is no precept for the politic government of a man's actions, which may not be used, or construed basely, unless each action be tested by the only true criterion of its fitness—its conformity to a noble purpose.

The very familiarity of this contemplation, to Mr Taylor's own mind, may be one reason why he has not thought it necessary to dilate upon it. His own imagination is filled, as we shall presently have occasion to show, with an august conception of the ends to which a statesman ought to dedicate himself, and the faith in which he ought to live. To him, therefore, it did not seem necessary to introduce cautions and qualifications of this kind; for to a mind so occupied, every precept presents itself at once, corrected and justified by a silent reference to this standard: base actions are base *of course*; misapplied precepts stand detected beyond the necessity of exposure. But here, again, he has forgotten to carry his reader along with him, which he might, and should have done. It was not necessary to discuss the subject, perhaps it was not judicious to avoid it. But it ought not to have been silently dismissed. Something should have been said, to raise the reader to the same point of view, and fill his imagination, if not with the same idea, at least with some vague conception of noble aims to be accomplished, towards the accomplishment of which every action which does not directly or indirectly work, is understood to be condemned.

There is another defect, of a somewhat different kind, but which will equally give rise to misconceptions, and interfere with the just impression which the work is otherwise calculated to produce. In treating of the several qualifications which a statesman should possess, and the rules which he should observe, there is no attempt to mark their *relative* importance as compared one with another. Questions, not indeed unworthy of consideration, but certainly of no vital interest, are introduced with as much formality, and discussed as gravely, as minutely, and as earnestly

as others with which his gravest duties and permanent wellbeing are intimately connected. Matters, so unlike in their relative importance that they ought not, in the popular phrase, to be mentioned in the same day, are handled, one after another, with no difference in the manner of treatment, and no pause between to mark the transition. As many pages of grave advice and sound argument are devoted to the arrangement of the statesman's drawingroom, as to the management of his office ;—to the regulation of his diet, as to that of his conscience. The background (so to speak) and the distance are not less distinct in their forms, and bright in their colours, than the foreground, and are thus brought too close to the eye. Hence, the book is out of perspective—and the first impression is one of disproportion and incongruity,—a thing to be avoided at any rate, because it is ludicrous ; but more especially to be avoided here, because most readers, not feeling a real interest in the subject, will exert themselves rather to enjoy the impression than to overcome it. And such readers, whatever other claims to respect they may want, will have at least the respectability of numbers, and due allowance should have been made for their infirmity. This might have been done, either by simply throwing all these lesser matters together into one section, with a few words of introduction,—explaining their real bearing on the statesman's character, and the space which they might justly occupy in his thoughts ; or, which is better, by a more careless and disengaged way of handling them,—by treading, as it were, more lightly over the ground, and playing a little with the argument. This latter method demands, however, for its execution a peculiar genius, and not a common one, which Mr Taylor either does not possess, or does not think it honest to indulge. If so, we disagree with him ; for as a truth is not the less deep and touching for being presented in a ludicrous aspect, so the discussion of it need not be the less grave and earnest for mixing a little laughter with its gravity.

We beg it at the same time to be understood, that it is to the *manner* of these discussions, and to the manner only, that we object. The habit of earnestly investigating and meditating upon ordinary matters we strongly approve. There is scarcely any thing so trivial, but a wise man will be wiser for knowing exactly how and what it is ; and that, not so much because it is always worth while to do, in the best way possible, whatever must be done in one way or another, as for the sake of the *principles* which the enquiry is sure to disclose. It may be said of the human as truly as of the physical world, that ' they be not

‘ the highest instances which give the securest information ;’ and that ‘ mean and small things can discover great, better than great ‘ can discover the small.’ For the knowledge of human nature, and the government of human conduct, more light is gained by watching a man in his ordinary and familiar concerns, in which he is most true to himself, and least an actor to the world, than in the execution of his more ambitious and agonistic duties. The principle of the action is developed as perfectly in the small as in the great ; but the case being simpler, of more common occurrence, and taking less hold on the imagination and affections, it is much more open to a steady examination.

We would therefore recommend every man to cultivate this habit of philosophical meditation, on ‘ familiar matters of to-day ’—on the ordinary life or conversation both of himself and of other men ; and only to beware of announcing the result of his meditations with too much pomp and circumstance,—remembering that they who hear him will compare the tone of announcement with the *instance*, which is trivial ; not with the principle involved, which in its wide and remoter applications may be of infinite importance.

Perhaps we have insisted more on this want of keeping and proportion than we had any right to do, considering that the book does not profess to be a complete and harmonious whole. But the fact is, that whatever the book may profess to be, people reading a volume consecutively, will always regard it more or less as one thing, and its several parts as belonging to each other ; and they will not the less *feel* the effect of any disproportion, for being warned, however distinctly, that proportion is not meant to be preserved.

Perhaps it is worth while to show in an example how the same kind of speculation looks, when drawn, as it were, in its proper perspective : and we select the example by an obvious preference from Mr Taylor’s own writings. In ‘ Philip von Artevelde’ there are several passages in which a few hasty words serve to inform us that the thoughts of the hero have been gravely occupied on matters no less trivial than dress and diet ; and that he could, if necessary, have given a great deal of detailed advice to statesmen on these subjects, which they might have followed with great advantage. Yet we will venture to assert that these passages have struck nobody as ludicrous ; because in that finished work the picture is complete, and every lesser matter in due subordination to the greater. The following soliloquy, for instance, is the fruit of a meditation on the importance which a statesman should attach to eating and sleeping. Artevelde is on the tower

at daybreak, overlooking the town, then suffering under the double misery of plague and famine. After a while it occurs to him that he has been watching all night :—

‘ I have not slept ; I am to blame for that ;
Long vigils, joined with scant and meagre food,
Must needs impair that promptitude of mind
And cheerfulness of spirit, which, in him
Who leads a multitude, is past all price.
I think I might redeem an hour’s repose
Out of the night that I have squandered yet.
The breezes launched upon their early voyage
Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
I will enfold my cloak about my limbs
And lie where I may front them—here, I think—

(*He lies down.*)

If this were over,—blessed be the calm
Which comes on me at last—a friend in need
Is Nature to us—that when all is spent,
Brings slumber—bountifully—whereupon
We give her sleepy welcome—*If all this
Were honourably over—Adriana.*

He then sleeps for a moment, but starts up again suddenly at the sound of the horse’s foot ; and this little ‘ Chapter concerning ‘ Sleep ’ (most skilfully subdued, while it lasts, by the intermingling of deeper interests) passes away altogether ; absorbed in ‘ the cares and mighty troubles of the times,’ from which it has afforded, like sleep itself, a brief recess.

Perhaps our meaning will be better understood if we add, that the *substance* of these chapters in the ‘ Statesman,’ which relate to ordinary matters—as chairs, tables, candles, or dessert—is as proper and pertinent as the reflections above quoted ; but that the manner in which they are introduced, produces something of the effect which would have been felt, if Artevelde had been introduced addressing Van der Bosch in a formal speech on the propriety of not forgetting to go to bed.

Having said thus much by way of preparation, we beg to indulge our readers with the following sketch of the statesman’s drawing-room, which, we think, deserves attention, if not for its importance to his Majesty’s Government, at least for its beauty as *an interior* :—

‘ But as there will not always be life enough in the society of books to afford enjoyment to a statesman, let him step from the library to the drawing-room. A small society should not infrequently be formed there, consisting for the most part—but not wholly—of intimate ac-

quaintances, and they should be persons of lively conversation—but above all, of easy natures. Knowledge and wit will naturally be found in sufficient proportions in the society of a man of talents occupying an eminent position ; but if knowledge be argumentative and wit *agonistic*, the society becomes an arena, and loses all merit as a mode of relaxation. An adequate proportion of women will slacken the tone of conversation in these particulars, and yet tend to animate it also. And there is this advantage in the company of women—especially if some of them be beautiful and innocent—that breaks in conversation are not felt to be blanks ; for the sense of such a presence will serve to fill up voids and interstices. But though knowledge, wit, wisdom, and beauty should be found in this circle, there should be no sedulous exclusion of such persons not possessed of these recommendations, as would otherwise naturally find a place there. For unless the statesman between the business and the pleasures of the world have lost sight of its charities, he will not find his society the less of a relaxation for mixing some of the duties and benevolences of life with its enjoyments, and he will count amongst its amenities, if not amongst its charms, some proportion of attentions to the aged, and kindness to the dull and unattractive. It may also be observed that dullness, like a drab ground, serves to give an enhanced effect to the livelier colours of society.

• It will be perhaps equally desirable for the statesman whose business exhausts his excitability, and for him whose excitement, beginning in business, pursues him in his social hours, that the society which they cultivate should be *quietly* gay. Exuberant noisy gaiety will overbear the spirits of the exhausted man, and over-stimulate those of the other. Some reference should be had to this object in the lighting of his rooms, for the loud or low talking of a company, together with the tone of mind belonging to the tone of voice, very much depends upon that,—as any canary-bird will teach us when a handkerchief is thrown over his cage.

• Music is an excellent mode of relaxation to those who possess—I will not say an *ear* for it, because that seems a shallow expression—but a faculty of the mind for it. Yet unless a man's susceptibility in this kind be very peculiar, he will generally prefer music which mixes itself with conversation, or alternates with it by brief returns, to music which sets it aside. Instrumental music, exciting without engrossing the mind, will often rather stimulate and inspire conversation than suppress it ; though to take this advantage of it, the company must break up into retired groups or couples, speaking low in corners. But the singing of ladies is a thing which, in courtesy if not for enjoyment, must be heard in silence ; unless (which is best) it be heard from an adjoining room, through an open door, so that they who desire to listen to the song closely may pass in, and they who would listen more loosely and talk the while, may stay out. But under all circumstances, and not for the sake of the talk only, but for the sake of the songs, it is well that there should be some pause and space between one and another of them—filled up with instrumental music, if you will. For a song which has a wholeness in itself should be suffered to stand by itself, and then to die

away in the mind of the hearer, time being allowed for the effect of a preceding song to get out of the way of the effect of one which is to follow. It would be well therefore if ladies, who are often slow to begin their songs, would not be, when once begun, unknowing to intermit them.'

A third fault produced by his defective method of arrangement is of a more serious kind. We allude to the mixing up of two subjects which ought to be kept distinct,—the doctrine which teaches a man to do well for himself, with that which teaches him to do his duty. There is a chapter on the 'Arts of Rising;' another on 'Manners;' and a few paragraphs here and there occurring in which gentlemen, whose object it is to get on in the world, are informed how they may best secure a reputation with the world for abilities and virtues which they do not possess. These chapters are so grave in their tone, so reasonable in many of their suggestions, and come in company with so many earnest appeals to the sense of duty and serious precepts for the government of life, that it is not at once obvious in what character they are presented to us. They have no mark on their forehead to distinguish them from their betters. One of them, to be sure, is introduced with the following paragraph: 'The arts of rising, properly so called, *have commonly some mixture of baseness*,—more or less according as the aid from 'natural endowments is less or more.' And the other concludes with an admonition that these are the 'mere *tricks* of statesmanship, *which it may be quite as well to despise as to practise*.'

But this is not enough to consign them to their proper rank—to brand them as belonging to a different class of doctrines;—a class which cannot be safely approached by any one without great caution, and without a mind strongly pre-occupied with the *primum quærite*. Lord Bacon saw this so clearly that he took care doubly and trebly to guard against misapplication his elaborate and masterly treatise on the raising of a man's fortune. He separated it from the rest of his book, *De Negotiis*, under a distinct head,—*De Ambitu Vitæ*. He introduced it with an elaborate apology and explanation; and he concluded it with a solemn denunciation of all practices for the pressing of fortune, which should either lead a man to violate the laws of charity and integrity, or engage him in an 'incessant and sabbathless pursuit.' We certainly wish Mr Taylor had followed this example; for we cannot but think that in assuming the base nature of the practices described to be too obvious to need denouncing, he pays a greater compliment to his readers than many of them will deserve. If they all felt as natural a contempt for whatever 'has some mixture of baseness,' as it is obvious from other parts of the book that he himself feels, there

would be no danger of misapprehension. But he should have remembered that the many highly respectable persons who know by precept, but do not feel in their hearts the baseness of selfish cunning, will not perceive that these practices are spoken of with scorn.

Making due allowance, however, for this objection, these chapters are heartily welcome to us on a double account. While they detect and put to shame the tricks of selfish ambition—and he who practises to gain favour in men's eyes for no end which he can justify, and in no spirit which he can honourably avow, will always be put to shame by detection—they, at the same time, contain much useful instruction for the man who seeks worldly honour and advancement in the spirit of duty. For it must never be forgotten that he who would not only keep his vessel pure, but use it for the benefit of mankind, especially if his functions be of that kind which can only be exercised by working on and through the opinions and affections of other men, must stand well with the world no less than with his own conscience. For this end the simple possession of integrity is not enough. To the harmlessness of the dove he must unite the wisdom of the serpent. He must not despise the lesson which the unjust steward could teach him; for the children of light are not so wise but that they may learn something from the children of this world, who are in their generation wiser.

To what extent this wisdom may be *safely* practised—what kinds of artifice in this way are lawful—to what practices a man may bend himself without compromising his integrity—how low he may stoop to raise his neighbour without falling himself—how unclean materials he may with clean hands work upon—how coarse may be the texture of his honour;—these are hard and dangerous questions, which can be adequately solved only by the fine sense of an honourable nature seeking a purpose purely honest with a resolution truly moral.* It is better, therefore, that they be not reduced to precept, nor discussed till they present themselves for practical decision, but left to be decided in each case as it arises, and for that case only, by the individual conscience.

The same defect of arrangement has led to a fourth fault of a kind exactly opposite to the last; which may be almost de-

* 'Whereas the resolution of men truly moral ought to be such as the same Consalvo said the honour of a soldier should be, *e tela crasseiore*, and not so fine as that every thing should catch in it, and endanger it.'—*Adv. of Learning*.

scribed as the mixing up of sacred with profane. As, in the cases there referred to, the line of discussion sinks, or seems to sink, suddenly below the general level of the work, so, in some other parts, it rises as suddenly above it. There, in the midst of grave admonitions of what wise and good men ought to do, we stumble upon a description of what base men do. Here, in the midst of practical precepts and discussions, addressed to the plain business-like understanding, we pass with imaginations unawakened, and affections unprepared, to strains of higher mood, and far other interest,—vocal only to the purged ear and softened heart. We all know the effect of a pathetic speech on a mind not capable of, or not prepared for, the pathos. Such will be the effect of two or three chapters in this volume, which have reference to deeper interests, and point to perils and deliverances more intimate and spiritual than the reader's mind has been instructed, or his imagination raised to understand. The course of our criticisms may perhaps conduct us into this region before we conclude; but for the present we are in too profane a mood to approach it nearer.

We have now pretty well exhausted our stock of objections; and it is time to present our readers with a sample of the work itself—its substance and main import.

We have already said that it is chiefly important from its bearing on our system of executive government. The 'reform of the executive' is treated in two successive chapters, which form together the most complete disquisition in the book. The subject is discussed from beginning to end,—the disease exposed, and the remedy prescribed. The remedy might be readily and safely applied; but they from whom it should proceed are not at leisure; and even if they were, would doubtless wait, as the appeal is addressed to the public, till the public shall take up the cry. We wish these chapters had stood more in the front of the book; for the public is busy with novels and newspapers, and will not hear unless loudly addressed. The interior workings of Government, the slow processes by which measures are conceived, digested, and matured, are of necessity so reserved and noiseless, and removed from public observation,—have so little in them of the interest which attaches to personal and party warfare, that popular attention can never be naturally attracted towards those silent operations. Yet it might be thought that the magnitude of the results dependent upon them, together with a certain mystery which hangs about them, might be sufficient to awaken some passing interest, and draw away the public curiosity occasionally, and for a while, from the election, the clope-

ment, or the last new novel. Consider how many things the Government has to attend to—the complication of affairs which it has to control—the enormous magnitude and variety of interests of which it is (nominally at least) the guardian, and which are, in fact, continually appealing to its protection. Where is the eye that watches, the head that comprehends, the hand that manages these many and conflicting matters? ‘The Providence,’ says Ulysses—being in office, and speaking officially—

‘The Providence that’s in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus’ gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to.’

Now, without daring to meddle with the deeper mystery which is here pointed at, we shall have mystery enough on our hands for the present, if we say that all is done (so far as it is done) by human heads—by men with Christian names and surnames, who may be seen in the flesh. Does any body know who these are, or where they come from? The heads of departments, indeed, we know, and their under-secretaries; but we know also how insecure is their official existence—how rapidly Tories give place to Whigs, and Whigs to Tories—how incessantly they are occupied during their short career—and what kinds of business their heads and hands are full of during the parliamentary session. They are responsible to Parliament for all that is done; but it is obviously impossible that they can effectually superintend in person any considerable proportion of the matters which are transacted in their name. Duties of vast extent and importance must be devolved upon others. Can any one tell us who these persons are? Whence they are supplied? How they have been educated? What are their qualifications? We believe, that so far from being provided with an answer to these questions, most persons will have to pause before they perceive the difficulty at which they point. Ask why it is that, whenever an able and accomplished physician, lawyer, or clergymen is wanted, the difficulty is not to find but to choose—the answer is ready. They have their colleges, lecturers, tutors, professors; high prizes are offered; into one or other of these professions almost every body is drawn who has his fortune to make, or any natural gifts to make it

with. Year after year we see multitudes venturing their hopes and talents on those seas, and of those multitudes there are always *some* who prevail or prosper. But how are we supplied with able and accomplished statesmen? It cannot be said that abilities and accomplishments are unnecessary, or that those which are, will come of themselves. Their duties are not less wide, less complicated, or less important than those which belong to the liberal professions. They stand in need of qualifications, certainly not inferior, nor to be acquired by a less engrossing application; nor can the number of those who try to acquire them and fail, be smaller in proportion. Yet where is the stream and succession of candidates from which, as in the other case, the most eminent may be chosen for the highest offices? Of the few stragglers who, being independent by inheritance, are, nevertheless, not indisposed to do their work in the world, those who enter public life are for the most part drawn away at once by one or other of the noisy questions which happen to be agitating the public mind at home, from the multitude of pregnant interests—certainly more numerous and often far more important—which call from distant lands or from remote times. A few more there are who being, though not independent, yet enterprising and ambitious, also enter the public service; but they enter it as political adventurers, and, if not narrowed in their moral character by that most dangerous trade, are at least shut up in the creed and hopes of a political party. But these (such as they are) are before the public eye. Where are those whose operation is behind the scenes, and for whose ability to discharge their duties a more careful security ought to be taken in proportion as they are less watched in the exercise of it? We do not pretend to answer this question ourselves; but beg instead to call attention to the following extract, which we are unable either to enlarge upon with advantage, or to abridge without injury. The reflecting reader, who is desirous of information, will not, we are sure, complain of its length. It will probably suggest the answer which Mr Taylor (who professes to speak ‘concerning matters within his own knowledge’) would give. We do not venture to pronounce it to be the true one; but we have not any better to suggest.

‘The minister being thus relieved during the whole year, and his parliamentary assistant during the session of Parliament, it remains to enquire how the office business (setting aside the mere routine and mechanical part) is to be done without their help. The theory says, by one permanent and experienced officer. Whether we admit that the theory speaks the truth, depends entirely upon the view which we take of what the duties are, and of the manner in which they ought to be executed.

‘Descriptive and authenticated estimates of such duties are manifestly

impossible to be given : but let some considerations be deemed worthy to be well weighed.

‘ The far greater proportion of the duties which are performed in the office of a minister are and must be performed under no effective responsibility. Where politics and parties are not affected by the matter in question, and so long as there is no flagrant neglect or glaring injustice to individuals, which a party can take hold of, the responsibility to Parliament is merely nominal, or falls otherwise only through casualty, caprice, and a misemployment of the time due from Parliament to legislative affairs. Thus the business of the office may be reduced within a very manageable compass without creating public scandal. By evading decisions wherever they can be evaded ; by shifting them on other departments or authorities, where by any possibility they can be shifted ; by giving decisions upon superficial examinations, categorically, so as not to expose the superficiality in propounding the reasons ; by deferring questions till, as Lord Bacon says, “ they resolve of themselves ; ” by undertaking nothing for the public good which the public voice does not call for ; by conciliating loud and energetic individuals at the expense of such public interests as are dumb or do not attract attention ; by sacrificing every where what is feeble and obscure to what is influential and cognizable ; by such means and shifts as these, the single functionary granted by the theory may reduce his business within his powers, and perhaps obtain for himself the most valuable of all reputations in this line of life, that of “ a safe man ; ” and if his business even thus reduced strains, as it well may, his powers and industry to the utmost, then (whatever may be said of the theory) the man may be without reproach ; without other reproach at least than that which belongs to men placing themselves in a way to have their understandings abused and debased, their sense of justice corrupted, their public spirit and appreciation of public objects undermined.

‘ Turning (I would almost say revolting) from this to another view of what these duties are, and of the manner in which they ought to be performed, I would in the first place earnestly insist upon this,—that in all cases concerning points of conduct and quarrels of subordinate officers, in all cases of individual claims upon the public and public claims upon individuals, in short, in all cases (and such commonly constitute the bulk of a minister’s unpolitical business) wherein the minister is called upon to deliver a quasi-judicial decision, he should on no consideration permit himself to pronounce such decision unaccompanied by a detailed statement of all the material facts and reasons upon which his judgment proceeds. I know well the inconveniencies of this course ; I know that authority is most imposing without reason alleged ; I know that the reasons will rarely satisfy, and will sometimes tend to irritate the losing party, who would be better content to think himself overborne than convicted ; I am aware that the minister may be sometimes by this course inevitably drawn into protracted argumentation with parties whose whole time and understanding is devoted to getting advantages over him ; and with a full appreciation of these difficulties I am still of opinion, that for the sake of justice they ought to be encountered and dealt with. One

who delivers awards from which there is no appeal, for which no one can call him to account (and such, as has been said, is practically his exemption), if he do not subject himself to this discipline, if he do not render himself amenable to confutation, will inevitably contract careless and precipitate habits of judgment; and the case which is not to be openly expounded will seldom be searchingly investigated. In various cases, also, which concern public measures as well as those which are questions of justice, ample written and recorded discussion is desirable. Few questions are well considered till they are largely written about; and the minds and judgments of great functionaries transacting business *inter mœnia* labour under a deficiency of bold checks from oppugnant minds.

‘Again, in the view of those duties to which I would point, let this be included, that the department of the highest authority in the state should always be ready to take the lion’s share of responsibility and labour where the importance of the affair invites it. Where there is hazard and difficulty the inclination on the part of the superior authority should be that of the stronger nature, rather to assume than to devolve. For it is in this harmony between official power and natural strength that the state is justified.

‘Further, it is one business to do what must be done, another to devise what ought to be done. It is in the spirit of the British government as hitherto existing, to transact only the former business, and the reform which it requires is to enlarge that spirit so as to include the latter. Of and from amongst those measures which are forced upon him, to choose that which will bring him the most credit with the least trouble, has hitherto been the sole care of a statesman in office; and as a statesman’s official establishment has been heretofore constituted, it is care enough for any man. Every day, every hour, has its exigencies, its immediate demands; and he who has hardly time to eat his meals, cannot be expected to occupy himself in devising good for mankind. “I am,” says Mr Landor’s statesman, “a waiter at a tavern, where every hour is dinner-time, and pick a bone upon a silver dish.” The current compulsory business he gets through as he may; some is undone, some is ill-done, but at least to get it done is an object which he proposes to himself. But as to the inventive and suggestive portions of a statesman’s functions, he would think himself a Utopian dreamer if he undertook them; and such he would be if he undertook them in any other way than through a reconstitution and reform of his establishment.

‘And what then is the field for these inventive and self-suggested operations; and if practicable, would they be less important than those which are called for by the obstreperous voices of to-day and to-morrow?

‘I am aware that under popular institutions there are many measures of exceeding advantage to the people, which it would be in vain for a Minister to project, until the people, or an influential portion of the people, should become apprised of the advantage, and ask for it; many which can only be carried by overcoming resistance, much resistance only to be overcome with the support of popular opinion and general solicitude for the object. And, looking no fur-

ther, it might seem that what is not immediately called for by the public voice was not within the sphere of practical dealing. But I am also aware, that in the incalculable extent and multifarious nature of the public interests which lie open to the operations of a statesman in this country, one whose faculties should be adequate, would find (in every month that he should devote to the search) measures of great value and magnitude, which time and thought only were wanting to render practicable. He would find them, not certainly by shutting himself up in his closet and inventing what had not been thought of before, but by holding himself on the alert; by listening with all his ears (and he should have many ears abroad in the world) for the suggestions of circumstance; by catching the first moment of public complaint against real evil, encouraging it and turning it to account; by devising how to throw valuable measures that do not excite popular interest into one boat with those that do; by knowing (as a statesman who is competent to operations on a large scale may know) how to carry a measure by enlargement, such as shall merge specific objections that would be insurmountable in general ones that can be met; in short, by a thousand means and projects lying in the region between absolute spontaneous invention on the one hand, and mere slavish adoption on the other; such means and projects as will suggest themselves to one who meditates the good of mankind—"sagacious of his quarry from afar,"—but not to a Minister whose whole soul is, and must be, in the "notices of motions," and the order-book of the House of Commons, and who has no one behind to prompt him to other enterprise, no closet or office-statesman for him to fall back upon as upon an inner mind.

• This then is the great evil and want—that there is not within the pale of our Government any adequately numerous body of efficient statesmen, some to be more externally active and answer the demands of the day, others to be somewhat more retired and meditative, in order that they may take thought for the morrow. How great the evil of this want is, it may require peculiar opportunities of observation fully to understand and feel; but one who with competent knowledge should consider well the number and magnitude of those measures which are postponed for years, or totally pretermitted, not for want of practicability, but for want of time and thought; one who should proceed with such knowledge to consider the great means and appliances of wisdom which lie scattered through this intellectual country,—squandered upon individual purposes, not for the want of applicability to national ones, but for want of being brought together and directed; one who, surveying these things with a heart capable of a people's joys and sorrows, their happy virtue or miserable guilt on these things dependent, should duly estimate the abundant means unemployed, the exalted ends unaccomplished, could not choose, I think, but say within himself, that there must be something fatally amiss in the very idea of statesmanship on which our system of administration is based, or that there must be some mortal apathy at what should be the very centre and seat of life in a country, that the golden bowl must be broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern.

‘How this state of things is to be amended, it may be hard to teach, at least to minds which are fluttering in the perpetual agitation of current politics, or to those who have stiffened in established customs. But to a free and balanced understanding, I would freely say, that whatever other things be necessary (and they are many), it is in the first place indispensable to a reform of the Executive Government of this country, that every Minister of State charged with a particular department of public business, should be provided with four or six permanent under-secretaries instead of one;—that all of those four or six should be efficient closet-statesmen, and two of them at the least be endowed, in addition to their practical abilities, with some gifts of philosophy and speculation well cultivated, disciplined, and prepared for use.

‘Yet such is the prevalent insensibility to that which constitutes the real treasure and resources of the country—its serviceable and statesmanlike minds—and so far are men in power from searching the country through for such minds, or men in Parliament from promoting or permitting the search, that I hardly know if that Minister has existed in the present generation who, if such a mind were casually presented to him, would not forego the use of it rather than hazard a debate in the House of Commons upon an additional item in his estimates.

‘Till the Government of the country shall become a nucleus at which the best wisdom in the country contained shall be perpetually forming itself in deposit, it will be, except as regards the shuffling of power from hand to hand, and class to class, little better than a government of fetches, shifts, and hand-to-mouth expedients. Till a wise and constant instrumentality at work upon administrative measures (distinguished as they might be from measures of political parties) shall be understood to be essential to the government of a country, that country can be considered to enjoy nothing more than the embryo of a government,—a means towards producing, through changes in its own structure and constitution, and in the political elements acting upon it, something worthy to be called a government at some future time. For governing a country is a very different thing from upholding a government. “*Alia res sceptrum, alia plectrum.*”’

Mr Taylor then proceeds to consider in detail the establishment which a minister of state, according to the foregoing estimate of his duties, ought to command; the functions which should be assigned to his clerks; and the principles which should be observed in selecting, in remunerating, and in promoting them. We have not time to accompany him through this discussion; but we may briefly state the practical suggestions to which it conducts him. In the first place, he would have the mechanical part of the office-business entirely separated from the intellectual, and assigned to a separate class of persons, whose views and prospects should be confined within their own sphere;—all the copying—which is often of great importance in the transaction of business—to be performed by hired writers, attached to the

office, but paid by the job; allowing only 'a small class of 'salaried clerks for the despatch of such part of it as requires 'secrecy.' In the second place, in order to secure a fit selection from among the candidates for the intellectual department, he recommends that there should be probationary appointments as well as confirmed ones; and that for each vacant clerkship, not less than three probationers should compete; and for each vacancy among the probationers, not less than three candidates.

With respect to remuneration, Mr Taylor decides that, on the whole, 'what is most conducive to good appointments in the first 'instance, and thenceforward to deriving benefit from them, is to 'offer a small remuneration to the beginner, with successive expectations proportioned to the merits which he shall manifest, 'and of such increasing amount as shall be calculated to keep 'easy, through the progressive wants of single and married life, 'the mind of a prudent man. Upon such a system, if unfit men 'belonging to influential families shall make good an entrance 'into the service, they will be more easily got rid of; since, finding that they have got but little in hand, and have but little 'more to look to, they will hardly be desirous to continue in a 'career in which they must expect to see their competitors shoot 'ahead of them.'

But remuneration in money will not be enough to keep long in a state of contentment men gifted with the energy and ability which is requisite for this kind of work. 'Active and intelligent 'men will, by the common ordinances of nature, become discontented, and gather some rust upon the edge of their serviceable 'quality, if, whilst they find themselves going with large steps 'down the vale of years, they do not fancy themselves to be at 'the same time making proportionate approximations to some 'summit of fortune, which they shall have proposed to themselves to attain.' Mr Taylor is therefore of opinion, that the system should be so contrived that a 'meritorious man may find 'some advancement accrue to him at least once in every ten 'years;' and that, wherever there is a marked distinction of merit, preferment should invariably go by that, not by seniority. The security against abusive patronage would, he thinks, be adequate in the main; because 'it is in the nature of industrious 'ability, acting through various methods and upon various motives, to vindicate its own claims under any system in which 'those claims are recognised; and the system which shall conform to this natural tendency, and be so framed as to *legitimate the rising of what is buoyant*, will be found to work the 'best.'

There can be no doubt, we think, as to the wisdom of these suggestions, and the very great superiority which such a constitution of the Executive would have over the present system. The improvement, so far as we can judge, would be both immediate and unmixed.

It may still, however, be doubted whether this department of the public service, excluding as it does all political and parliamentary distinction, would, even thus constituted, be rich enough in worldly advantages and temptations to attract candidates of the best quality in sufficient numbers. The advantages which it holds out to young men of ability and enterprise are attended with some material drawbacks. The remuneration, though certain, is small; the higher prizes are few and far between; the labour and confinement, sometimes the anxiety, not inconsiderable; and all the reputation which can be acquired is confined within the walls of the office. But there is yet a more serious disadvantage, which will be most felt by the best men. The life is essentially a subordinate, and may almost be termed an *unreal* one. Every thing the clerk does must be done in the name, and subject to the approval, and (nominally, at least) under the direction of another. Thus he is always working on another man's ground, and seems to have no property in what he does. This want of something felt and recognised as proceeding from himself—of something for which he may claim credit, and which he may be called on to answer for—this privation, as it were, of a personal existence, we cannot but regard as a very serious evil in this kind of life; and as very likely not only to make a man dissatisfied, but to induce habits of indifference, to damp the spirit of energy and enterprise, and to enfeeble the sense of duty. To separate the man from his business is bad for both.

To a certain extent, indeed, the evil is inseparable from the thing, for somebody must be master; but we think it might be considerably alleviated, with great advantage to all parties concerned. The business, be it remembered, of the 'indoor statesman' is not to execute only, but to consider,—to devise, to suggest, to do every thing but direct and decide. Many matters, therefore, must be trusted to him of great importance, and requiring the full weight and application of his mind. This he will rarely lend, unless he feel either that the whole transaction is to proceed from himself; or, at least, that in all which does proceed from him his own character is implicated. It appears to us, therefore, that those persons who are trusted for suggesting what is to be done, ought to be made publicly and personally responsible for all that they suggest; not, of course,

that their names should ordinarily appear, but that they should be *liable* to appear, in case any transactions in which they have had a hand should be called in question. There would be no difficulty in effecting this. The under-secretary, we will suppose, or the clerk, draws up a paper for the information of the Secretary of State, recommending a decision. That decision is either adopted entirely, or adopted only in part, or set aside altogether. If adopted, let the paper on which it is founded remain as an official document,—producing should the matter be enquired into, in the name, and as the production of the author,—so he will be answerable for all that is his own. If partly set aside, let the original paper remain as before, with a note of the points overruled, and the reasons for overruling them—so he will be answerable for nothing which is not his own. If set aside altogether,—that is, if the matter be taken entirely out of his hands,—his paper may be cancelled at once. Under such a regulation his heart would be in his business. But a man can hardly be expected to apply the full force of his mind and conscience to the consideration of a question, when (as under the present system) he knows that he is thinking only for another,—that his opinion may very likely be overruled,—and that he is in no way responsible for the ultimate decision. It must often happen that an inferior functionary drawing up a paper for the approval of his superior, entertains a different opinion on the *principle* of the question at issue from that which his superior is known to entertain. In that case, the best he can do is to argue as well as he can on principles to which his own mind does not assent,—generally a lame operation; adding, perhaps, if he be solicitous to absolve himself from all responsibility, that in his private opinion the decision is an unjust one, *but with that he has nothing to do*. It is more probable, however, that he will not think it necessary to interpose such protest; and then, in addition to the lameness of the operation, the responsibility of the unjust decision falling between the two, is felt by neither. If he knew himself liable to be called on to stand father to all his own recommendations, he would take more care to keep the breed pure.

We submit that this plan would be of advantage to all parties: to the minister, because his position would be less false—he would have less to avow of what he did not perform; to the clerk, because he would have more to avow of what he did perform; to the service generally, both because it would nourish a deeper sincerity in devising, a bolder integrity in urging, and a more hearty activity in executing; and because, by opening a new path to ambition—an ambition humble indeed, but of the most wholesome kind—the ambition to enjoy a reputation for doing good

service in obscurity—it would increase the dignity of the profession, and tempt more aspirants into its ranks.

If the public service held out to young men of aspiring natures, yet too poor or too wise to trust themselves in the hazardous game of party politics, such temptations as might enable it to compete with the liberal professions, able men would never be wanted for it: they would present themselves unsought. As it is, a man can hardly be recommended to enter the public service, who has reasonable prospect of success in any other career; and while it remains thus, the selection of able men must be left to chance, or to the watchfulness and zeal of public men on behalf of the public; which (if we may trust the spirit of Mr Taylor's censures) is not much more to be depended on.

We have dwelt thus largely on this part of the book, not only because of its immediate practical importance, and because the Reform proposed is one of those towards which no step will be taken by those within, except through the influence of importunacy from without;—but because, in order to understand the full value and meaning of the book, it is necessary that this question should be prominent in the reader's mind. An indifferent and inexperienced person will not readily appreciate the cure and the importance of it; but in reading these scattered essays, in which the subject is touched and crossed, and approached in a variety of ways and moods, with a constant reference, direct or indirect, to the practical question; an impression will gradually work itself on the timid, of the great abilities, natural and acquired, which are requisite for the competent discharge of the public service; of the cultivation necessary to endow a man with such abilities; of the absence of any attempt in this country to provide a systematic education for that end; of the consequent 'solitude of able men' to serve in affairs of state; and of the manifold duties undischarged or ill discharged, from the mere want of strength and spirit to guide the councils and execute the decisions of the Government;—an adequate appreciation of all which things cannot but inspire him with a zealous interest in the question concerning this remedy.

We had intended to enter at some length into Mr Taylor's more miscellaneous disquisitions; and to endeavour, by gathering up and arranging his scattered notices and precepts, to put together a *Statesman*, such as he would approve, out of the materials which he has supplied to our hands. But we must be content with recommending our readers to attempt this for themselves. Such an exercise will at once disperse those misapprehensions which we have pointed out as likely to mislead careless perusers. It will keep their minds at that elevation, and in that state of

activity, which may enable them to fill up or allow for the breaks and gaps; to entertain with a light attention the lighter matters; to mark strongly whatever is essential and important; and so to see the whole picture in proportion and perspective. Nor will the study which this may require be otherwise thrown away; for the reflections which they will meet with at every step (though so just as to seem obvious, and to be actually barren to an inattentive observer) will be found, by one who gives them time to unfold, pregnant with meanings, and must be tasted curiously, and digested leisurely, that their full virtue may be felt. We must be satisfied with a single extract, taken almost at random, which we submit both as a sample of the work, and as a theme for meditation. It relates to 'a statesman's most pregnant function—the choice and use of instruments.'

'It is less desirable to be surrounded and served by men of a shallow cleverness and slight character, than by men of even less talent who are of sound and stable character.

* * * * *

'But if there be in the character not only sense and soundness, but virtue of a high order, then, however little appearance there may be of *talent*, a certain portion of *wisdom* may be relied upon almost implicitly. For the correspondences of wisdom and goodness are manifold; and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because men's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Questions of right and wrong are a perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the right and wrong of what they do and see; and a deep interest of the heart in these questions carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding than can be easily effected by any other excitement to intellectual activity. Although, therefore, simple goodness does not imply every sort of wisdom, it unerringly implies some essential conditions of wisdom; it implies a negative on folly, and an exercised judgment within such limits as Nature shall have prescribed to the capacity. And where virtue and extent of capacity are combined, there is implied the highest wisdom, being that which includes the worldly wisdom with the spiritual.

'A statesman who numbers the wise and good amongst his political friends, men of sense and respectability among his adherents; who deems himself in a spirit of liberal but disengaged good-will towards his ordinary partisans, and holds himself towards his tools *in no reciprocity of that relation*; who enlists in the public service all the capable men he can find, and renders them available to the extent of their capabilities, all other men's jealousies notwithstanding, and any jealousy of his own out of the question;—such a statesman has already, in the commonwealth of his own nature, given to the nobler functions the higher place; and as a minister, therefore, he is one whom his country may be satisfied to trust, and its best men be glad to serve. He, on the other hand, who sees in the party he forms only the pedestal of his own sta-

tue, or the plinth of a column to be erected to his honour, may, by inferior means and lower service, accomplish his purposes, such as they are; but he must be content with vulgar admiration, and lay out of account the respect of those who will reserve that tribute from what is merely powerful, and render it only to what is great. "He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men," says Lord Bacon, "hath a great task; but that is ever good for the public. But he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers, is the decay of a whole age."

The part of the book which is least satisfactory to us is the chapter 'on the Ethics of Politics.' We have not time to enter at large into the subject, and only mention it for the sake of keeping it in agitation; for there is no subject which needs agitating more.

The evils resulting from the unsettled state of this science, as at present existing, and the perplexities which beset the path of a public man, whether he adopt the stricter or the looser creed, Mr Taylor seems to us to estimate very justly. Those who would apply to political transactions the recognised rules of private morality, cannot act up to this principle; those who deny their applicability 'are often unable to find footing on any principle whatever.'

We do not, however, think him happy either in the examples which he gives of the dilemma, or in the solution which he offers. He attempts to find footing for himself on a distinction in principle between political and private ethics; and proposes to permit the statesman to set aside any precept of private morals, when he thinks that less harm will be done by the violation of the rule than by the action which the rule would prescribe.

The distinction, we think, is not a sound one; and is, in fact, a step the wrong way. To say that the violation of a *principle* of morality, whether in public or private life, can ever be morally justifiable, is little better than a contradiction in terms. To say that cases may occur in which the *rules* of morality must be violated in order to preserve the *principles* inviolate, is as true in private as in political matters. No doubt the cases are so very different, that the same principle, applied to both, prescribes a different set of rules for each; and for want of observing this, the recognised code of political morality (so far as any code is recognised) is miserably defective; as appears from the number of doubtful actions which every body pronounces wrong, yet every body admits must be done 'under existing circumstances.' That the authorized bounds of morality, public or private, should be so strictly defined, that *every* action which they include may be set down as lawful, every action which they exclude as unlawful, is not perhaps to be wished; for the conscience can perceive

subtler distinctions than any words can define. But they should be made to include all actions to which a man will *ordinarily* have to consent; leaving a few doubtful ones outside, that they may not be assumed on general authority to be allowable, but explicitly sanctioned in each case by the individual conscience, duly exercised and awakened by the peril of responsibility. So far is our code of political morals from hitting the just boundary, that every body actively engaged in politics is of necessity, with regard to that code, a truant and a vagabond;—what he *must do*, leaves out of sight what he must profess to approve of doing.

Fully conceding, however, to Mr Taylor, that our creed stands in these respects grievously in need of revision, we cannot but think that the disease lies far deeper than any revision of the creed can reach; and that the cure must be effected not by drawing the distinctions, but by pressing the *analogies* between public and private duty. The root of the disease is this—there is no genuine sense of obligation towards the public.

Among the motives to action of a sane man, mere public spirit is hardly recognised as one. In all dealings with the public, every man is assumed to be acting from motives of private interest. If any selfish motive is apparent, his conduct is accounted for at once, and nobody wonders; if none can be assigned, he is suspected of some *sinister* object, and people like him the worse; if he persevere in a consistent course of action to his manifest disadvantage, he is pitied and forgiven as an enthusiast. Till of late years this state of feeling manifested itself in shameless dissoluteness. We are now more refined; and though our hearts are not better, our conversation and professions are much more virtuous. Though we do not ‘appreciate, in feeling,’ the importance of public duties, we at least ‘magnify them in words.’ From strumpets we are turned prudes. This is an improvement, no doubt, so far as it goes; for in all the ordinary duties, which can be learned by rote, prudery will go along with virtue. But as soon as a question presents itself which is not set down in the book, and requires for its solution the living and thinking principles of virtue, and the delicate sense of honour, it is at once thrown out and lost.

How is this to be reformed? How is a vital principle of duty to be substituted for this heartless form of words? A manly consistency of action, for the mere movement in a straight line? We answer,—not by relaxing the code (for it is not by unlacing a prude that you can make modesty sit easily on her) but by teaching men to feel the same interest and sense of obligation in their dealings with the public, which they do feel in their daily dealings with each other; and thus to carry whole into the wider

sphere the same principles of action which their heart and conscience have prescribed and sanctioned in the narrower. Nobody could execute this task better than Mr Taylor, and we earnestly hope that he may hereafter apply himself to it.

When all is done, however, the principle of public obligation will in most men be comparatively weak—the rules intricate and difficult of application—the path of duty slippery and surrounded with temptations. The statesman must still ‘be engaged in a field of action which is one of great danger to truthfulness and ‘sincerity,’—his conscience must still ‘walk too like the ghost of ‘a conscience, in darkness or twilight.’ In all these perils he must look for light to show him the way, and strength to carry him through, to the experiences and exercises of his private life in the duties between man and man. For this reason it is more peculiarly incumbent on him to preserve that side of his character sound and healthy; and to endeavour in all ways and at all times—by a stricter performance of all private duties—a deeper appreciation of private virtues—by exercising and enlarging his heart in domestic affections and neighbourly charities—to guard on all sides his private conscience from assault, and keep that vessel pure; that his political conscience, parched with restless anxieties and exhausted by incessant attention to duties which it has not leisure to feel, may draw from it continually fresh supplies of health and nourishment.

To this division of the subject three chapters must be referred,—which we have already alluded to as likely to provoke a laugh,—because likely to be read in a different spirit from that in which they were written; the chapters on marriage, on order, and on the ‘statesman out of office.’ We have already transgressed our limits, or we should be tempted to quote them here, for the benefit of all those who are capable of appreciating the peril and the deliverance;—of all who can be made sad by the thought how easily the *man* may be absorbed in the *Statesman*,—may learn to know *himself* only as the controller of public interests, or the leader of a political party;—of all into whose imagination it has entered to conceive the dismal possibility of a man, through long practice in official transactions, official manners, and official forms of speech, acquiring in the end an *official heart*!

But we must content ourselves with recommending the book itself; and so break off. The peculiar conciseness and pregnancy of the style requires that it should be read slowly and every sentence tasted.

ART. XII.—*History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix la Chapelle.* By LORD MAHON. Vol. I. 8vo. London: 1836.

THERE is much to approve in the design, and not a little to commend in the execution of Lord Mahon's book. It is undertaken to supply an undeniable deficiency in our historical literature. We have no tolerable account of English affairs from the peace of Utrecht to the peace of Aix la Chapelle. Tindal's *Continuation of Rapin* is the least exceptionable. It is full of useful information, and written with fairness and candour; but it is dull and heavy, and not overburdened with thought or reflection. Smollett is short, meager, and partial; Belsham empty and declamatory; Goldsmith careless and superficial. Lord John Russell began a similar work some years ago, on a more extensive scale; and for that very reason, perhaps, it was dropped soon after its commencement. Coxe, in his various publications, has furnished us with valuable materials for this portion of our annals; but writing biography, and not general history, he confined himself to transactions, in which the persons whose lives he relates were more particularly concerned. It was, therefore, with no small satisfaction, that we saw a history of this period announced from the pen of Lord Mahon; nor have we been disappointed in our expectations. He writes in a plain, unaffected style, with an occasional mixture of familiar phrases and turns of expression, which is far from being displeasing to us. His reflections are benevolent and humane; and when not biassed by party politics, they are in general of a liberal cast. His narrative is minute and circumstantial without being tedious. His history of the Rebellion, in particular, is clear, distinct, and entertaining. In his judgment of persons, he is on the whole fair, candid, and discriminating. His detestation of the vices of Dubois does not prevent him from seeing and doing justice to the good sense and sagacity of that profligate, but extraordinary man; and in blaming the boldness and extravagance of Alberoni's conceptions, he gives him credit for his vigour and perseverance in the execution of his designs. He is a diligent enquirer after truth, and if he sometimes errs, his errors, we believe, are unintentional.

As a specimen of his style and manner of writing, we shall select his characters of Queen Anne, and of her favourite minister the Earl of Oxford:—

‘In reviewing,’ says he, ‘the chief characters, which we find at this pe-

riod on the political stage, that of the Queen need not detain us long. She was a very weak woman, full of prejudices, fond of flattery—always blindly guided by some female favourite, and, as Swift bitterly exclaims, “had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time.” Can it be necessary to waste many words upon the mind of a woman who could give as a reason—a lady’s reason—for dismissing a Cabinet Minister, that he had appeared before her in a tie wig instead of a full bottom? Is it not evident, that in such a case, we must study the advisers and not the character of a sovereign—that we must look to the setting and not to the stone?

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and at this time Lord Treasurer and Prime Minister, is one of the most remarkable examples in history, how it is possible to attain both popularity and power without either genius or virtue. Born in 1661, and bred in Presbyterian principles, which, however, he was not slow in forsaking, he entered Parliament soon after the accession of King William, and was, during four years, Speaker of the House of Commons. On quitting the chair, in 1704, he was made Secretary of State through the recommendation of Marlborough. He was, however, an object of suspicion to his other colleagues. “His humour,” said Lord Chancellor Cowper at the time, “is never to deal clearly or openly, but always with reserve, if not dissimulation, and to love tricks when not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning.” He had hitherto, in a great measure, skilfully trimmed between the Tories and the Whigs, and secured a great number of adherents from both. But, almost immediately after his junction with the latter, he began to cabal against them; obtained private interviews with the Queen, through the means of Mrs Masham; gradually worked himself into her Majesty’s confidence, and filled her with distrust of her responsible advisers. His letters at that period to Marlborough and Godolphin, prove that he knew how to combine the most subtle schemes of malice with the most ardent professions of friendship. His plotting being at last partly brought to light, he was compelled to resign in February, 1708. But he immediately put himself at the head of the Tories; and, retaining his back-stairs influence at court and his early friends among the dissenters, he, in little more than two years, undermined and overthrew the great Whig Administration. He became chief of that which succeeded; obtained not only the Treasurer’s staff, but the earldom of Oxford; and, next to Mrs Masham herself, was now the most important subject of the realm. He seems to have possessed in perfection a low sort of management, and all the baser arts of party, which enabled him to keep together and cajole his followers, and to sow divisions amongst his enemies. He spared neither pains nor promises to secure adherents. He affected, upon every question, a tone of forbearance and candour. But he was one of those inferior spirits who mistake cunning for wisdom. His slender and pliant intellect was well fitted to crawl up to the heights of power, through all the crooked mazes and dirty by-paths of intrigue; but having once attained the pinnacle, its smallness and meanness were exposed to all the world. From the moment of his triumph, the expert party leader was

turned into the most dilatory and helpless of ministers; his best friends were reduced to complain that no business could be done with him. "Lord Treasurer," says Swift, "is the greatest procrastinator in the world. He only says—poh, poh! all will be well. He told Mr Lewis it should be determined to-night; and so he will say a hundred nights." Even his taste for literature was numbered among his faults; for in him (if I may borrow a phrase from Tillotson) it was only a specious and ingenious sort of idleness. In personal intercourse he was mild, courteous, and conciliatory; but in public affairs, whenever he could temporize no longer, and was driven to some decision, he had a bias to prerogative and arbitrary measures, as being most easy and convenient to himself. With all his indolence in business, he was so jealous of its possession as to claim from his colleagues a larger share of it than even the greatest genius and activity could have satisfactorily transacted.'

But, while we bestow the praise we think due to Lord Mahon's book, there is one blemish that seems to us to pervade it from beginning to end. His lordship sees every event through the medium of his party politics. In relating past transactions, his mind continually recurs to the political struggles and contentions of his own times. Others may be swayed by a similar bias; but Lord Mahon proclaims it loudly, and forces it, without necessity or provocation, on the observation of his readers. He cannot quote Queen Anne's speech from the throne, on the peace of Utrecht, without contrasting it with the speech of the Prince Regent on the peace of Paris. He cannot mention the Duke of Marlborough, without some allusion to the Duke of Wellington; and though far from excusing, or even palliating, the political delinquencies of the hero of Blenheim, we verily believe that he feels a deeper concern for them, on account of the inward comparison he is continually making in his own mind between that illustrious general and the hero of Waterloo. Having, from the part he has taken in politics, been seldom if ever gratified with demonstrations of popular applause, he goes out of his way to express his hatred and contempt of 'King Mob;' and, though far from insensible to the laudable feelings of family attachment, he seems even to exult in the defeat of his ancestor, 'when put in nomination for Westminster,' because he was the 'mob favourite;'—'a circumstance,' he observes, 'which, *at that period*, did not either imply subserviency 'or insure success;' for 'the popular shouts at Westminster 'were not *then* reserved exclusively for despotic pledges, nor had 'it *yet* become usual for the electors to determine their choice 'according to the clamours of the non-electors.'* Having oc-

* P. 159.

casion to mention some 'Church and King' riots at Bristol, Oxford, and Birmingham,* he cannot help exclaiming, in reference to Bristol, 'what a contrast to the scenes of 1831;' or reminding the once Tory town of Birmingham that it was *then* remarkable for its High Church and monarchical principles. To the unchanged and unchangeable Oxford he has no such reproaches to address—no such tergiversations to object. It is still the same as when his ancestor, General Stanhope, employed a troop of dragoon to coerce the Vice-Chancellor, and frighten the Fellows from their intended rebellion.

No possible allusion to existing circumstances, or to recent events, ever escapes the watchful eye and vigilant attention of his Lordship. The vindication of Marlborough by Coxe, reminds him of the memoirs of the 'Arch-Traitor Fouché;'† and the dissolution in 1710, of 'the conduct of the Whigs in May 1831.'‡ He cannot relate the provisions of the act of settlement without a sarcasm at 'our new Constitution of 1832;' nor express his approbation of the Hanover succession, without entering his protest against the 'hateful demon of despotism, when 'he assumes the dangerous and ensnaring disguise of revolutionary license.'§ After remarking that he finds 'no coalition 'so unnatural, no opposition so factious' as the alliance of Walpole with the Tories in 1717, he subjoins in a note, 'this observation was written before February, 1833.'§

This propensity to view every subject with a reference to modern politics leads him at times to awkward inconsistencies. Having loaded his piece with Conservative fire, he discharges it to the right and left without considering what he hits. Though a professed admirer of the Revolution of 1688, he does not scruple to say, that it is 'by junctions of dissembling knaves and honest 'dupes, that *all* revolutions are effected.'¶ Though he would probably claim, as a Tory, the greatest practical reformer of our commercial system in modern times, he cannot resist the temptation of twitting those who sit opposite to him on the Treasury bench with the observation, that 'in that unenlightened age (the 'days of Queen Anne) merchants and practical men of business 'were usually preferred to theorists and speculators.'** Why he should appeal to practical men of business as his friends and allies, we must confess we are unable to comprehend. We doubt whether any of those persons would adopt his theory (though fortified by a *dictum* of Sully), that one of the reasons why the price of small commodities is 'kept up unduly' in England, arises

* P. 169. † 20. ‡ 17. § 148. § 396. ¶ 482. ** 50.

from the practice we have adopted of 'reckoning by pounds or 'guineas instead of crown pieces;' * which implies, that the higher we make the denomination of our coins, the higher will be our prices. But with all submission to Sully and Lord Mahon, we hardly believe there is a member even of a Chandos committee who could be persuaded to recommend as a remedy for agricultural distress, that we should estimate the price of wheat in moidores or ounces, in place of sovereigns.

As well-wishers to Lord Mahon, and writing in no unfriendly spirit, we advise him to retrench such passages in his next edition, and to avoid them in his future volumes. He who aspires to write a history for posterity, should not lower his work to the standard of newspapers and party pamphlets. But before we quit this part of the subject we have some further remarks to lay before him.

He is still fascinated with his imaginary discovery, that the Whigs and Tories have changed places since the days of Queen Anne. He has not profited by the lesson read to him in one of our former Numbers. He has forgot the comparison there made between the progress of society and the march of an army. He is aware, that in every art or science founded on observation and experience, the progress must be continual, the advance indefinite. In penal legislation he admits 'the gradual advance of 'humane and merciful principles,' so that the 'clemency of one 'age appears cruelty to the more compassionate feelings of the 'next;' and expresses his delight at 'this progressive respect for 'human life, and aversion to human suffering.' Does he suppose that this improvement has been confined to penal legislation? Can he deny, that our notions of civil government have become more just and definite since the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors? Can he doubt the fact, that while the government of England, during the last century, has been subjected to a more effectual responsibility and popular control, it has been rendered more efficient for the maintenance of order and preservation of internal tranquillity? Had he traced this progress with his usual diligence, keeping in his eye the two great parties that divide the state, he would have found, as in the march of the Israelites to the promised land, the House of Judah continually 'the first to set out,' and the tribes originally in the rear 'still the hindmost with their standards.' But, instead of following this course, he has repaired to the present encampment of the Tories; and finding in it some leavings of the Whigs,

* P. 444.

which they had abandoned, when they marched forward to a more advanced position, he has planted his tent amidst the ancient enemies of his family, and fancies he is still fighting under the colours of his ancestors. Had he looked around him, and contemplated the present guardians of the relics which seem to have laid such powerful hold on his imagination, he would have discovered among them the same venerable doctors, the same Tory fox-hunters, that admired and hallooed the Harleys and the St Johns—the same High Church faction that flourished in the days of Atterbury and Swift—with the same meek and humble language from their lips, the same love of domination, the same haughty spirit of intolerance in their minds—and, looking more narrowly, he might perchance have detected in their ranks some modern Sacheverell, ‘his head reeling with vanity, ‘his heart overflowing with gall.’* Had he then cast his eyes forward to the Whigs, he would have found them, as they have ever been, busy in devising improvements in every department of the State; sedulous in promoting education; and earnest in extending to every class of their fellow-subjects the free and popular institutions of their forefathers. He would have found among them no exclusive spirit, no distrust or fear of any portion of their countrymen. He would have caught from them no alarms at the increase of our town population; no desire to impose on Englishmen the necessity of obtaining passports from a Secretary of State, in order to qualify them for foreign travel.† Instead of hearing a ‘no Popery’ cry sounded from their ranks, he would have beheld ‘religious liberty’ inscribed on their banners. If he failed to discover among them ‘so strong a Protestant feeling‡ ‘as happily prevailed’ in the days of Queen Anne, he would have found a spirit of charity that more happily supplied its place. Under their guidance, incredible as it may appear to him, he would have seen the public revenue increase by the repeal of taxes; and trade and manufactures flourish by the abandonment of those protecting duties, the loss of which he deploras. In their foreign policy he would have found no leaning to Dutch or French, to German or Spaniard, but a spirit truly and entirely English—no hankering after pretenders or abdicated princes—no apprehensions lest other nations should be as free as their own. After all, it is perhaps fortunate for Lord Mahon’s book, that he has taken the Tories of 1830 for the genuine representatives of Lord Somers and General Stanhope. Deceived by the slight and superficial marks to which he trusts, his mistake has led him,

like the blind patriarch of old, to pour forth on Jacob the blessings which he might otherwise have bestowed upon Esau.

Of the Whigs in the time of Queen Anne, none seems to have been more in advance of his party than Lord Mahon's ancestor, General Stanhope. We do not approve of his public conduct in all points, but we admit his merits as a soldier, and admire his fearless, uncompromising character as a statesman. Superior to the herd of vulgar politicians, his anticipations of a future and more liberal age reflect credit on his heart and understanding. While all around him were trembling at the imaginary progress of Popery, he had the sense to perceive, and the courage to avow his opinion, that Roman Catholics should be permitted to educate their children at home in their own religion. A still more extensive measure, which he attempted for their relief, is justly characterised by Lord Mahon as 'the earliest germ of Roman Catholic emancipation.'* At a time when the magnitude of our national debt filled every bosom with alarm, he had the sagacity to foresee its increase, unattended by the fatal consequences then apprehended from it. He repealed the schism act,—the most bitter fruit of High Church and Tory bigotry and malignity,—and made an ineffectual effort to get rid of some parts of the test act. He saw the want of some reform in that rudely-constructed instrument of government the House of Lords, though he was mistaken in the course he took to amend its defects. Such was the impress he left on his descendants, that for two generations they were among the foremost of their party, and were indeed not unfrequently to be found in the advanced guard, if not among the forlorn hope of the army. Success did not always crown their efforts, but the want of it detracts not from their merit. Had the motion of the late Lord Stanhope in 1794 been carried, what bloodshed and calamity might have been saved! Had he lived to see the reform of 1832, how his inmost heart would have rejoiced!

There is one part, however, of the political life of General Stanhope, in which we cannot agree with the elaborate vindication of his conduct attempted by his descendant.† We allude to his coalition with Lord Sunderland and the Hanoverian ministers, which led to the dismissal of Lord Townshend. Lord Mahon has detected several errors in the narrative given by Coxe of this transaction; but has not himself altogether escaped from error in his account of it. We shall not, however, fatigue our readers with a minute examination of the state-

* P. 490, and Appendix, 73.

† Pp. 320—380.

ments on either side. The main facts of the case it is impossible to explain away or to justify. Stanhope was selected by his colleagues to accompany the King in his journey to Hanover, as the confidential friend of Townshend and Walpole, for the purpose of protecting them against the machinations of the Hanoverian junto, whom they had offended, and against the intrigues of Sunderland, who was desirous to supplant them. The utmost cordiality seems to have prevailed between Stanhope and the friends he had left in England, till some delay in signing a treaty with Dubois at the Hague drew from him a most angry and unprovoked letter of complaint. Townshend's justification was complete; and Horace Walpole, who had been the bearer of it to Hanover, returned to England with the strongest assurances from Stanhope of his continued friendship towards his colleague. In twelve days, Townshend was removed from his situation as Prime Minister, with consent of Stanhope, who became his successor; and adding, as Townshend thought, insult to injury, a subordinate place in the Government was offered and pressed upon him by his late friend and dependent. The will and determination of the King were the only reasons assigned by Stanhope for his compliance; but both he and Sunderland owned at the Hague, that it was through the false representations of the Hanoverian favourites that this change in the English ministry had been effected. What ought to have been the conduct of Stanhope in these circumstances is implied in a reproachful but touching letter addressed to him by Walpole on the occasion. 'What could prevail on you to enter into such a scheme as this, and appear to be the chief actor in it, and undertake to carry it through in all events, without which it could not have been undertaken, is unaccountable. Lord Townshend has no way deserved it of you. He never thought you could enter into a combination of his enemies against him.'*

Lord Mahon appears to think it a want of consistency in Townshend, that 'he greatly fluctuated in his opinions as to foreign politics,' which were at the bottom of all these changes. In one of his letters, he urges 'peace with Sweden, even at some sacrifice.' In a subsequent despatch, 'he is for pushing the war with Sweden, and coming to a good understanding with the Czar.'† Lord Mahon forgets, that in the interval between these two despatches, Townshend had detected the machinations of Gortz and Gyllenberg in favour of the Pretender.‡

* Coxe's Sir Robert Walpole, Vol. II. p. 143.

† Townshend to Stanhope, Oct. 12-23, 1716.

‡ P. 362.

As an instance of the disrespectful tone of Lord Townshend's communications with the King (one of the reasons alleged for his dismissal), Lord Mahon quotes a letter from Townshend's confidential friend Poyntz to Stanhope; which he argues must have been laid before the King, because it is not marked 'Private.'* He overlooks the fact, that it enclosed a letter from Townshend to Stanhope, which *was* marked 'Private;' and that it was left to Stanhope's discretion to show the enclosure to the King, or to suppress it entirely.† No one can peruse the letter of Poyntz without seeing that it was not intended for the King's eye. If read to him by Stanhope, it must have been from treachery, or in a fit of absence.

When Lord Mahon says of Walpole and Townshend that 'in their eagerness to thwart and embarrass the new administration at all risks, they combined with the Tories to screen their old enemy, Lord Oxford, from justice,'‡ he is hardly fair to these old rivals of his ancestor. In a despatch of Townshend to Stanhope, dated November 2, 1716, § there is the following passage:—'With respect to Lord Oxford's trial, the Lords (of the Council) are of opinion, that the charge of high treason should be dropped, it being very certain that there is not sufficient evidence to convict him of that crime, but that he should be pushed with all possible vigour on the point of misdemeanour.' Such having been the opinion of Townshend and his colleagues in November, 1716, and the change of administration, which substituted Sunderland and Stanhope, having taken place in the December following, why was not the charge of treason abandoned before the 24th of June, 1717, when the Lords decided that that charge must be disposed of before the other articles could be entertained? Lord Mahon remarks, that this decision of the Lords 'was the very result which the partisans of Oxford had expected and desired.' But if it was so, whose fault was it that the Commons persisted in the charge of treason, having no evidence to support it, instead of dropping that charge, as Townshend and his friends had recommended in November, and pushing with vigour the point of misdemeanour? Who were to blame for that ill-timed obstinacy, that unprovoked collision between the two houses, but the ministers of the day—Stanhope and Sunderland?

If in this instance Lord Mahon is too favourable to his ancestor, there are others where he treats him with undue severity.

* P. 342.

† P. 415.

‡ Cox's Sir R. Walpole, Vol. II. p. 90-93.

§ Cox's Sir R. Walpole, Vol. II. p. 123.

General Stanhope's plan of giving back Gibraltar to Spain he stigmatizes as a measure 'inconsistent with our national interests and national glory.*' He forgets that, till the American war, Gibraltar had been a worse than useless encumbrance to us—having had no other effect than to excite irritation, and keep us perpetually on bad terms with the Court of Madrid; and that, till the brilliant defence of Elliot, it was no way associated with our national glory. The case has been materially altered since that period; and the statesman who should now recommend the cession of Gibraltar to Spain might deserve all the censure that Lord Mahon could bestow upon him.

We agree, with Lord Mahon, that the Peerage Bill projected by his ancestor was 'a narrow-minded, violent, and baneful measure, founded on mistaken principles, and tending to dangerous results.' If it had been carried, it must have rendered the House of Lords as independent of the Crown as it is of the people. 'If this bill is suffered to pass,' observed Sir Robert Walpole, in a pamphlet published soon after its first introduction,† 'the House of Lords will be a fixed independent body, not to be called to an account like a ministry, nor to be dissolved and changed like a House of Commons. The same men will meet again with the same resolutions, and probably heightened by disappointment, and nothing can stand before them. If their Lordships should take it into their thoughts to dislike the Ministry, and commit them to prison, I would willingly know who shall take them out again. If the House of Commons should be so unwary as to give them offence, and their Lordships think fit to declare they could act no longer in concert with a body who had used them ill, it is evident the Crown must exert its authority to choose another more to their Lordships' fancy, and afterwards use its utmost efforts to keep them in a becoming complaisance to their betters. If they should resolve to have all the great employments in England in themselves and families, or should take a conceit to be like the nobles of some other countries, to pay no taxes themselves, and yet receive the greatest part of what is paid by others in salaries and pensions, I would ask the advocates for such a law what resource the Crown and the people have?'

That we are not yet reduced to the condition described by Sir Robert Walpole we owe, in a great measure, to the firmness and foresight of that eminent statesman. It was his determined op-

* P. 460.

† Thoughts of a Member of the Lower House, &c.

position to this aristocratic measure which occasioned its rejection by the House of Commons. If it had been passed into a law, the House of Lords would have become as close and impervious to the irruption of Plebeians as the Senate-House of Venice. Fortunately for the country, the honest indignation of Steele, and the commanding eloquence of Walpole, defeated the project; disappointed the paternal hatred of the Monarch; and balked the guilty ambition of the Minister.

The only constitutional remedy we ever possessed against the encroachments of the Lords is still in force. The Crown has still the unlimited prerogative of creating Peers. If it has been seldom necessary to employ this instrument as a check or curb on the ambition of the Upper House, it has been owing partly to the salutary restraint which the knowledge of its existence inspired; and partly to the indirect influence their Lordships formerly possessed in the House of Commons, which enabled them to obtain from the public all they could want or desire. That influence gone, nothing but the impending terror of this prerogative can prevent them from essaying their strength, and attempting to realize the worst forebodings of Sir Robert Walpole. Take away this wholesome apprehension, whether by positive limitation of the rights of the Crown, or by an opinion that they will not be exercised as a means of control on the Upper House, and we should quickly see the prejudices, ambition, or 'perverse haughtiness' of their Lordships engage them in a contest for superiority with the other orders of the State. If the day should ever arrive when a majority of the Lords evinced a determination to force the House of Commons to a compliance with their views of men or measures, by rejecting all bills sent up to them—by thwarting and obstructing all attempts at national improvement—no choice would be left but humble submission to their will; a violent dissolution of the Commons; or the creation of a sufficient number of Peers to break their confederacy and frustrate their designs. Submission to their will would render them, as Sir Robert Walpole foresaw, the real masters of the State. An appeal to the people by a dissolution of Parliament would place the electors in that position, and disclose to them, in the plainest colours, the strength and preponderance they possess. For no one will deny, that if a House of Commons were returned, after a dissolution, of the same character with the one recently dismissed, no authority in the State could resist its power. The safer remedy, if measures of vigour ever became necessary, would be the creation of Peers; and that remedy it is happily still in the power of the Crown to employ. But though the ancient prerogative of creating Peers remains entire, the exercise

of it for the purpose of controlling a majority of the Lords, where there was a large majority to contend with, would not be unattended with inconvenience; unless it were combined with a further change in the constitution of the Upper House, which, fortunately, it is equally within the prerogative of the Crown to effect. So long as the usage continues of creating none but *hereditary* peerages, new creations, while they afford a temporary palliation to a present evil, multiply the chances of being again driven to the same expedient. To bring the two Houses to an agreement, where the Lords manifested by their conduct that they were determined to have the mastery of the State, without making such a permanent addition to the Peerage as might render the Upper House unmanageable from its numbers, other measures must be resorted to; and none seems so obvious and unexceptionable as a return to the practice occasionally used in former times, of creating Peers for Life, or for a single Parliament. By this course, and by this course alone, can a factious and obstinate majority of the Lords be legally controlled without a permanent increase of the Peerage.

In a pamphlet published some years ago,* and generally ascribed to a noble lord who long filled a conspicuous place in the councils of the State, it was objected to an extension of the peerage for the purpose of effecting a settlement of the question of reform, that it would ‘stifle the voice of one of the ‘three estates of the realm;’ that ‘the voice of each branch of ‘the legislature should be full and unimpeded;’ and that the Lords were entitled to ‘as full and unrestricted a voice as either ‘of the other branches.’ To this ‘sounding brass and tinkling ‘cymbal’ we reply, that our practical constitution knows no such theoretical independence; that the Crown is controlled by the want of supplies, and the Commons by the fear of dissolution; and we ask the objector if he thinks it reasonable that the Lords alone should be placed beyond control. The subordinate part they have acted during the last century has kept their anomalous position out of sight. While they indulged in gentle repose, with the occasional excitation of a short debate,—while they were content to remain, as one of the wittiest of their number described them, ‘a hospital of incurables,’ they escaped observation. But if they will emerge into notice, and take a more bustling part in the daily business of the government;—if, like Faust under the guidance of Mephistophiles, they are seduced

* *On the Constitutional Right and Expediency of Extending the Peerage, &c.* 1831.

from their former seclusion and retirement into restless and pernicious activity, they must expect to have their pretensions canvassed and scrutinized with the same strictness and severity as those of the other members of the Legislature. They are neither a self-constituted body, as some of their flatterers have pretended; nor are they invested with the power they possess for their own private use and gratification. They form part of the State, which was instituted for the common good of all.

It is a mistake to imagine, that, unlike the other branches of the legislature, the House of Lords has remained always the same in its character and spirit; or that it has exercised at all times the same power and influence over the executive government. In the course of ages, it has undergone as many metamorphoses as some of the insect tribes in the progress of a single year. Under the Plantagenets, though a powerful antagonist to the throne, it was to the people a devouring caterpillar. During the iron domination of the Tudors it sunk into torpidity and became a chrysalis. It has been since a gaudy insect, with some propensity to sting. It is to be hoped that it will not sting too deep, lest, like others of the insect tribe, *vitam in vulnere ponat*. We trust that we shall escape so great a calamity; and that the good sense or good fortune of their Lordships will prevent it. But as the possibility of it cannot be denied, it may be worth our while to consider some of the projects that have been suggested to correct if necessary the defects of the Upper House, without impairing its efficiency as a valuable and useful part of the government.

It has been thought that the increased and increasing number of the Peerage might render the House of Lords a cumbrous and unmanageable assembly for the despatch of business; and to remedy that inconvenience it has been proposed to have representative Peers for England, in the same manner as for Ireland and Scotland. This plan would reduce the number who have a right to sit and vote in the Upper House; but if these representatives were chosen by a majority of the whole body, it would exclude, as experience has shown, all Peers from the House who at the time of election belonged to the minority.

It has been suggested by some admirers of antiquity, that, in imitation of our old baronial constitution, no one should be permitted to sit and vote in the House of Lords who was not possessed of landed property to a certain extent. But if this scheme be intended to secure the independence of the Peers, in point of fortune, something more would be necessary than the mere possession of a landed estate. Many a peer and many a commoner is the nominal owner of a large estate, so burdened with debts

and incumbrances as to afford little income to the proprietor ; and to institute any enquiry into these burdens would be a proceeding too vexatious to be submitted to, and most probably, after all, unsatisfactory in its results.

Others have proposed that the Upper House, like the American Senate, should be appointed by election from a list of candidates presented by the Crown. But, besides many grave objections that might be made to this plan, it is obvious that such elections, if popular, would give us a rival House of Commons ; and, if committed to the more opulent members of the community, that they would end in a worse edition of the House of Lords.

If we are to take lessons from other nations, the constitution of the Roman Senate, as explained by Middleton, might supply us with hints for another plan, that would gradually reduce the number and improve the character of the House of Lords. The Senate of Rome, like the English House of Lords, was composed partly of the descendants of the ancient nobility ; and partly of new men who had raised themselves to eminence by their services. But no one, whatever might be his birth or merits, could be admitted within its walls till he had been raised to some curule office by the free suffrages of his countrymen ; with the exception of those who were nominated once in five years by the censors to fill up vacancies in its numbers. Might not a similar principle, with modifications adapted to our particular constitution, be introduced into the House of Lords ? Leaving to the Crown its present prerogative of creating peers, might it not be expedient to enact, that no peer, claiming by hereditary descent, should sit and vote in that assembly, who had not been twice elected into the House of Commons, and sat in that house for a certain number of sessions ? The ordeal of two popular elections, and the obligation of attending the discussions of a popular assembly for a certain period, would tend to correct those aristocratic feelings and prejudices which the younger part of the nobility are apt to imbibe. In some families tainted with an hereditary aversion to popular principles, and in some persons soured by recent disappointments or imaginary slights, the remedy might be ineffectual ; but, in general, its operation would be salutary ; and, at all events, experience would be gained and instruction acquired in a place where so much important business is transacted as in the House of Commons. To that house itself the introduction of so many peers, and of peers' eldest sons, would not be unattended with advantages. It would contribute to check and counteract that tendency to extreme democracy, which may be expected in some of its members.

Minors and others, who succeeded to a peerage without having acquired the qualification required to sit and vote in the House of Lords, might be permitted, at any time after they had attained the age of twenty-one, to entitle themselves to that privilege, by obtaining seats and serving the necessary apprenticeship in the House of Commons; and in the mean while they would enjoy, like the Scotch and Irish peers, all the other privileges of their rank. That this change would reduce the numbers of the House of Lords cannot be doubted. None would find admission, through the House of Commons, into the Upper House, but men of independent fortune or of distinguished abilities. Those who were disqualified by nature from discharging the duty of legislators, would be utterly excluded; and the House would be redeemed from the scandal of seeing proxies given for peers, who are hardly fit to manage their private affairs, and far less capable of judging what is expedient or necessary for the public.

This scheme has the advantage of combining an elective with an hereditary principle; and of placing both in due subordination to the prerogative of the Crown. No one will be returned to the Upper House by the direct suffrages of the people; and yet a majority of those who sit and vote in that assembly, will have been declared by their countrymen, at one period or other of their lives, to be fit persons to have a seat in the legislature. The hereditary peers will still form the great body of the House of Lords; but the mere accident of birth will not qualify those *Porphyrogeniti* to exercise the functions of legislators. The Crown will still possess the power of rewarding merit and services by a seat in the Upper House; and if the Lords should ever combine against the other orders of the State, the prerogative will be sufficient, without difficulty or convulsion, to break and dissipate the combination they have formed. The good sense and intelligence of the public will act as a superintending power, to correct all aberrations from reason, in whatever branch of the legislature they occur.

It has been assumed in the preceding argument, that when the two Houses are at variance, the Commons speak the voice, and express the sentiments of their constituents; and that if a dissolution were tried, it would bring back men of the same, or of nearly the same political opinions. It is possible, however, that from changes in the electoral body, the result might be different, and a House of Commons returned, dissimilar in character and composition from the one that had been dismissed. Whether there has been such a change in this country since the last general election we pretend not to judge. Confidently as it has been asserted, we see no reason to believe it. That the Lords,

indeed, in provoking, as they have recently done, a collision with the Commons, have been acting under that impression, it seems impossible to doubt. Considering the relative strength of the two Houses, their conduct would otherwise be unaccountable. But, if such was their opinion, why not bring the question to an issue? Why not address the Crown for a change of Ministry, instead of seeking indirectly to attain that object, by manifesting to the country their determination to pass no efficient measures of Reform while the Whigs were in office? Why so many vain attempts to mortify the Ministers, and make them resign, in disgust at their position in the House of Lords, instead of coming manfully forward with a vote of censure on their conduct? Why taunt and insult the Commons, in the hope of goading them to hasty and intemperate resolutions, instead of boldly recommending an appeal to their constituents? The leaders of the Tories must be aware that the two Houses cannot remain in their present position for another session; that the power of legislation cannot be much longer suspended; that the country cannot continue under two hostile assemblies counteracting each other; that one of them must give way—spontaneously, if wise—under the influence of some overruling necessity, if obstinate. They may be assured, that if this anomalous state of the legislature has not yet called forth petitions from every part of the empire, it is not because the people are indifferent to the discord between the two Houses, but because they have not made up their minds as to the fittest and most effectual remedy to eradicate the evil.

The present state of the empire will not admit of a long continued suspension of the legislative power. If we look to Ireland, we see the strongest reasons for bringing to a speedy termination the divisions that disturb and distract that unfortunate country. In Ireland, we find seven-eighths of the people enlisted on the side of agitation, with a small, determined band of bold and haughty adversaries opposed to them; who view the majority of their countrymen with the same scorn and detestation as the French nobility regarded the Commons, when they first claimed an equality of rights with the privileged orders. How is peace to be maintained between two such envenomed and inveterate factions, but by a strong and efficient government, and by a steady and impartial administration of justice? But, how is a government to be efficient, if all the measures it devises for the benefit of Ireland are strangled by the Lords? How is agitation to be stopped, if the great cause of agitation is suffered to remain? How are infuriated passions to cool, if alternate hopes and fears continue to fan and inflame them? Let the Orangemen once be convinced that they have justice, and nothing more than justice,

to expect from the Government ; that the dominion they formerly exercised is gone for ever ; that time has effaced the distinction between the conquerors and the conquered ;—let the Roman Catholics be made to feel that they are secure of protection from the insults and injuries of their former masters, and the violence of both parties will gradually subside. Hold out hopes to both by turns, and the present feverish excitement will never have an end.

If the perilous experiment of another dissolution be resorted to, let the electoral body reflect on the magnitude of the trust reposed in them, and on the importance of the office they are called upon to discharge. The fate of the country will be placed once more in their hands. If they be negligent or remiss in the performance of their duty, the consequences may be fatal to all those hopes of reform in which they have indulged. Let it never be absent from their thoughts that a majority of *one* in the House of Commons may undo, in a single week, all that for years they have been labouring to accomplish. Let them recollect that, as the Reform Bill was passed by the King and by a majority of the two Houses, so it may be repealed by the same authority. Not that we think a direct repeal of the Reform Bill, with a restoration of the burghs it disfranchised, is to be apprehended. The experiment would be too hazardous even for the present reckless leader of the Tories to attempt. But, short of the entire destruction of the Reform Bill, there are imperfections in its provisions to be removed ; obscurities in some of its clauses to be explained ; and improvements in its machinery to be introduced. Would the electors commit to its bitter and avowed enemies the task of remedying these defects ? What could they expect from confidence so misplaced, but that its efficiency as an instrument of popular government would be impaired ? Lord Mahon will tell them of the dangers to which the Act of Settlement was exposed while the Tories had a majority in the House of Commons ; and he will teach them to applaud the wisdom of George I. in confiding his Government to none but to the tried friends of his family. But what the Act of Settlement was to the House of Hanover, such is the Reform Bill to the electoral body.

There is one reflection, in connexion with a dissolution of Parliament, that deserves attention. Assuming the probability (which we are far from admitting) that England might return a majority of representatives unfriendly to the local reforms required for Ireland,—is there the smallest chance, the remotest possibility, that the majority of Irish members in favour of these reforms will not be increased ? But can there be a state of

things more unfavourable to the union of the two kingdoms than a decided majority of English members in the House of Commons rejecting all measures for the benefit of Ireland, which a majority of Irish members are eager to promote? What could be expected from such a conflict of opposite interests and passions, but a permanent estrangement of the two nations, ending in a separation, which both would have equal reason to deplore?

We shall, on a fit occasion, resume the consideration of this deeply important subject. Returning meanwhile to our present business, the examination of Lord Mahon's work, we cannot but express our surprise at his assertion, that 'the Jacobite party in Scotland comprised a majority, not only as to numbers but as to property.'* Of the accuracy of this statement we have the greatest doubts. We find in Lord Mahon's own book, that the Jacobite forfeitures in Scotland after 1715 amounted to no more than L.30,000 a-year†—a fact which reduces him to the dilemma of acknowledging, that either the Jacobites did not possess the largest portion of the landed property of Scotland; or that 'the Jacobite leaven' in that country, instead of being 'strong,' was so weak that they preferred the security of their estates to those generous feelings of loyalty and attachment to the race of their ancient kings for which he gives them credit. But what pretence has he for asserting that the majority of the Scotch, either as to property or numbers, was inclined to the Stuarts? Of the great proprietors, Argyll, Queensberry, Montrose, Douglas, Sutherland, Roxburgh, Hopetoun, Tweeddale, Annandale, Rothes, Marchmont, Stair, Buchan, Lauderdale, Torphichen, Loudon, Haddington, were all of them, at that time, decided Whigs, and friendly to the Hanover succession; and of the smaller proprietors south of the Forth, few there were who had not attached themselves to the same party. The Episcopalian gentry, it is true, north of the Friths, were in general inclined to the Jacobite cause; and when the Earl of Mar raised his standard, many of them brought their servants, and forced some of their tenants to join his army. But how reluctantly this was done, appears from a letter of Lord Mar to his land-steward, published by Chambers,‡ in which he threatens his vassals with military execution, if they persisted in refusing to follow him in his ill-starred enterprise. As to the Lowland Scotch, they knew too well what had been the government of the Stuarts, not to hold

* P. 88.

† P. 121.

‡ History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1715, p. 88.

it in execration; but having been long unaccustomed to arms, they were as little prepared to resist the rebellious mountaineers as the English were in 1745. The only real strength of the Jacobites lay in the Highlands. But the Highlanders formed not more than one-eighth of the population of Scotland; and even among the Highland clans there were many—such as the Campbells, the Sutherlands, the Mackays, the Rosses, the Monroes, the greater part of the Grants and Forbeses, and on that occasion even the Frasers—who were on the side of Government. It is a common mistake of English writers to suppose that all the Highland clans were Jacobite; and that the Highlanders composed the whole or the chief part of the Scottish nation. In a strictly antiquarian sense they are in the right as to the latter of these positions. The Highlanders are the legitimate descendants of the original Scots who emigrated from Ireland. But the Lowlanders, who form seven-eighths of the people of Scotland, are a mixture of Angles, Danes, Scots, and Britons; and differ from their brethren of the south chiefly in the circumstance that they were not subdued by the Normans.

In commenting on the severity exercised against the Jacobites after the Rebellion of 1715, Lord Mahon admits, as every one must do, that ‘their conscientious opinion of hereditary right ‘and loyal attachment to the heir of their ancient kings’ lessen ‘the moral guilt of the insurgents;’ but he is of opinion that ‘the ‘more specious were their pretexts, the more were measures of ‘repression called for on the part of the reigning dynasty; and ‘that on the whole, the execution of rebels taken with arms in ‘their hands stands entirely on different grounds from the vindictive proceedings against Oxford and Bolingbroke.’* In this conclusion, which would go far to exasperate the horrors of civil and religious wars, there is one obvious reflection that seems to have escaped his lordship. The only legitimate object of punishment is the prevention of crimes; but to produce that effect the infliction of punishment must carry with it the moral sympathies of the spectators. Punishment beyond measure, or the punishment of one who is not only unconscious of having committed any offence, but who labours under the delusion that he has been performing an act of duty, is apt to excite sympathy for the offender instead of rousing indignation against him. We do not say that this consideration ought to be carried so far as to excuse from punishment all persons acting under such false impressions, whether in favour of kings or against them; but it ought to lead

* P. 299.

the victorious party to use great lenity and moderation towards its opponents, and the more plausible and well founded are the grounds of insurrection, the more gently should the insurgents when vanquished be dealt with. The case of Oxford, Bolingbroke, and others, who joined perfidy and false professions to their meditated treasons, stands in a different and far worse predicament.

While Lord Mahon expatiates on the benefits we have derived from the accession of the House of Hanover, he laments the departure from the line of hereditary succession which led to it. He is friendly to the Revolution of 1688, and calls it 'a great and 'glorious event;' but he would have preferred, if possible, the succession of the Prince of Wales to the elevation of the Prince of Orange. He enumerates the evils arising from the exclusion of one, who possessed, he seems to think, an 'inherent right to the 'throne;' and concludes with the remark, that 'in many cases a 'bad king with a good title may be happier for the state than a 'good king with a bad title.' We must confess that we are of a directly opposite opinion; and that to exclude those who think they have an inherent right to govern as they please, seems to us one of the many reasons that may justify a revolution and change of dynasty. It is the best practical comment on the great constitutional maxim, that all political power is a trust and not a property.

Notwithstanding the favourable dispositions of Lord Mahon towards the Whigs of Queen Anne, he accuses them of inconsistency in opposing the motion made in 1705 for inviting the Princess Sophia to England, and yet advising the demand of a writ for the Electoral Prince, as Duke of Cambridge. He 'thinks it very difficult to excuse their conduct in these two 'instances—that they may be charged with too little patriotism 'at the first period, or with too much spirit of party at the latter.*' Never was a charge more easily rebutted. In 1705 the presence of the Electress was unnecessary, because all the chief posts in the government were held by her friends. In 1714 the Electoral Prince might have been wanted in England, because the Queen was dying, and the enemies of the Protestant succession were in power.

Lord Mahon expresses his surprise that so loyal a people as the Guipuzcoans should have offered to transfer their allegiance to the crown of France, on obtaining security for the rights and liberties of Guipuzcoa.† He seems not to be aware, that among

* P. 114.

† P. 511.

the Biscayners and Catalans loyalty to the King of Castille has been always a subordinate passion, in comparison with their devoted attachment to their own local privileges and immunities.

He is mistaken in saying that the office of guardian of the realm and lieutenant 'had been unknown in England since the 'days of the Black Prince.'* He is, in the first place, wrong in supposing that these two offices are one and the same; and in the second place, he will find examples of both for a century at least later than the time he mentions. The greatest and most learned House of Commons that ever sat in England, stated in a free conference with the Lords in 1641, that 'by all precedents it 'doth appear, that when a parliament was sitting in the King's 'absence, there was a *custos regni or locum tenens*.'

Attention has been recently drawn to the date of Bolingbroke's celebrated 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham.' The letter purports to have been written in 1717, but no edition of it has been discovered prior to the one published in 1753, rather more than a twelvemonth after the death of Lord Bolingbroke; and it has been inferred, that it was purposely kept back by the noble author, till all the actors in the scenes it describes, and who alone could have confirmed or refuted the statements it contains, had departed this life. Little inclined as we are to think favourably of Lord Bolingbroke, we were unwilling to acquiesce in this fresh imputation on his character, and were therefore glad to see a declaration from Lord Mahon that 'the greater part of the statements in the letter to Wyndham are very remarkably confirmed 'by the correspondence in the Stuart papers.'† With respect to the origin and history of the Letter, his lordship is of opinion that 'it was written about the time it purposes to be, privately printed, 'and circulated amongst a few persons;' and he refers to a passage in Coxe's Sir Robert Walpole, 'which appears to indicate 'that in 1744 it had not been recently printed.'‡ We have made some enquiries on the subject, and find, that from accidental causes wholly unconnected with Lord Bolingbroke, there is nothing left among the papers of Sir William Wyndham that can throw light on the date or history of this remarkable letter. But in Warburton's correspondence with Hurd, we have met with a passage which clearly proves that Warburton had seen and read it before it was published in 1753; though whether in print or manuscript he does not say. In April, 1753, Warburton writes to Hurd,—'I have just got Bolingbroke's three tracts. The

* P. 316.

† P. 205.

‡ P. 179.

‘letter to Mr Pope is a kind of commonplace (and a poor one) of free-thinking objections and disingenuity—if it were not for the very curious and well written letter to Sir William Wyndham, the letter to Pope would be received with great neglect. P.S.—I have looked over the letter to Sir William Wyndham. *‘It is castrated of one of its most curious anecdotes.’** This last remark shows that Warburton had read the letter with attention before it was published in 1753, and so far vindicates Bolingbroke from the malignant insinuation, that having left to his executor the task of publishing it, he suppressed the letter during his lifetime, from a consciousness that the charges it contained against his political friends and colleagues were devoid of truth, and, while they were alive, could not stand the test of critical examination. It is some confirmation of the opinion expressed by Lord Mahon, that the letter had been privately printed and circulated before 1753, that Lord Chesterfield does not allude to its appearance in that year; though, in other parts of his correspondence, he mentions the publication of the ‘Patriot King,’ and other works of Lord Bolingbroke, when they first appeared, and praises them beyond measure. His admiration of Bolingbroke was such that it seems incredible he should not have noticed the Letter to Wyndham, after its publication in 1753, if it had not been known to him before that period. If printed and privately circulated before Bolingbroke’s death, no one was more likely to have had a copy of it than Lord Chesterfield, who had lived for many years in the closest intimacy with the author.

It is a further proof that, when the letter to Wyndham was published in 1753, it was not an entirely new and unheard-of work which had till then been withheld from the world, that Horace Walpole, in writing to Conway in May 1753, says to him, ‘There is another volume published of Lord Bolingbroke’s. It contains *his famous letter* to Sir William Wyndham, with an admirable description of the Pretender and his court, and a very poor justification of his treachery to that party.’ The injustice of the last remark shows how deep was still the resentment felt by Walpole against the ancient enemy and rival of his father; and his thinking it necessary to give to his correspondent some account of the contents of the letter seems to imply that neither he nor Conway had ever seen it. But the designation of it as ‘Bolingbroke’s famous letter to Sir William Wyndham,’ shows that it had been seen by others, and had already obtained that celebrity which its wit and spirit so justly entitle it to.

* Letters from a late eminent Prelate, 8vo, 1809, p. 135.

In addition to his other merits Lord Mahon has rendered useful service to literature by furnishing us with some original materials for future historians. He has selected for publication several important letters from the Stanhope and Hardwicke collections, and printed some valuable extracts from the Stuart Papers,—an immense assemblage of original documents which fell into the hands of the Papal Government after the death of the Cardinal of York, and were presented by the Pope to his late Majesty King George IV. Of the importance of this collection for English history some notion may be formed, if it be true, as has been stated to us by one who had examined its contents with diligence, that the Stuart family, when in exile, appear never to have received a letter which they did not preserve, nor to have written one of which they did not retain a copy. The extensive correspondence they maintained with the Scotch and English Jacobites, the plots and conspiracies continually on foot, and the frequent projects and assurances of assistance from foreign countries, we have understood from the same authority, afford the most complete justification of the occasional acts of severity or precaution used by Sir Robert Walpole's Government; while they place in the most favourable point of view the general mildness and forbearance of his administration. We trust Lord Mahon will be allowed to continue his researches in this repository, and that the hints he has dropped of its want of arrangement will induce those in whose custody it is placed to remedy its present state of disorder and render it more available for historical enquiries.

ERRATUM.

In page 35, line 19, for *President* read *Resident*.

No. CXXX. will be published in January.

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THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1837.

N^o. CXXX.

- ART. I.—1. *A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the advantages of the Study.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., Member of the Institute of France. 8vo. London: 1835.
2. *Paley's Natural Theology, with Illustrative Notes.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, and SIR CHARLES BELL, K.G.H., F.R.S., Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. *To which are added Supplementary Dissertations.* By SIR CHARLES BELL. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

SOME apology is due to our readers for not having sooner made them acquainted with Lord Brougham's *Discourse*—a work which, whether viewed with reference to its own intrinsic merits, or the character and position of its author, certainly deserved an earlier notice. To whatever cause the delay may be owing, we have not been prevented from examining it, nor shall we be deterred from now writing a faithful review of it by any dread of encountering the charge of partiality for commending the production of an individual who is well known to have been one of the founders of this Journal, and in early life a frequent contributor to its pages. In political controversy, or in the discussion of questions of national policy, we necessarily view with a favourable eye the writings of those whose opinions we have cherished or espoused, or with whom we may have struggled in the common cause of our liberties. But in the less exciting questions of literature and science, where substantial truth is more within our grasp, and more without the circle of our in-

terests and prejudices, we can be under no temptation to stain our pages either with unseemly praise or dishonest partiality. Yet we should not be at all surprised to see ourselves charged with both, even by the supporters of that rival Journal, which the late Mr Canning helped to establish,—to which he was an occasional contributor,—and in which there appeared, in an early Number, an elaborate review of one of his Pamphlets, containing a vindication of his political conduct and character.

It has often been made a reproach to Christianity, and often has it proved a snare to the young enquirer, that men of genius have not readily yielded to the weight of its testimony. Impotent as this argument is, it has been wielded with considerable effect; and although such examples of infidelity are not difficult of explanation, yet it is the best and the fairest reply to point to that cloud of witnesses which is resplendent with the names of Milton and Locke,—of Bacon, Newton, and Boyle. To this honoured list, the friends of truth will no doubt rejoice in the accession of another name, and hail the appearance of a work written by one of the most remarkable men of his age—an orator unrivalled for the force of his eloquence—a reasoner whose dialectical powers it would be difficult to match—a philosopher of great and varied acquirements—a statesman pre-eminent in acuteness and perspicacity. Is it not an event to be welcomed by the Church, and to be hailed by Christians of every creed, that in the meridian of his power—amid the strife of contending factions, and under the burden and distraction of the highest functions—such a man has come forward as the advocate of Natural and Revealed Religion? There is no public man in England whose intellectual influence is so widely extended as that of Lord Brougham. It bears sway over the minds of thousands whom he has been the means of instructing in useful knowledge;—it reigns in the hearts of our youth, for whom he has so long struggled to procure a more effective system of education;—it sustains the hopes and fosters the honourable ambition of literary and scientific men; and it is not powerless over any section of that vast proportion of our fellow-citizens who have resolved that our civil and ecclesiastical institutions shall be impressed with the knowledge and spirit of the age. Is it not an event then to be welcomed by every friend of his country, that within such an extended sphere, truths the most interesting to man—the most auxiliary to peace and order—and the most conducive to the stability of our institutions, have been enforced by so renowned an advocate?

But though views like these must have presented themselves to pious and unprejudiced minds, yet it is a fact which will hardly be credited in another age, that neither the nominal friends of

the Church, nor the professed supporters of the Throne, have regarded the work of Lord Brougham either with favour or any sort of approbation. They seem to have considered it as a production which gave fresh lustre to the name of a political adversary; and we feel assured that they would rather have seen the Lord High Chancellor become the expounder of the 'Rights of Man,' than the antagonist of Hume and the annotator of Paley.

That this is no unfair conjecture may be inferred from the reception which Lord Brougham's book has experienced from the organs of that powerful party which lays claim to exclusive piety and patriotism. His design was made the subject of attack even before his work was published. His religious principles were denounced as heretical, and his knowledge as limited and superficial. No sooner did the work appear than his arguments were represented as borrowed from common sources, and the whole as a complete failure. It was even surmised that the pious sentiments which adorn it were assumed as a suitable ornament for the woollen sack; and men who are themselves the offspring of a political religion, and the very type of its basest form, had the audacity to connect with the recent elevation of Lord Brougham, the adoption of opinions which we could, if necessary, triumphantly show he had long before entertained and published.

Every period of our history presents to us examples of a political piety whose maxims and whose fruits stand in direct opposition to the spirit of genuine religion. The timid aristocrat—the reckless partisan—the venal courtier—and the exhausted profligate assume its saintly mask as a cover for their ambition and their crimes. Staunch members of our Established Church, too,—these modern Pharisees,—class all other men under the heads of enthusiasts and infidels, and push them aside as less holy than themselves. These are the men who pay the great tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, but start at the small ones of the Decalogue. These are they who swear by the gold of the temple, and forget that which sanctifieth the gold;—who strain at the gnats of ecclesiastical abuse, and yet swallow the whole carcase of the bloated camel. Such men have been found in every age and in all countries. Every where they wear the same mask, pursue the same prey, and share the same fate; but at no time have they shot up with such rank luxuriance as at the present moment; and while England was about to gather in a rich harvest of improvements,—of Christian tolerance, of useful knowledge and extended education,—the tares were found to have overshot the wheat, and to have blighted the fairest hopes of the husbandman. Compared with such characters, how noble a being is the

enthusiast;—how amiable and worthy of compassion is the sincere infidel. Time and experience may bring down zeal that has risen above knowledge, and subdue aspirations too lofty to be enduring. Study and application, too, may brighten the sceptic's latest hours; but what can be augured of those men, whose long prayers are the most daring blasphemies, and whose real creed is the rankest infidelity? We do not venture to predict their destiny, but a high authority has proclaimed that 'The hope of the hypocrite shall perish.'

Such, we fear, is the character and principles of many of those who have rejected Lord Brougham as an auxiliary, and who have derided his support of Natural and Revealed Religion—

'Branding his thoughts as things to shun and fear.'

True to themselves, the same class of men have often laboured, with similar motives, to disparage his intellectual powers—to represent him as a mere pretender in science—as a shallow intruder into the haunts of philosophy and learning. The ignorance which such assertions betray is equalled only by their audacity and falsehood. The *Optical Papers*, which Lord Brougham communicated to the *Philosophical Transactions*, at an age when others are only acquiring knowledge, are characterised by profound and original research, in one of the most difficult departments of Physics; and they were published at a time when Wollaston and Young swayed the sceptre of the Royal Society. His mathematical papers exhibit the same powerful intellect; and, had not the duties of his profession, and the study of political science, which his views in public life rendered necessary, withdrawn him from his earlier pursuits, he would doubtless have been one of the most distinguished natural philosophers of the present day. In politico-economical science, where fact and speculation enter into a peculiar affinity, his prodigious powers of application early enabled him to make the most rapid progress; so that when only a youth he published his 'Enquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European powers,'—a work not free, we readily admit, from errors and defects, but displaying an extent of information, a reach of thought, and a vigour of understanding but rarely paralleled even among the veterans of political science. And is there any one so limited in his reading, or so prejudiced, as not to know and admire his more recent treatise 'On the Objects and Pleasures of Science,' composed as an introduction to the Library of Useful Knowledge? It is, beyond all question, one of the most precious and agreeable presents that genius and knowledge ever conferred on those placed below their higher spheres, and requiring familiar and

intelligent instruction. Is there, in all the ranks of Lord Brougham's detractors, any one whose name is distinguished by a production so admirably calculated to illustrate the advantages and the delights of science, and to animate and guide the steps of its yet unpractised but wishful learners? We leave the answer to those whom it may concern.

It does not fall within the scope of this article either to notice the various writings of Lord Brougham, or to delineate the course and success of his memorable career as an orator and statesman. It is enough to mention, that his science and learning have procured him the honour of being elected a Member of the National Institute of France—an honour which that Body has not often had occasion to dispense to English statesmen; and that he bears a name which, we will be bold to say, excites more interest throughout Europe than that of any public man in Britain. But we hasten from topics which our indignant feelings would not permit us, on the present occasion, altogether to overlook, to the more grateful duty of commenting on the work before us.

The object which Lord Brougham had in view in composing it, was to assign to Natural Theology a higher place than it has hitherto occupied among the various branches of knowledge. He was led to undertake the work in consequence of having observed that scientific men were apt to regard the study of natural religion as but little connected with philosophical pursuits. This feeling he found to prevail among persons who were free from any leaning towards scepticism; and even among men of religious habits of thought, who seemed, in general, to consider natural theology as a speculation founded more in fancy than in argument;—or, at least, as a species of knowledge, unlike, and inferior to physical and moral science. A discussion which took place in the 'Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge,' respecting the propriety of publishing Dr Paley's popular work, on that subject, led his Lordship to undertake its publication as an individual; and he was fortunate enough to obtain the co-operation of Sir Charles Bell in the notes and illustrations, which the progress of science had rendered indispensable. Lord Brougham accordingly began his work at the close of 1830; and he composed the greater part of it in 1831, 1833, and 1834, when he was Lord High Chancellor. After the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's first Cabinet, his Lordship obtained that leisure for revising and completing his work, which he was unable to command amid the cares and duties of his official station.

It is appropriately inscribed to Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer), in a simple and affecting dedication, written in a truly

Christian spirit, and which it is impossible to peruse without interest.

‘ I inscribe the fruits of these studies to you, not merely as a token of ancient friendship—for that you do not require; nor because I always have found you, whether in possession or in resistance of power, a fellow-labourer to maintain our common principles, alike firm, faithful, disinterested—for your known public character wants no testimony from me; nor yet because a work on such a subject needs the patronage of a great name—for it would be affectation in me to pretend any such motive; but because you have devoted much of your time to such enquiries—are, beyond most men, sensible of their importance—concur generally in the opinions which I profess to maintain—and had even formed the design of giving to the world your thoughts upon the subject, as I hope and trust you now will be moved to do all the more for the present address. In this view, your authority will prove of great value to the cause of truth, however superfluous the patronage of even your name might be to recommend the most important of all studies.

‘ Had our lamented friend Romilly lived, you are aware that not even these considerations would have made me address any one but him, with whom I had oftentimes speculated upon this ground. Both of us have been visited with the most severe afflictions, of a far nearer and more lasting kind than even his removal, and we are now left with few things to care for; yet, ever since the time I followed him to the grave, I question if either of us has read, without meditating upon the irreparable loss we and all men then sustained, the words of the ancient philosopher best imbued with religious opinions—“*Proficiscas enim non ad eos solum viros de quibus ante dixi sed etiam ad Catonem meum, quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior, cujus a me corpus crematum est, animus vero, non me deserens sed respectans, in eo profecto loca discessit quo mihi ipsi cernebat esse veniendum, quem ego meum casum fortiter ferre visus sum, non quod æquo animo ferrem; sed me ipse consolabar, existimans, non longinquum inter nos digressum et discessum fore.*”’ *

Much as we admire the beauty, as well as the humility of this passage, we have been still more gratified with the interesting facts which it discloses. In this gratification our readers will doubtless partake, if they have now learned, for the first time, that three of our most conspicuous statesmen,—Lord Althorp, the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and Lord Brougham,—had been in the habit of discussing, with a congenial feeling of their interest and importance, the great questions of natural religion—the being and attributes of God,—the immortality of the soul,—and the subserviency of these all-important truths to the cause of revealed reli-

gion. That these eminent individuals professed the common faith of their country, and felt the obligations of its precepts, no person was entitled to doubt, and none but their political antagonists disposed to deny. But to the Christian community, and particularly to that large portion of it which cherishes the same political principles as these distinguished men, it must be a source of the highest gratification to learn, that in the busy race of ambition, and amid the toils of professional and official labour, they had found leisure to discuss the deepest questions in theology,—to compare and record their views,—and to acknowledge that the afflictions of their lot had left them few things to care for, but to follow to their final destiny him who had been first summoned to its enjoyment.

That a man like Sir Samuel Romilly, educated in the strictest principles of our faith, should at an advanced age have sought the consolations of religious study; and that Lord Brougham, familiar with the contemplation of nature and of the grandest works of its Almighty author, should have yielded to their hallowed influence, might have been expected from the character of their minds, and the nature of their studies; but it was less within the sphere of anticipation, that a nobleman like Lord Althorp, the heir of a splendid fortune, and of an illustrious name, and exposed to the frivolities of a gay and fashionable life, should have devoted much of his time to religious enquiries, and that he was, beyond most men, sensible of their importance. That this excellent nobleman concurred generally in Lord Brougham's views, will give additional interest to the doctrines we are about to examine; and which, sanctioned by such high and impartial authority, are more likely to find their way to the hearts of those who have but little inclination, and less ability, to form a judgment for themselves.

In proceeding to an analysis of a volume thus recommended to our notice, we trust that our readers will do us the justice to believe that our sole object is to convey to their minds those serious and vivid impressions which its perusal has made upon our own. The meed of our praise, even if it should gratify the author, could add nothing to his fame; and his gratification, like ours, could spring only from the conviction that well-meant labours had been justly appreciated, and rendered available for the great purposes of moral and religious improvement.

The *Discourse* before us is not intended as a treatise on Natural Theology, but rather as a philosophical enquiry into its character and principles. The object of the *first* part of the work is to explain the nature of the subject, and the kind of

evidence upon which its doctrines rest, and to show that it is a science, the truths of which are discovered by *induction*, like those of natural and moral philosophy, and partaking of the nature of both of these divisions of human knowledge; and the object of the *second* part is to point out the advantages attending the study of natural theology, as arising from the pleasure and improvement peculiar to its details, and from its connexion with revealed religion. In his first section, Lord Brougham gives an introductory sketch of the method of investigation pursued in the physical and mental sciences. He shows that the same *apparent* diversity of evidence exists in the different departments of the physical sciences that has been alleged to exist between them and that of natural theology; but, in taking a closer view of the subject, he proves, in a very satisfactory manner, that this diversity is merely apparent, and that there is no specific difference between the methods of investigation, or the nature of the evidence in those sciences, which, from no better reasons than those of convenience, have been separated into Human and Divine.

In the second section, he proceeds to make a comparison of the physical branch of natural theology with physics; and he takes for his leading example the structure of the eyes of animals, which, as an excellent specimen of his mode of reasoning, as well as of his extensive knowledge, we shall lay before our readers.

‘The same induction of facts which leads us to a knowledge of the structure of the eye, and its functions in the animal economy, leads us to the knowledge of its adaptation to the properties of light. It is a truth of physics, in the strictest sense of the word, that vision is performed by the eye refracting light, and making it converge to a focus upon the retina; and that the peculiar combination of its lenses, and the different materials they are composed of, correct the indistinctness which would otherwise arise from the different refrangibility of light; in other words, make the eye an achromatic instrument. But if this is not also a truth in natural theology, it is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a theological truth—namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service by means of this curious structure, must have been formed with a knowledge of the properties of light. The position from which so easy a step brings us to the doctrine of natural theology was gained by strict induction. Upon the same evidence which all natural science rests on, reposes the knowledge that the eye is an optical instrument: this is a truth common to both physics and theology. Before the days of Sir Isaac Newton, men knew that they saw by means of the eye, and that the eye was constructed upon optical principles; but the reason of its peculiar conformation they knew not, because they were ignorant of the different refrangi-

bility of light. When his discoveries taught this truth, it was found to have been acted upon, and consequently known, by the Being who created the eye. Still our knowledge was imperfect, and it was reserved for Mr Dollond to discover another law of nature—the different dispersive powers of different substances—which enabled him to compound an object-glass, that more effectually corrected the various refrangibility of the rays. It was now observed that this truth also must have been known to the maker of the eye; for upon its basis is that instrument, far more perfect than the achromatic glass of Dollond, framed. These things are truths in both physics and theology: they are truths taught us by the self-same process of investigation, and resting upon the self-same kind of evidence.

‘When we extend our enquiries, and observe the varieties of this perfect instrument, we mark the adaptation of changes to the diversity of circumstances: and the truths thus learnt are in like manner common to physical and theological science: that is, to natural history, or comparative anatomy, and natural theology.

‘That beautiful instrument, so artistly contrived that the most ingenious workman could not imagine an improvement of it, becomes still more interesting and more wonderful, when we find that its conformation is varied with the different necessities of each animal. If the animal prowls by night, we see the opening of the pupil, and the power of concentration in the eye increased. If an amphibious animal has occasionally to dive into the water, with the change of the medium through which the rays pass, there is an accommodation in the condition of the humours, and the eye partakes of the eye both of the quadruped and the fish.

‘So, having contemplated the apparatus for protection in the human eye, we find that in the lower animals, who want both the accessary means of cleaning the eye, and the ingenuity to accomplish it by other modes than the eyelids, an additional eyelid, a new apparatus, is provided for this purpose.

‘Again, in fishes, where the eye is washed by the element in which they move, all the exterior apparatus is unnecessary, and is dismissed; but in the crab, and especially in that species which lies in mud, the very peculiar and horny prominent eye, which every body must have observed, would be quite obscured were it not for a particular provision. There is a little brush of hair above the eye, against which the eye is occasionally raised to wipe off what may adhere to it. The form of the eye, the particular mode in which it is moved, and, we may say, the coarseness of the instrument, compared with the parts of the same organ in the higher class of animals, make the mechanism of eyelids and of lachrymal glands, unsuitable. The mechanism used for this purpose is discovered by observation and reasoning; that it is contrived for this purpose, is equally a discovery of observation and reasoning. Both propositions are strictly propositions of physical science.’

Lord Brougham then applies the same observations to different

parts of the animal frame—to the bird's egg—the joints, tendons, feet, and windpipe of animals; and, finally, to the structure of the planetary system; and in all these cases he shows that the position which we reach by a strict process of induction—that a given organ performs a given function, or a given arrangement possesses a certain stability, by its adaptation to mechanical laws, is common to natural philosophy and natural theology. That a person acquainted with these laws fashioned the organ for the performance of the function, or constructed the planetary system so that it might possess stability, he considers as an inference as strictly inductive as the other.

'It is plainly,' says he, 'only a generalization of many particular facts; a reasoning from things known to things unknown; an inference of a new or unknown relation from other relations formerly observed and known. If, to take Dr Paley's example, we pass over a common, and strike the foot against a stone, we do not stop to ask who placed it there; but if we find that our foot has struck on a watch, we at once conclude that some mechanic made it, and that some one dropt it on the ground. Why do we draw this inference? Because all our former experience had told us that such machinery is the result of human skill and labour, and that it nowhere grows wild about, or is found on the earth. When we see that a certain effect, namely, distinct vision, is performed by an achromatic instrument, the eye, why do we infer that some one must have made it? Because we nowhere, and at no time, have had any experience of any one thing fashioning itself, and indeed cannot form to ourselves any distinct idea of what such a process as self-creation means; and, farther, because, when we ourselves would produce a similar result, we have recourse to like means. Again, when we perceive the adaptation of natural objects and operations to a perceived end, and from thence infer design in the maker of these objects and superintendent of these operations, why do we draw this conclusion? Because we know by experience, that if we ourselves desired to accomplish a similar purpose, we should do so by the like adaptation; we know by experience that this is design in us, and that our proceedings are the result of such design; we know that if some of our works were seen by others, who neither were aware of our having made them, nor of the intention with which we made them, they would be right should they, from seeing and examining them, both infer that we had made them, and conjecture why we had made them. The same reasoning, by the help of experience, from what we know to what we cannot know, is manifestly the foundation of the inference, that the members of the body were fashioned for certain uses by a maker acquainted with their operations, and willing that these uses should be served.'

The mode of reasoning employed in this passage has been represented as defective, in so far as it assumes an analogy between the works of nature and those of human contrivance. It

is no doubt true that the works of man are constructed in obedience to fixed laws; and, on this account, his skill is infinitely inferior to that which framed the laws and the works of nature; but this difference does not affect the legitimacy of the inference, that both classes of works must have had a workman. The spirit of Lord Brougham's argument, as well as its details, is, in our apprehension, substantially correct, though he has not developed it so minutely as to anticipate hypercriticism and sophistry. That Lord Brougham was acquainted with Hume's objection to this mode of argument, there can be little doubt; and though he has not specially referred to it, he has embodied a conclusive, though a brief, answer to it in the preceding quotation. Mr Hume's objection, which we shall give in his own words, partakes of the ingenuity of all his speculations, but, like his famous argument against miracles, may be satisfactorily refuted. 'When two species of objects have always been observed to be conjoined together, I can *infer*, by custom, the existence of one whenever I see the existence of the other, and this I call an argument from experience. But how this argument can have place, where the objects, as in the present case, are single and individual, without parallel or specific resemblance, may be difficult to explain. And will any man tell me, with a serious countenance, that an orderly universe must arise from some thought and art like the human, because we have experience of it? To ascertain this reasoning, it were requisite that we had experience of the origin of worlds, and it is not sufficient surely that we have seen ships and cities arise from human art and contrivance.' And in another place he says:— 'If we see a house, we conclude, with the greatest certainty, that it had an architect or builder, because this is precisely that species of effect which we have experienced to proceed from that species of cause. But surely you will not affirm that the universe bears such a resemblance to a house that we can with the same certainty infer a similar cause, or that the analogy is here entire and perfect. The dissimilitude is so striking, that the utmost you can here pretend to is a guess, a conjecture, a presumption concerning a similar cause, and how that pretension will be received in the world, I leave you to consider.'

On this passage, we may just remark, that the natural theologian does not infer 'some thought and art like the human,' nor does he infer a *similar cause* to that of human work. His inference extends no farther than to the existence of *thought and art*, and of a *thinking artist*, who, from the very nature of his workmanship, must be very dissimilar to man, both in the de-

gree and in the kind of the skill which he displays. But the misleading part of Mr Hume's argument is, that he compares the creation of worlds, of which we have had no experience at all, with the building of a house, or of ships and cities, with the origin and progress of which, as the works of man, all men are familiar. Now we admit that the mind is sensible of the length of its stride in passing immediately from the peculiar structure of a house to the creation of a world; but if, instead of thus taking it by surprise, we present to it a succession of new human works, each more wonderful than the other, and of the construction and operation of which it is wholly ignorant, we may span, by successive archways, the void, which was at first so alarming. If a philosopher, for example, ignorant of the improvements of modern science, witnesses, for the first time, a vessel impelled in the very face of the wind by a steam-engine, he will instantly infer the existence of a designer, though his experience gives him no reason for believing that such an effect could have been produced by human artists. He would infer the existence of art superior to any that he had previously witnessed. If the same person saw a railway carriage driving through the country at the rate of thirty miles an hour, without any appearance of a living attendant, he would equally infer the existence of workmen of a still superior order. If he next saw a balloon rising to the height of 20,000 feet, or performing a journey of 500 miles, although the sight was yet farther from his experience, he would still infer the existence of an artist, and probably conceive him to be of a race different from himself. If an astronomer were now to point out to the same person a planet advancing in its orbit, and to convince him that it was a large body like our own earth revolving round the sun, would he not as certainly, nay, would he not more certainly, conclude that this was the work of an artist more skilful than the engineer who constructed the railway carriage, or the chemist who floated the balloon? In all these cases the inferences have been made, though the two species of objects have not always been observed to be conjoined together, nay, though they have never been observed at all in conjunction; and we are confident that there is not a man of sound understanding who would not draw the same inferences, without any self-conviction of credulity, and that, too, with as firm a reliance on their truth as if he had inferred a watchmaker, from the watch on which Paley stumbled on the common, or a builder, from the house which Hume descried in the desert.

Dr Chalmers has endeavoured, in a very elaborate argument, to refute Hume's objection; but though he seems to attach a value to it, we confess our inability to perceive either its

novelty or its importance. He conceives that the force of Mr Hume's objection consists in his representing a knowledge and experience of the specific design of a contrivance as necessary to our inference of a designing cause. Hence Dr Chalmers takes the complex case of a watchmaker, and a watch which we have seen him construct for the purpose of measuring time, and he strips the *antecedent*, viz. the *watchmaker*, and the *consequent*, or the *watch*, of all unessential circumstances,—such as a particular watchmaker of great skill, or a watch of singular colour, great weight, or enormous size, indicating a singular piece of work. He supposes also that the particular end of the watch as a machine for measuring time is unknown; and with all these deductions he justly infers a prior purposing mind from the simple watch, as a piece of mechanism exhibiting parts arranged for a purpose.

Now, in this argument of Dr Chalmers, he assumes a complex case, and then simplifies it; but in a preceding passage, which we have extracted from the 'Discourse,' Lord Brougham takes the simple watch, stripped of all its unessential circumstances. He discards the particular watchmaker, working for a particular end,—the colour, the weight, and the size, and even the use of the watch as a measurer of time,—and he infers that it must be 'the result of human skill and labour,' solely because it was a piece of mechanism obviously intended for some purpose or other, and 'nowhere growing wild about, or found in the earth.' Now this is precisely the argument of Dr Chalmers, without any of its pomp and circumstance. The process of the theologian lays the argument open, by its pretension to minuteness, to fresh devices of the enemy: That of the statesman repels them by its boldness and its breadth. The one exhibits the flower of his syllogism in a corolla of a hundred leaves, affording food and shelter to the devouring insect. The other presents it in the freshness and condensation of the bud coiled up against the resistance of aggression.

Before quitting this branch of the subject, we must notice a very important distinction between the creation of elementary matter, endowed with certain properties and laws, and the arrangement of this matter in all those grand and beautiful forms which constitute the material universe. We can not only conceive this arrangement as succeeding that creation in point of time, but we can also conceive matter and its laws created without any application of it to the formation of planets and organized structures. By thus separating the creation of matter and the establishment of its laws, as the first and grandest act of

supreme power, from the secondary act, or the formation of organized and unorganized structures out of that matter, and obedient to those laws, we assimilate this secondary act to the exertion of human skill, which works with pre-existing matter, and in obedience to laws over which it has no control.*

The next section of Lord Brougham's discourse carries us from the physical to the intellectual world—from the study of matter to that of mind. It is stated with great truth by our author that this branch of natural religion has been unaccountably neglected by philosophers and theologians.† Neither Ray, nor Derham, nor Paley has taken advantage of its powerful alliance; and though others may have discussed it incidentally, or as a part of their argument, yet Lord Brougham has the undoubted merit of giving it a prominence and a developement which render it one of the most impregnable strongholds of our unrevealed faith. It is, however, only to men capable of abstract speculation that this argument offers any substantial conviction; and it is to this circumstance more than to any insensibility to its value, that we must ascribe the neglect of it by preceding authors. The ordinary mind is so much engrossed with objects of sense, that it is difficult to fix its contemplation on those of a less obtrusive nature, which appeal daily to its admiration; and even those which administer hourly to our pleasure, and constitute the dearest objects of our affections, are often enjoyed without the slightest feeling of gratitude. How difficult then must it be to repel such minds into their recesses, and draw from them a reluctant survey of their own intellectual and moral constitution. It is fortunate, however, that those who require most the aid of this mental tribute, are the fondest of speculative argument; and we therefore hail with peculiar satisfaction so new and powerful an

* The distinction to which we have above referred, clearly indicated by revelation, has been illustrated by Dr Chalmers as existing between the laws of matter and its dispositions or collocations, and has been applied with great sagacity and talent.

† Dr Chalmers has expressed his surprise at this statement, as he had discussed this branch of the subject in his Bridgewater Treatise. The merit of adducing 'both the mental and the moral phenomena as 'proofs of a Divinity,' has been also claimed for Dr Crombie; but it is very clear that Lord Brougham referred to the authors of express treatises on natural theology, written before he had taken up the subject. In a discourse, not intended to give the *history* of the science, there was no occasion to cite the labours of contemporary authors, even had their publication preceded the composition of Lord Brougham's book.

auxiliary. While the works of the material world are appealing to the common mind in behalf of the Great First Cause, those of the intellectual creation will be equally efficacious in sapping the foundations of philosophical scepticism. The mode of reasoning used by our author in this section will be seen in the following extract:—

‘The evidence for the existence of mind is to the full as complete as that upon which we believe in the existence of matter. Indeed it is more certain and more irrefragable. The consciousness of existence, the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation quite independently of all material objects, proves to us the existence of a being different from our bodies, with a degree of evidence higher than we can have for the existence of those bodies themselves, or of any other part of the material world.

‘It is certain—proved, indeed, to demonstration—that many of the perceptions of matter which we derive from the senses are deceitful, and seem to indicate that which has no reality at all. Some inferences which we draw respecting it are confounded with direct sensation or perception; for example, the idea of motion: other ideas, as those of hardness and solidity, are equally the result of reasoning, and often mislead. Thus we never doubt, on the testimony of our senses, that the parts of matter touch—that different bodies come in contact with one another, and with our organ of sense, and yet nothing is more certain than that there still is some small distance between the bodies which we think we perceive to touch.

‘Indeed, it is barely possible that all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world may be only ideas in our own minds: it is barely possible, therefore, that matter should have no existence. But that mind—that the sentient principle—that the thing or the being which we call “I” and “we,” and which thinks, feels, reasons—should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms. Of the two existences, then, that of mind as independent of matter is more certain than that of matter apart from mind.’

Lord Brougham goes on to show that as mind is as much an integral part of the universe as matter, its constitution and functions are as much the subject of inductive reasoning and investigation as the structure and actions of matter. Our consciousness enables us to arrest and examine our thoughts, and experiments may even be made on the course of our thoughts, not only when they are following their own spontaneous direction, but when they are turned into channels which they would not naturally take. In illustration of these positions, Lord Brougham points out the most remarkable of the contrivances which characterise the structure of the mind. The first of these is the power of *Reasoning*, by which we compare ideas, draw conclusions, and form judgments. In this process the mind fixes itself upon its

subject by the power of *Voluntary Attention*, the most difficult of all our intellectual acts, but fortunately aided by many ingenious contrivances. *Curiosity*, or the thirst of knowledge, attracts our attention. *Association* brings new ideas within its range, and *Habit* facilitates the exercise of intellectual labour. *Memory*, with its valuable qualities of tenacity and quickness, supplies its stores;—and *Practice*, or the continued exercise of these powers, enables the mind that possesses them to perform the most extraordinary feats. Lord Brougham illustrates this wonderful exercise of the mental powers by the performances of the Italian *Improvisatoré*, and the faculty of extempore speaking. His description of an extempore orator is too beautiful to be withheld from our readers, and cannot fail to remind the frequenters of both Houses of Parliament of the oratorical powers of the author himself—redundant in argument—sparkling with wit—resplendent in eloquence, and weaving an exuberance of thought into the gayest embroidery and the most substantial fabric.

‘ But the power of *extempore speaking* is not less singular, though more frequently displayed, at least in this country. A practised orator will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence whilst he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer, nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other.’

From our intellectual Lord Brougham passes to our moral constitution. The power of *Love* secures the continuance of our species, and the *Affections* the proper rearing of the young. *Sympathy* disposes us to help the weak and relieve the distressed, and forms the generous cement of societies. *Hope* encourages and sustains us in the toils and vicissitudes of our lot. *Fear* inspires caution and preserves from danger; and *Anger* stimulates to defence, and assuages by a reaction the pain inflicted by ingratitude and injustice.

‘ Thus far we have been considering the uses to which the mental faculties and feelings are subservient, and their admirable adaptation to

these ends. But view the intellectual world as a whole, and surely it is impossible to contemplate without amazement the extraordinary spectacle which the mind of man displays, and the immense progress which it has been able to make in consequence of its structure, its capacity, and its propensities, such as we have just been describing them. If the brightness of the heavenly bodies, the prodigious velocity of their motions, their vast distances and mighty bulk fill the imagination with awe—there is the same wonder excited by the brilliancy of the intellectual powers, the inconceivable swiftness of thought, the boundless range which our fancy can take, the vast objects which our reason can embrace.

‘ That we should have been able to resolve the elements into their more simple constituents—to analyze the subtle light which fills all space—to penetrate from that remote particle in the universe of which we occupy a speck, into regions infinitely remote—ascertain the weight of bodies at the surface of the most distant worlds—investigate the laws that govern their motions or mould their forms ; and calculate to a second of time the periods of their reappearance during the revolution of centuries : all this is in the last degree amazing, and affords much more food for admiration than any of the phenomena of the material creation.

‘ Then what shall we say of that incredible power of generalization, which has enabled some even to anticipate by ages the discovery of truths the farthest removed above ordinary apprehension, and the most savouring of improbability and fiction—not merely of a Clairaut conjecturing the existence of a seventh planet, and the position of its orbit, but of a Newton, learnedly and sagaciously inferring, from the refraction of light, the inflammable quality of the diamond, the composition of apparently the simplest of the elements, and the opposite nature of the two ingredients, unknown for a century after, of which it is composed. Yet there is something more marvellous still in the processes of thought by which such prodigies have been performed, and in the force of the mind itself, when it acts wholly without external aid, borrowing nothing whatever from matter, and relying on its own powers alone. The most abstruse investigations of the mathematician are conducted without any regard to sensible objects ; and the helps he derives in his reasonings from material things at all are absolutely insignificant, compared with the portion of his work which is altogether of an abstract kind, the aid of figures and letters being only to facilitate and abridge his labour, and not at all essential to his progress. Nay, strictly speaking, there are no truths in the whole range of the pure mathematics which might not, by possibility, have been discovered and systematized by one deprived of sight and touch, or immured in a dark chamber, without the use of a single material object.

‘ The instrument of Newton’s most sublime speculations, the *calculus*, which he invented, and the astonishing systems reared by its means, which have given immortality to the names of Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, are the creatures of pure abstract thought, and all might, by possibility, have existed in their magnificence and splendour without owing to material agency any help whatever, except such as might be necessary for

their recording and communication. These are, surely, the greatest of all the wonders of nature, when justly considered, although they speak to the understanding and not to the sense. Shall we, then, deny that the eye could be made without skill in optics, and yet admit that the mind could be fashioned and endowed without the most exquisite of all skill; or could proceed from any but an intellect of infinite power?

It will no doubt at first appear to our less speculative readers that there is something like an essential difference between the evidences drawn from mental and from physical phenomena. Man seems to have more power in evoking from matter new forms and combinations, whilst mind and the power of modulating it, seems to be beyond his reach. Lord Brougham, however, shows that this difference is only apparent. We can avail ourselves of the properties of mind just as we do those of matter,—we can exercise and improve the intellectual faculties, and ‘produce, as ‘it were, new forms of the understanding.’ Nay (it might have been added), all our power over matter, excepting that which we have in common with the brutes, is derived from the power which we have obtained by combining the properties of the mind.

The force of this part of his argument Lord Brougham strengthens by an interesting account of the instinct of animals. All those instincts—the substitutes for human reason—exhibit the most striking proofs of design, not only from their adaptation to the character of the animal, but from their direct tendency to secure its preservation and advance its happiness.

Although the argument for the existence of design, drawn from the grander phenomena of the physical and moral world, appeals to us with an evidence that is irresistible, yet we could have wished that Lord Brougham had devoted a section of his work to the special illustration of the adaptation of the external world, and of the physical and mental powers, to the position of man as a member of the social body. The world of matter supplies him with a bountiful commissariat, fraught with every thing that necessity or luxury can require. His physical and mental powers combine their toils to increase the gifts of nature, and render them available to the general community—providing for the scanty productions of varying seasons, and regulating the appropriation of exuberant benefits. The usages and laws of society, adapted by accumulated experience to the beings that framed them, react upon the individual mind, and mould it for the performance of social duties; whilst international obligations, scarcely yet formed into a practical code, assist still farther in promoting the happiness of the species. The great ends of the moral government of the universe are thus effected by the insulated labours of beings

whose years are numbered, and whose period of exertion is one of suffering and sorrow. Time, in its onward course, collects and gives a fixed direction to actions of variable motive and uncertain tendency; and in the progress of successive but commingling generations, the tide of knowledge and of improvement rolls forward in full swell, and indicates to the dullest eye the designs of God and the destiny of man. But though this great effect is distinctly seen, the actions and reactions of the living world, of which it is the result, are but little known to us. From the properties of a material atom we can compute the combined action of the millions which constitute a planetary mass;—we can calculate its varying velocity and position, and the disturbances which it gives or receives from other masses like itself. But who can assign the movements which emanate from the actions of the living world? We have no dynamical unit for a measure of moral powers;—we cannot even estimate their directions or their tendencies; and the composition and resolution of mental forces are wholly beyond our grasp. The great result, however, is visible both in its magnitude and direction; and amid all the warring elements of conflicting interests and passions, and the ever-changing currents of the moral system, we recognise an approaching calm, and a blissful haven.

Before closing the important section from which our last extract was made, Lord Brougham remarks that the process of reasoning by which we infer the existence of design in the natural and moral world, ‘proceeds necessarily upon the assumption ‘that there exists a being or thing separate from, and independent ‘of matter, and conscious of its own existence, which we call ‘*mind* ;’ that this assumption is necessary also to the inference that God is wholly immaterial, and that without it we never could conclude that superior intelligence existed or acted. Hence he is led, after a short section on the inefficacy of the *a priori* argument, to establish the doctrine of the immateriality of the soul, and deduce from it the designs of the Deity respecting the future happiness of his creatures.

In the section devoted to this important subject Lord Brougham calls forth all his powers to establish what he justly considers to be the fundamental doctrine of natural theology. It may be made a matter of fair discussion whether or not the doctrine of materialism interferes with the inference of design from physical phenomena. Lord Brougham and Dr Chalmers are of opinion, in opposition to Mr Stewart, that it is incompatible with that inference; but all agree in the opinion that if the inference is in itself tenable, the mind is placed in a position of inextricable difficulty, and can

proceed no farther in its discoveries respecting the Great First Cause.

After overturning every hypothesis of the structure of the mind under which the materialist can find shelter, Lord Brougham proceeds to show that the evidence of the mind's existence is complete in itself, and wholly independent of the existence and qualities of matter;—that the evidence is even more conclusive than that for the existence of matter, in consequence of the steps in the reasoning being fewer, and the final truth less remote from the axiom on which it is founded. 'We only know,' as he observes, 'the existence of matter through the operations of the mind, and were we to doubt of the existence of either, it would be far more reasonable to doubt that matter exists than that mind exists.' 'That all around us should only be the creatures of our fancy no one can affirm to be impossible. But that our mind—that which remembers, compares, imagines,—in a word that which thinks,—that of the existence of which we are perpetually conscious—that which cannot but exist if we exist—that which can make its own operations the subject of its own thoughts—that this should have no existence is both impossible and, indeed, a contradiction in terms.' Its entire independence of matter, Lord Brougham considers as authorizing the inference that it must survive the body. If among the ever varying forms in which matter successively presents itself, not a single particle of it is annihilated, how is it possible that the mind, which has no parts, can either undergo disintegration or dissolution? If the mind should perish with the body, it would be the only example of annihilation that we know; and the dust which we tread under our feet would then become an existence superior to the intellectual principle of which it had been the instrument and the slave.

The inconceivable rapidity of the operations of the mind Lord Brougham regards as a striking proof of its independence of matter; and he considers the phenomena of dreams, in which this rapidity of thought is strikingly visible, as 'seeming to demonstrate the possible disconnexion of mind and matter.' The facts and experiments on this subject, which his Lordship details, are extremely important and interesting, and we regret that we cannot find room for their insertion. We confess, however, that the conclusion which he deduces from these facts, 'that we only dream during the instant of transition into and out of sleep,' is quite contrary to the result to which we have been conducted by a long train of observation. We conceive that the mind is always in a state of action,—that we dream throughout

the day as well as during the night,—and that in both cases our recollection of such operations is excited only by the occurrence of ideas with which they are associated. The circumstance of our not being able in the morning to recall the operations of the mind during the preceding night, is no more a proof that we have not been dreaming, than the same inability to recollect our day dreams, is a proof that the mind has been inactive when we were awake. These views, though differing from those of our author, are highly favourable to his argument; and, to his opinion that the rapidity of our mental operations increases in proportion as the influence of the body is withdrawn, we shall add another which we conceive may be established experimentally,—that the power of the mind to surmount intellectual difficulties is greatest in that state which just precedes sleep. This part of pneumatology is highly curious, and presents a wide and interesting field for experimental research.

The progressive improvement of the mind after the body has begun to decay, furnishes Lord Brougham with another argument of great force. Our bodily strength, our agility, and patience of fatigue decline after the age of *thirty*, whereas the mind undergoes a rapid improvement from *thirty* to *fifty*, and suffers almost no decline before *sixty*. The mind, indeed, is, according to our author, in a better condition at fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was at thirty, under the full vigour of the body; and from this and other facts he infers that the ordinary period of life presents the mind and the body running courses widely different, and a great part of the time in opposite directions; and hence, he concludes, that the mind is independent of the body, and ‘that its ‘destruction in the period of its entire vigour is contrary to the ‘analogy of nature.’

Lord Brougham then proceeds to another argument, which he considers as the strongest of all for the separate existence of the mind, and which, in so far as we know, is entirely new.

‘The body is constantly undergoing change in all its parts. Probably no person at the age of twenty has one single particle in any part of his body which he had at ten; and still less does any portion of the body he was born with continue to exist in or with him. All that he before had has now entered into new combinations, forming parts of other men, or of animals, or of vegetable, or of mineral substances, exactly as the body he now has will afterwards be resolved into new combinations after his death. Yet the mind continues one and the same, “without change or shadow of turning.” None of its parts can be resolved, for it is one and single, and it remains unchanged by the changes of the body. The argument would be quite as strong though the change undergone by the body were admitted not to be so complete, and though some small portion of its harder parts were supposed to continue with us through life.

‘ But observe how strong the inferences arising from these facts are, both to prove that the existence of the mind is entirely independent of the existence of the body, and to show the probability of its surviving ! If the mind continues the same while all or nearly all the body is changed, it follows that the existence of the mind depends not in the least degree upon the existence of the body ; for it has already survived a total change of, or, in the common use of the words, an entire destruction of that body. But again, if the strongest argument, to show that the mind perishes with the body, nay, the only argument be, as it indubitably is, derived from the phenomena of death, the fact to which we have been referring affords an answer to this. For the argument is that we know of no instance in which the mind has ever been known to exist after the death of the body. Now here is exactly the instance desiderated, it being manifest that the same process which takes place on the body more suddenly at death, is taking place more gradually, but as effectually in the result during the whole of life, and that death itself does not more completely resolve the body into its elements, and form it into new combinations, than living fifteen or twenty years does destroy, by like resolution and combinations, the self-same body. And yet, after those years have elapsed, and the former body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, the mind remains the same as before, exercising the same memory and consciousness, and so preserving the same personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. In short, it is not more correct to say that all of us who are now living have bodies formed of what were once the bodies of those who went before us, than it is to say that some of us who are now living at the age of fifty have bodies which, in fact, belonged to others now living at that and other ages. The phenomena are precisely the same, and the operations are performed in like manner, though with different degrees of expedition. Now all would believe in the separate existence of the soul if they had experience of its existing apart from the body. But the facts referred to prove that it does exist apart from one body with which it once was united, and though it is in union with another, yet as it is not adherent to the same, it is shown to have an existence separate from, and independent of, that body. So all would believe in the soul surviving the body, if after the body’s death its existence were made manifest. But the facts referred to prove that after the body’s death, that is, after the chronic dissolution which the body undergoes during life, the mind continues to exist as before. Here, then, we have that proof so much desiderated—the existence of the soul after the dissolution of the bodily frame with which it was connected.

‘ The two cases cannot, in any soundness of reasoning, be distinguished ; and this argument, therefore, one of pure induction, derived partly from physical science, through the evidence of our senses, partly from psychological science, by the testimony of our consciousness, appears to prove the possible Immortality of the Soul, almost as rigorously as “ if one were to rise from the dead.” ’

This argument is in our opinion well calculated to produce

a powerful effect on the mind, though the degree of conviction which it inspires will depend wholly on the nature and extent of the physiological fact upon which the reasoning proceeds. Aware of this difficulty, Lord Brougham states that the argument will be equally strong, even though some small portion of the harder parts of the body be supposed to continue with us through life. This modification we willingly admit; but we conceive that there will be some difficulty in establishing the absolute renewal of the brain and its nervous expansions.

The next argument for the immortality of the soul Lord Brougham derives from the Divine attributes, taken in connexion with the condition of the species. When we consider the goodness of the Deity, as evinced in the great preponderance of benevolent design in the universe, it is not easy to conceive that he could have implanted in our minds such a strong and universal desire of immortality without any intention to gratify it. This desire is not the result of curiosity alone. The tender affections, which are so powerfully cherished in the domestic circle, form its principal source; and who can suppose that a benevolent creator will separate beings whom a community of joys and sorrows had united by the most endearing ties, and whose earliest and latest aspiration was a reunion beyond the grave? The unequal distribution of rewards and punishments, and the universal prevalence of religion among men, form the remaining arguments urged by our author in favour of a future state of existence.

Passing by the two next sections, on Lord Bacon's Doctrine of Final Causes, and on scientific arrangement, and the methods of analysis and synthesis, we come to the SECOND part of the discourse, which treats of the pleasures of science in general—of the pleasure and improvement peculiar to natural theology, and on the service rendered by this study to the doctrines of revelation.

The section on the pleasures of knowledge is brief and general, as it behoved to be, but still marked with those powers of illustration which give such a charm to the author's treatise 'On the Objects and Pleasures of Science.' The section on the peculiar advantages of natural theology is still more interesting. It glows with eloquence and enthusiasm, and is calculated to produce the happiest influence over the mind. The following extract will, we trust, induce our readers to peruse the whole section.

'Natural theology stands far above all other sciences, from the sublime and elevating nature of its objects. It tells of the creation of all things—of the mighty power that fashioned and that sustains the universe—of the exquisite skill that contrived the wings, and beak, and feet of insects, invisible to the naked eye, and that lighted the lamp of

day, and launched into space comets a thousand times larger than the earth, whirling a million of times swifter than a cannon ball, and burning with a heat which a thousand centuries could not quench. It exceeds the bounds of material existence, and raises us from the creation to the Author of Nature. Its office is not only to mark what things are, but for what purpose they were made by the infinite wisdom of an all-powerful Being, with whose existence and attributes its high prerogative is to bring us acquainted. If we prize, and justly, the delightful contemplations of the other sciences—if we hold it a marvellous gratification to have ascertained exactly the swiftness of the remotest planets, the number of grains that a piece of lead would weigh at their surfaces, and the degree in which each has become flattened in shape by revolving on its axis, it is surely a yet more noble employment of our faculties, and a still higher privilege of our nature, humbly, but confidently, to ascend from the universe to its Great First Cause, and investigate the unity, the personality, the intentions, as well as the matchless skill and mighty power of Him who made, and sustains, and moves those prodigious bodies, and all that inhabit them.' * * *

'But it is equally certain that the science derives an interest incomparably greater from the consideration that we ourselves, who cultivate it, are most of all concerned in its truth—that our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation.

'This indeed makes it beyond all doubt the most interesting of the sciences, and sheds on the other branches of philosophy an interest beyond that which otherwise belongs to them, rendering them more attractive in proportion as they connect themselves with this grand branch of human knowledge, and are capable of being made subservient to its uses. See only in what contemplations the wisest of men end their most sublime enquiries! Mark where it is that a Newton finally reposes after piercing the thickest veil that envelopes nature—grasping and arresting in their course the most subtle of her elements and the swiftest—traversing the regions of boundless space—exploring worlds beyond the solar way—giving out the law which binds the universe in eternal order! He rests, as by an inevitable necessity, upon the contemplation of the Great First Cause, and holds it his highest glory to have made the evidence of his existence, and the dispensations of his power and of his wisdom better understood by men.'

* * * * *

'It is, in truth, an exercise at once intellectual and moral, in which the highest faculties of the understanding, and the warmest feelings of the heart, alike partake, and in which not only without ceasing to be a philosopher the student feels as a man, in which the more warmly his human feelings are excited, the more philosophically he handles the subject. What delight can be more elevating, more truly worthy of a rational creature's enjoyment, than to feel, wherever we tread the paths of scientific enquiry, new evidence springing up around our footsteps, new traces of Divine intelligence and power meeting our eye! We are never alone—at least, like the old Roman, we are never less alone than in our

solitude. We walk with the Deity—we commune with the Great First Cause, who sustains at every instant what the word of his power made.'

We now hasten to the last, and, to a large portion of our readers, the most interesting section, 'On the Connexion between Natural and Revealed Religion.' That a class of Christians, we trust not a numerous one, have undervalued natural theology as if it were the rival and enemy of revelation, is, we fear, one of the many wounds which religion has received in the house of its friends. Lord Brougham shows, by the most irrefragable arguments, the absurdity and danger of such views. He truly asserts that the greatest advocates of natural theology have been the most sincere and zealous Christians; and that the most able writers on revealed religion have called natural theology into their service. He points out the vanity and ignorance of those who decline its aid, and proves that 'the services of natural religion are far from inconsiderable, as subsidiary to and co-operative with the great helps of revelation;' and that to the believers in revelation the use of natural theology 'is equally remarkable in keeping alive the feelings of piety and devotion.' 'It is remarkable,' he adds, 'how little is to be found of particularity and precision in any thing that has been revealed to us respecting the nature of the Godhead. For the wisest purposes it has pleased Providence to veil in awful mystery almost all the attributes of the Ancient of Days beyond what natural reason teaches. By direct interposition, through miraculous agency, we become acquainted with his will, and are made more certain of his existence, but his peculiar attributes are nearly the same in the volume of nature and in that of his revealed word.'

This interesting section, which every reader must feel to be too short and general, might have been expanded with much advantage to the leading argument; but Lord Brougham has amply made up for this brevity by a long note 'on Hume's sceptical writings, and the argument respecting Providence,' to which we attach a high value.

No assault that was ever made against revealed religion has dealt to it such a blow as that which was aimed by Mr Hume against its prominent outworks of miracles and prophecy. Though its stronghold has ever been impregnable to human power, its videttes, if we may so speak, were on this occasion surprised, and its circumvallation shaken. The able men who were instantly girt for the combat, were unfortunately too closely allied to the church to give full effect to that powerful logic which broke the assailant's

arm, and demolished the greatest parologism that ever defaced the science of intellectual philosophy. The mathematical doctrine of probabilities was summoned in our own day to the support of the routed metaphysicians; and we are happy to say that it has also passed under the yoke, and that Christianity has proudly triumphed over all the chivalry of a metaphysical and mathematical usurpation. Under such circumstances, is there a friend to sacred truth who does not welcome the disinterested and unsuspected aid of Lord Brougham in overturning such dangerous and firmly entrenched opinions? Is it possible that political partisans can be so debased as to reject or vilify it? Is it within the limits of probability that our Church (if we have a Church that knows its duty) has not offered some mark of gratitude to its unsubsidized and victorious ally, whom the cause of truth alone has summoned to its assistance?

The miracles of the Christian religion, which are admitted to be deviations from the ordinary course of nature, are established, like other historical events, by the testimony of numerous and competent witnesses. But, according to Mr Hume, we cannot believe in a miracle because it is more probable that the witnesses should deceive or be deceived than that the laws of nature should be broken; and, at all events, as he alleges, we believe human testimony only because it is a law of nature that men should speak the truth. To this specious argument, equally directed against prophecy and miracles, Lord Brougham gives two answers. Mr Hume takes it for granted that the major proposition of his syllogism, viz. the uniformity of the laws of Nature, is established by unexceptionable evidence; but Lord Brougham shows that the very existence of the laws of Nature, as well as their uniformity, *is proved by the evidence of testimony*—that very evidence which Mr Hume rejects when employed to prove a deviation from the law. We are disposed even to go much farther than Lord Brougham, and to maintain that all great physical truths, excepting those which are directly established by our own senses, rest upon the testimony of others. The evidence of testimony may have a greater influence over most minds than even mathematical evidence. It may even exceed that of the senses; and there are cases in which a philosopher would rather trust the evidence of others than that of his own organs. The following admirable observations of our author, on the value of testimony as a source of evidence, deserve the most careful study:—

‘ In truth, the degree of excellence and of strength to which testimony

may rise seems almost indefinite. There is hardly any cogency which it is not capable by possible supposition of attaining. The endless multiplication of witnesses, the unbounded variety of their habits of thinking, their prejudices, their interests, afford the means of conceiving the force of their testimony augmented *ad infinitum*, because these circumstances afford the means of diminishing indefinitely the chances of their being all mistaken, all misled, or all combining to deceive us. Let any man try to calculate the chances of a thousand persons who come from different quarters, and never saw each other before, and who all vary in their habits, stations, opinions, interests, being mistaken or combining to deceive us, when they give the same account of an event as having happened before their eyes—these chances are many hundreds of thousands to one. And yet we can conceive them multiplied indefinitely, for one hundred thousand such witnesses may all in like manner bear the same testimony, and they may all tell us their story within twenty-four hours after the transaction, and in the next parish. And yet, according to Mr Hume's argument, we are bound to disbelieve them all, because they speak to a thing contrary to our own experience, and to the accounts which other witnesses had formerly given us of the laws of Nature, and which our forefathers had handed down to us as derived from witnesses who lived in the old time before them.'

Lord Brougham's second objection to Mr Hume's argument is founded on its going too far, as it requires us to withhold our belief under circumstances which would force every man of common understanding to lend his assent, and to act upon the supposition of the story told being true.

'For suppose either such numbers of various witnesses as we have spoken of, or, what is perhaps stronger, suppose a miracle reported to us, first by a number of relators, and then by three or four of the very soundest judges and most incorruptibly honest men we know, men noted for their difficult belief of wonders, and, above all, steady unbelievers in miracles, without any bias in favour of religion, but rather accustomed to doubt, if not disbelieve, most people would lend an easy belief to any miracle thus vouched. But let us add this circumstance, that a friend on his deathbed had been attended by us, and that we had told him a fact known only to ourselves—something that we had secretly done the very moment before we told it to the dying man, and which to no other being we had ever revealed—and that the credible witnesses we are supposing inform us that the deceased appeared to them, conversed with them, remained with them a day or two, accompanying them, and, to avouch the fact of his reappearance on this earth, communicated to them the secret of which we had made him the sole depositary the moment before his death, according to Mr Hume we are bound rather to believe, not only that those credible witnesses deceive us, or that these sound and unprejudiced men were themselves deceived and fancied things without real existence, but farther, that they all hit by chance upon the discovery of a real secret known only to ourselves and the dead man. Mr

Hume's argument requires us to believe this as the lesser improbability of the two, as less unlikely than the rising of one from the dead ; and yet every one must feel convinced that, were he placed in the situation we have been figuring, he would not only lend his belief to the relation, but if the relators accompanied it with a special warning from the deceased person to avoid a certain contemplated act, he would, acting upon the belief of their story, take the warning, and avoid doing the forbidden deed.

‘ Mr Hume's argument makes no exception. This is its scope ; and, whether he chooses to push it thus far or no, all miracles are of necessity denied by it, without the least regard to the kind or the quantity of the proof on which they are rested ; and the testimony which we have supposed, accompanied by the test or check we have supposed, would fall within the grasp of the argument just as much and as clearly as any other miracle avouched by more ordinary combinations of evidence.’

To this ingenious argument we may add another, which partakes, like it, of the *reductio ad absurdum*. If a miracle cannot be believed upon the evidence of our own senses, or that of others, then it is impossible for the Deity to give evidence to his creatures of any miraculous work which he might perform ; and that sign from heaven, which anxious worshippers of every age have been imploring with such fervent anxiety, was a boon which, the moment it was granted to human curiosity, was to be spurned by human reason.

Satisfactory as these views must be to every sound mind, we conceive that Mr Hume's position may be still more effectually assailed. Not only is his major proposition not proved by evidence independent of testimony, but it has not been, and never can be, proved by any evidence whatever. Its falsehood, on the contrary, may be demonstrated by an appeal to facts, which constitute distinct interruptions to the uniformity of causation,—springing from distinct interferences of the Great First Cause, and marking those grand epochs at which new races of living beings were placed on the surface of our globe. The examination of fossil organic remains has shown, in the clearest manner, that there was a time when none of the existing forms of organic life had appeared on the surface of our planet, and that several successive systems of animals and vegetables had commenced and terminated—each new system having its origin in the direct agency of the Creator. ‘ It is demonstrable from Geology,’ says Dr Buckland, to whom this branch of science is deeply indebted, ‘ that ‘ there was a period when no organic being had existence ; these ‘ organic beings must therefore have had a beginning subsequently ‘ to this period ; and where is that beginning to be found but in ‘ the will and *fiat* of an intelligent and all-wise Creator.’ The

same conclusion is stated by the illustrious Cuvier as the result of all his researches. 'But what is still more astonishing, and not less certain is, that life had not always existed in our globe, and that it is easy for an observer to recognise the point where it has begun to deposit its products.'*

In so far as these conclusions depend on the well-marked differences between the fossil and the existing species of animals, it may be asserted, but contrary to all truth and experience, that one form of organized life may pass into another by successive transmutations, independent of any direct creative power; but Cuvier has adduced unanswerable proofs of the absurdity of such an explanation. The force of our argument, however, does not depend on the facts relative to the renewal of the species of plants and animals. Every species of plant and animal must have had a beginning subsequent to the formation of the primary rocks. The sea must have covered the summits of the highest mountains, or, what is more miraculous still, these summits must have formed the bottom of the sea; and the recent formation of man † crowns the series of sublunary miracles which have so distinctly marked the History of our Globe.

It is to the discoveries in geology and comparative anatomy,—two sciences which were never estimated till lately at their true value in the circle of our knowledge,—that natural religion owes her great triumph over sophistry and ignorance. The short period during which these discoveries have been made, and the limited portion of the inorganic world from which they have been gathered, encourage the most sanguine hope that, in a few more lustres, we shall have penetrated into new and unexplored caverns of nature, and carried off some of the richest spoils of the ancient world. In such a survey new forms of animal and vegetable life will doubtless reward the geologist's toil; and we may even be enabled to fix the order and succession, and perhaps also the peculiar character of those great revolutions in which the creating spirit has stopped the progress of second causes, and left on his new creations the impress of his immediate power.

* Cuvier Disc. Prelim. vol. i. p. ix.

† The recent formation of man has, in a previous Number of this Journal (No. CIV. p. 396), been urged as fatal to the theory of uniformity of causation; and an admirable passage from Dr Pritchard's 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind' is there quoted, embodying and explaining the remarkable verses of St Peter, which predict the argument of Mr Hume, and at the same time reply to it. In place of resuming the discussion, we must refer our readers to that article.

After refuting Hume's celebrated argument against Revelation, Lord Brougham proceeds to consider the pernicious doctrines contained in his Essay on Providence and a future State, in which he directs the blow against natural religion. Admitting, for argument's sake, that an intelligent First Cause may be logically inferred from the proofs of design in the natural world, Mr Hume limits this inference to the precise works which we see; and denies our right to infer that the same being has the skill or the power to contrive or create one single blade of grass or grain of sand beyond or different from what we see. The necessary result of this position is, that the evidences of design lead only to the conclusion that a *finite* being exists; and we are thus left without any evidence of his power, and still less of his intention to perpetuate our existence after death; as well as without any proof of the capacity of the soul to receive such a continuation of being after its separation from the body. Although Lord Brougham's observations on this sophism contain more than a refutation of it, we cannot agree with his Lordship in thinking that Mr Hume's argument is ingenious, subtle and original, or that it is of a substantial nature, and resting on plausible grounds. We confess that we are unable to see the point of the dagger, and therefore cannot attempt to turn it aside. Lord Brougham, indeed, must have experienced something like the same difficulty, for he has placed it in different phases, and shown the absurdity of them all; but, notwithstanding the ingenuity of his observations, we conceive that the true answer is contained in the concluding paragraph of his note, which may be applied as a general one to that class of sophisms which constitute our sceptical philosophy.

' If we have no right to believe that no exertion of skill proves the Author of Nature adequate to another exertion of a kind no more difficult, and only a little varied, we can have no right to believe, that one exertion of skill proves him adequate to a repetition of the same identical operation. Now, no man living, carries or can carry his disbelief so far as this. Indeed, such doubts would not only shake all inductive science to pieces, but would put a stop to the whole business of life. And assuredly we may be well contented to rest the truths of natural theology on the same foundation upon which those of all the other sciences, as well as the practical conduct of all human affairs, must for ever repose.'

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give our readers any account of the other interesting notes appended to Lord Brougham's Discourse. Those on the theological doctrines of the ancient philosophers exhibit much learning and acute observation; and the note '*On the Système de la Nature, and the Hy-*

'*pothesis of Materialism*,' contains a masterly refutation of the shallow but imposing manifesto of a society of freethinkers, that complained of the religious fanaticism of Voltaire!

We shall now make a few observations on the new edition of Paley's *Natural Theology*, to which Lord Brougham's *Discourse* forms, as it were, the introduction. Notwithstanding the excellence and popularity of that treatise, we should have greatly preferred to have had an entirely new work from the hands of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell,—the one contributing the Chapters on General Physics, and the other those on Anatomy and Physiology. As this, however, does not seem to have been contemplated by them, we have to express our gratitude for the great anxiety they have evinced, and the great labour they have undergone in accommodating the original work to the present advanced state of the sciences. With a humility not common in the exercise of such functions, they requested and obtained the assistance of several eminent individuals, in contributing notes on those departments of science to which their own attention had been less peculiarly directed. That distinguished astronomer and excellent man, the late Rev. Dr Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne, who had contributed notes to the original work, gave his valuable assistance to the present edition. Mr Waterhouse, curator of the Zoological Museum, London, communicated a very considerable number of interesting notes for the Chapter on Insects; and Professor Lindley of the London University, a few on the Botanical Chapter. The rest of the notes, amounting to about one hundred and twenty, with eighty-seven illustrative woodcuts,* were contributed by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell; and we are indebted to the latter for a most interesting and valuable Appendix, occupying half a volume, and containing twenty-seven additional notes and illustrations.

Thus illustrated and adorned, these volumes form one of the most interesting works for the use of general readers which is to be found in any language. The deep importance of the subject

* These woodcuts are excellent in general, but we must implore the authors, in their next edition, to cancel their drawing of the *sun*, which has some faint resemblance to the *moon*, but none to the great luminary itself. A view of the mottled or curdled-looking surface of the sun, as seen by Sir James South's great achromatic telescope, should replace that cut, if so minute and beautiful an effect can be represented in a wood engraving.

itself in its graver aspect,—the exciting and pleasing nature of its details,—and the high reputation and authority of the authors, encourage the hope that it will make its way among the upper classes of society, and replace, to a certain extent, those frivolous studies, and those productions of doubtful tendency, which occupy so much of their time, without having any bearing either upon their duties here or their destinies hereafter. To the less instructed classes, a cheap edition, without the more abstruse notes and discussions, would be a present of inestimable value.

As specimens of the interest which the notes and illustrations possess, we shall indulge our readers with a few extracts of peculiar novelty and importance. The first of these, communicated by the Bishop of Cloyne, contains the opinions of that eminent astronomer in reference to the condition of the earth before the creation of man, and will form a useful supplement to the observations which we have already made on that curious subject.

‘ Either the earth was created a solid, an oblate spheroid, as it now exists, or it must have taken its present form while a soft or fluid mass. In the former case the argument for design arising from the body revolving on a permanent axis of rotation is of the strongest possible nature. But the present extended knowledge of geology has rendered it highly probable that the earth was originally an ignited mass, in a state of fluidity, ignited to the very surface, and by its rotation in that state took its present form, as the result of the mutual attraction of its parts and of its rotatory motion. This must be conceded, if we do not admit the choice of a permanent axis of rotation. It is, therefore, in the progress through countless ages of the changes on the surface, from the chaotic or primary formation of the geologists, to the most interesting state of the surface as it now exists, that we trace the endless arguments for design. However difficult at first sight to be explained, these changes will, when understood, show *one uniform* system, in which all things work together for good.

‘ If we consider the state of the surface before its cooling in a great degree, it must have been wholly unfitted for animal and vegetable life. The admission of this state necessarily lets in the *posterior* and *successive* creation of vegetables and animals. From the vestiges which remain we may conclude, with the highest degree of probability, that for a very long period the surface was only adapted for vegetables and the lowest description of animal life; afterwards for animals of an amphibious nature, and such as could exist only on the marshy shores of lakes, or in places occasionally covered with water. By degrees this state of the surface gave way to others more fitted for a further supply of animals *to be created*. The principal origin of these changes appears to have been provided in the powers attached to the substances, of whatever nature they may be, existing in the interior of the earth; but these powers have been merely mechanical, and could not originate organized vegetables and animals.

The class of changes at the surface, constituting the tertiary formations of the geologist, appear to have been that which was followed by the introduction of a great variety of large animals, many of which are now extinct. The surface was still to be further improved by making it fitted for a wide extension of animals and of their food. This has been done by the means afforded for the extension and spreading of alluvial matter, so admirably adapted for the growth of plants, and therefore for the existence of animal life. The changes of surface which have been alluded to are all parts of the same design. Between the successive changes great intervals appear to have elapsed. The imagination is able to form no conception of the length of time since the chaotic state began to change. Notwithstanding the time that must have existed between each change, one uniform plan can be discerned. The animals, which we must admit to have been *successively* created, show, by their organization, the same creator. Thus, if we admit the fluid and chaotic state of the earth (the alternative, if we do not admit an original spheroidal formation), there cannot be a question as to the powerful arguments to be derived from the change in the surface, and its series of organized beings. Indeed, if the matter be well considered, it will appear to many that the most conclusive arguments for design and *continued* superintendence may be deduced from the researches of the modern geologists.'

The Notes, written by Lord Brougham, have been drawn up with great care and judgment. They exhibit, in a remarkable degree, his talent for simplifying what is complex, and illustrating what is obscure; and whether the subject is astronomy, chemistry, or metaphysics, his observations are apposite and instructive, and his argument sound and convincing. We regret that we must confine ourselves to a single specimen. Dr Paley is treating of the uses of the doctrine of Divine Providence, and Lord Brougham takes occasion to make the following observations on the subject of a future state:—

'The views taken in these three paragraphs are most important, and they lead to another of equal moment (if, indeed, they do not include it), respecting the obscurity which hangs over the subject of a future state. Sceptics have constantly asked—Why a matter beyond all comparison the most important, and the most interesting to man, should be left in any the least doubt? In other words,—Why the combined operation of Natural and Revealed Religion should not be to make us just as certain of what shall befall us upon our removal from this world, as we are of what is likely to happen on the morrow of any given day? The answer is,—*because* this matter is so immeasurably more important and more interesting to us than all others; and *because*, unless our whole nature were changed, the absolute certainty of enjoyments without end and without limit would make the performance of our present tasks impossible. If indeed, the farther question is pressed—"Why are we so constituted?"—This is only another form of what in truth all these reasonings conceal, the question, why man was created a finite being? For in this all the scept-

tical questions of the description adverted to invariably end. Thus, to take an instance from one gratification which of necessity presupposes evil—There is pleasure in the cessation of pain, and in the enjoyment of rest after labour ; as there also is in satisfying the thirst for knowledge. It is not a contingent but a necessary truth, that this gratification of ease, or of curiosity satisfied, cannot be obtained without the preceding evil of suffering or fatigue, or the preceding imperfection of ignorance. But it is said—Why might we not have been so made as to have other equal pleasures without the evil ? And had such been our constitution, the same objectors would have said,—“ Here is one source of enjoyment cut off.” Nay, if life were an alternation of positive enjoyment with mere ease, they would still say—“ Why any interval of positive enjoyment, compared with which mere ease is worthless, and so an evil ?” And if all were positive enjoyment, they would say—“ Why is it not more exquisite ?” In other words, Why is man a finite being ? All our speculations, however, upon this subject must proceed upon the assumption that the design of Providence was to create a finite, mortal creature, endowed with free will, but influenced by motives, inducing and dissuading. Any enquiry into the reason for such a determination being taken by the Supreme Being far exceeds the bounds of our faculties ; and the question as to evil must be always handled with the impression that, beyond a certain way, we never can make progress towards its entire solution.’

The Notes and Appendix, written by Sir Charles Bell, relate principally to the subject of anatomy and animal physiology ; and, beside their intrinsic merit, they have the additional interest of having been written by a philosopher, who has enriched these branches of science with some of the most important discoveries of modern times. The notes are all composed in the most simple and perspicuous language, and no labour has been spared to make the general reader thoroughly conversant with the subject under discussion. There are many topics of fascinating interest treated of in this Appendix, and nothing but the want of space prevents us from extracting a few of the most popular. The following account of the antlers of the deer belongs to this class :—

‘ Let us consider the structure, growth, and decay of the deer’s horns, as an example of the most rapid growth of bone, and a curious instance of its appropriation to a particular purpose. And, first, why should these antlers be deciduous, falling at an appointed season ? The breeder of domestic cattle and horses endeavours to propagate the favourite qualities of fleece or carcase, of speed or power, by crossing. Nature accomplishes her purpose by giving to the strongest.

‘ The antlers of the stag, which is in maturity and vigorous health, grow with the greatest spread of palms and crotches ; with the growth of the horn there is increase of strength in the neck and shoulder. We cannot be surprised, then, that in contention with his rivals, he that carries the largest antlers should obtain supremacy over the herd. After the season, his antlers fall ; and we then find the stag feeding with the other males, which

before he had driven off. Be this, however, as it may, the growth and fall of the horn is a remarkable phenomenon, and deserving farther consideration.

'The horn of the deer is bone, and is formed as an internal part, that is to say—it is covered during its growth. It grows from the outer table of the skull, but there extends, at the same time, from the integuments of the head, a soft vascular covering like velvet; so that, during the whole period of its growth, the horn has around it a tender soft covering, full of vessels, and which is necessary to its growth and support. But when the horn has acquired its full form and strength, this velvet covering is destroyed by a very curious process. At the root of the horn, near the skull, a circlet of tubercles, called the burr or pearl, is found. The principal vessels run between these tubercles; and as the tubercles grow, they close in upon the ascending blood-vessels, compress them, and prevent their conveying blood to the horn; then the membrane, which was vascular, becomes insensible and dead, and in time is rubbed off.

'In old treatises on hunting, the separation of the outer cuticle or velvet, is called fraying, and the huntsman, in leading on his hounds upon a hart of many 'tines,' judges of his size and strength by the fraying post—the height of the tree against which he has been butting and rubbing his horns to separate the outer covering. The horns, when the velvet is detached, are now perfect. It is after this that the stag seeks the female in the depth of the forest; and now it is that, in encountering his rivals, fierce contests ensue. They dart against each other with great fury, take no repose, and in a very few weeks become quite exhausted. In the museum of the College of Surgeons there are two superb sets of antlers entangled and wedged together; they belonged to two males, which had struck so fiercely against each other, that they could not withdraw their horns—and thus, being strangely locked together, they starved, and were found dead.

'The stag is a very different animal in regard to strength, at different seasons of the year. He feeds, too, on different herbage, sometimes preferring the broom and heath; at another season he resorts to copses, springs, and corn-fields; and these correspond with his different conditions as to strength and fatness, and with his passions. It is after the period of contention that the stag is once more found in the copses and underwood, feeding peacefully with his former rivals. And now the process of absorption takes place at the root of the horns, and they are shed; sometimes one is carried a considerable time after the other is fallen, and it is observed that the oldest and strongest harts shed their antlers the soonest. The remarkable circumstance is, that such is the provision, through the absorption at the root of the horn, that a slight shock will now detach that which bore the united force of the two combatants before. The fallow-deer have the same habits and passions, but they will contend in herds for favourite pasture-grounds, and divide into parties under the oldest and strongest of the herd. Who can doubt that the antlers are for a temporary purpose, since, for the greater part of the year, they are either wanting, or in a tender state of growth? Nature bestows them only as arms for the combat which is to decide for the strongest, and give a sire to the herd.'

In treating of the movements of inorganic molecules, as observed by Mr Robert Brown, and as distinct from those of animalculæ, Sir Charles Bell introduces a most interesting account of a recent discovery made by Purkinje and Valentin respecting what is called *ciliary motion*, or particular movements of the *cilia*, or small filaments which project from the surface of the mucous membrane. 'A portion of the mucous membrane of an animal recently killed, is placed, with great nicety, under the field of the microscope, and in water—some fine particles, which will float in the water, are then added. What has been used with most advantage is the black pigment of the eye, which is easily diffused, and the particles of which are very minute. The experimenter is here cautioned to distinguish the molecular motions discovered by Mr Brown from those now to be described. A rapid vibratory motion is to be seen on the surface of the membrane, and these motions produce a current in the fluid in contact, which is made apparent by the floating of the minute particles of the pigment. The remarkable part of this phenomenon is the direction of these currents. The cilia, or small filaments, projecting from the membrane, move in such a manner that the current is always directed towards the outlet of the cavity or tube; and thus, it is conjectured, that a new source and kind of action, independent of muscularity (that is, the irritability of the grosser muscular fibre), is provided for the gradual and regular ejection of the secretions from these tubes and cavities which enter deep into the animal structure.'*

In every work which treats of the evidence of design, the wonders of the eye form a necessary and a prominent part. Both Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell have managed this part of the subject with learning and skill; but they have omitted some facts of modern discovery, which, though their final cause may not be distinctly understood, exhibit a beauty and delicacy of structure highly interesting to the student of natural theology. The discoveries alluded to relate principally to the structure of the crystalline lens, which is probably the most marvellous body that the animal frame offers to our contemplation. The description of the lens given by Dr Paley and Sir Charles Bell is limited to one statement,—that it consists of concentric layers, which gradually increase in density from the centre to

* The mucous membrane is the one which lines all the cavities of animal bodies that open outwards, and the surface of which is moistened by a fluid which is to be discharged as from an emunctuary.

the circumference. The structure of the lens, however, is much more complex and beautiful than this. It consists of innumerable fibres of nearly the same length, each of which tapers from its middle part to its two extremities, like the gores or gussets of a globe. In some lenses the extremities of all the fibres terminate in two opposite poles; in others, in a line at each pole,—the line at the posterior pole being at right angles to the line at the anterior pole, and all the fibres except a few being bent into the most beautiful curves of contrary flexure. In some lenses the fibres terminate in the lines of a rectangular cross at each pole, the lines of the cross at one pole being inclined 45° to the lines at the other pole; in others, the terminations of the fibres form more complicated figures. In the largest number of animals the arrangement of the fibres is the same at both poles, but in a few, such as the turtle, &c., the fibres terminate in a different manner in the two surfaces of the lens. But the structure of each of the fibres is still more wonderful than their arrangement. The sides of each fibre are formed with teeth like those of a watch-wheel, and the teeth of one fibre lock into those of the adjacent ones; in order no doubt to strengthen and give body to the frail morsel of transparent jelly into which they are so marvellously moulded.

In the lens of a cod four-tenths of an inch in diameter, the number of fibres is about *five millions*, and the number of teeth by which the fibres are bound together is *sixty-two thousand five hundred millions*;* and as every tooth has three surfaces, the number of touching-surfaces will be *one hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred millions*; and yet this little sphere of tender jelly is as transparent as a drop of the purest water, and allows a beam of light to pass across these almost innumerable joints without obstructing or reflecting a single ray!

But the lenses of animals exhibit another structure more perplexing, though not less wonderful. While the human lens exhibits only one structure of diminishing density from the centre to the surface, the purpose of which is to correct spherical aberration, the lenses of quadrupeds display *three different structures* of varying densities, separated by neutral lines; in which lines a density decreasing outwards passes into a density increasing outwards. In the lens of the horse, this succession of structures is finely displayed; and when the animal has attained a great age, the densities of the inner and the outer structure have become uniform throughout, while the middle one exhibits a varying

*. Phil. Transactions, 1833, p. 324.

density more strongly marked than in the young lens, and exhibiting by polarized light a brilliant yellow colour, like the most perfect films of regularly crystallized bodies. That these structures are intended to correct spherical aberration, or to improve vision, cannot be doubted; but another century may pass before we discover the principles on which that correction or improvement depends.

In describing those properties of the eye which are peculiarly indicative of design, our authors have committed an oversight which it is essential to correct. In our first extract from Lord Brougham's 'Discourse,' it is stated 'as a truth, in both physics and theology,' that the eye is framed on the same principle as that of the compound or achromatic object glass; and that it is far more perfect than the achromatic glass of Dollond. Sir Charles Bell, though apparently aware that this statement was not perfectly correct, has yet repeated it, in substance, in his 17th note:—'Some modern philosophers have asserted that the eye 'is not perfectly achromatic in every adjustment. The term implies the property of the instrument to represent an image divested of the prismatic colours—those false colours which attend the refraction of the rays of light. If the statement be correct, it is nothing against our argument; nor have these enquirers advanced it with any such view.* We know that, in all the ordinary exercises of the eye, the image is perfect, having neither penumbra nor prismatic colours. This property of the eye results from the different media through which the rays are transmitted, and the gradual transmission which we have just mentioned. Dollond's achromatic glasses, a great improvement on the telescope, were made on this principle.' * * * 'These properties (those of *refraction* and *dispersion*) being distinct, it is conceivable that a glass of a different chemical composition may affect the one to a greater degree than the other, and therefore that a lens may be composed of different kinds of glass (common glass and flint glass for example), so that the convergence of the rays into a focus may be obtained without the dispersion of the rays and the consequent production of false colours round the image. This is what Dollond nearly accomplished, and upon these principles. That the effect of this very artificial arrangement is attained in the eye is a remarkable proof of the perfection of its adaptation to the properties of light.' Now, the physics of this passage clearly is,

* 'Professor Blair (*Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. iii.) expressly derives an argument in favour of design from this statement of his opinion, and his objection to Boscovich.'

that the perfect image, without prismatic colours, given by the eye in all its ordinary exercises, results from the different media, as in the achromatic object glass; and the natural theology of the passage is, that, as the effect of this very artificial arrangement is attained, we have a remarkable proof of its adaptation to the properties of light. There is here undoubtedly an oversight both in the premises and the conclusion. The image given by the eye is not perfect with regard to colours in its ordinary exercise—there is no contrivance whatever to make its images colourless. Its structure has no analogy whatever with Dollond's achromatic object glass; the combination of media being unfit to correct dispersion, and intended for quite different purposes. Dr Blair has proved this by the strictest induction: Dr Maskelyne, Dr Wollaston, Dr Young, Dr Wells, and Frauenhofer, have confirmed it by correct experiments. The quantity of dispersion in the eye has been accurately measured; its different focal lengths for red and violet light have been determined accurately by Young and Frauenhofer; and the latter has found it necessary to correct the dispersion of the eye in the construction of his achromatic object glasses. The natural theology of the *non-achromatism* of the eye is given with great force and truth by Dr Blair in the paper referred to. '*Natura nihil agit frustra*' (says he). 'The perfection of the contriver equally appears from a manifestation of his power, and of his economical exertion of that power.' The idea, indeed, that the eye would answer the purposes of vision more perfectly if it were achromatic, is founded on a hasty analogy. Because an achromatic telescope or microscope is superior to the same instruments when not rendered achromatic, it is supposed that an achromatic eye should have the same superiority. It is well known to opticians that an achromatic lens is not so well fitted for a camera obscura as a common lens. There is a very great difference, however, between the two cases. In a common telescope and microscope the colour, or dispersion of the object lens, is not only great in itself—increasing with its aperture and focal length; but it is greatly magnified by the eye-glass. But there is another difference between the two cases still more essential. In using a telescope or microscope, the eye views in succession every part of the image which they form, and sees the prismatic colours increasing from the centre to the circumference of the field. But there is no eye behind the retina to view in the same manner the image which is thrown upon that membrane. In fact the eye cannot see the colours of the lateral pencils, because it is incapable of seeing any object distinctly, unless it is situated in or near its axis; and hence it is of no importance whatever to render the

image achromatic at a distance from the axis. When we wish to examine an object, or a part of an object, with minute attention, we direct to it the axis of the eye; and in order to obtain a sensibly colourless vision in or near the axis, achromatic compensation is not necessary. It is no doubt true that even in this axis there is a non-coincidence of the foci of the differently coloured rays; but owing to the shortness of the focal distance of the eye, and the low dispersive power of the humours, this non-coincidence of the different foci does no injury to our ordinary vision.

Such is a rapid, though, we trust, a faithful analysis of a remarkable work. Its appearance at a time when the series of 'Bridgewater Treatises' have nearly exhausted its subject, may somewhat limit its circulation. But in its bold and spontaneous appeal to our reason, there is a moral power which the best executed *tasks* are unable to develope—and a germ of activity and life which reside only in unbidden labour. He who girds himself for the forlorn hope combats under a holier spell than the readiest auxiliary or the most willing conscript. The enthusiasm of self-devotion, while it inspires courage, propagates also terror; and the moral power of one unflinching heart has often routed the physical array of thousands. The age is doubtless past when ridicule or danger are to be encountered in the defence of truths eternal and immutable; and the time, we hope, will never arrive when high and honoured names shall be again associated with all that is unsound in morals and mischievous in scepticism. A brighter era has now dawned, in which genius will fulfil its highest destiny, and all that is brilliant in talent and elevated in virtue be marshalled in the cause of our moral and religious interests. Already have the arrows from many a mighty quiver stricken the once dreaded arm of the sceptic; and among nations yet in darkness shall the magic of many a deathless name draw round our faith its mystic circle of light and of knowledge. The labours of one of the last and ablest of these defenders of the truth are now before the public; and at no former period have the principles of natural and revealed religion been more powerfully and generously supported. When Lord Brougham's eloquence in the senate shall have passed away, and his services as a statesman shall exist only in the free institutions which they have helped to secure, his 'Discourse on 'Natural Theology' will continue to inculcate imperishable truths, and fit the mind for that higher revelation which these truths were destined to foreshadow and confirm.

ART. II.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Ch. PAUL DE KOCK.* Paris: 1834.

2. *Zizine.* Par Ch. PAUL DE KOCK. 4 vols. 12mo. Bruxelles: 1836.

THERE is a species of popularity which is often detrimental, for a time, to the reputation of an author. Some books start into favour amongst a miscellaneous and indiscriminating class, without passing the ordeal of more critical and reflective readers. The vulgar, while they approve, are not quite certain whether they ought to admire; and they contract a sort of easy familiarity with those literary acquaintances of whose rank they are not assured, which is less respectful than it might be, if they found their own opinion sanctioned by the scholastic and fastidious few. Thus, for a long time, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was one of the most popular books in our language, though it is only of late years that the very high quality of genius which characterises that remarkable allegory has been understood or appreciated. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' would, perhaps, have attained a higher reputation had its popularity been less extensive. On the other hand, when the fame of an author is confided, as it were, to the care of a few disciples, it becomes a kind of jealous and exclusive worship; the initiated admire and extol yet the more vehemently for the indifference of the ordinary public; and they even resent as an impertinence the intrusive homage which wider circles begin at length to render to their idol. Thus Wordsworth has been claimed as a sacred monopoly by a handful of unexamining enthusiasts, who will neither allow a rival, nor listen to a critic. Warburton and St Croix never indulged wilder reveries about the Eleusinian Mysteries than a few speculative imitators and adulators have imposed upon the public with respect to the symbols and secrets which their great Hierophant of Poetry is supposed to reveal. We want no Lobeck to convince us that the *konx aud ompax* of their ceremonial solemnities are but the *hey presto* of a fanatical juggling. In fact, what is *permanently* popular must ever be founded upon such successful appeals to the common sense, or the universal passions of mankind, as criticism itself no sooner examines than it is compelled to approve; while, in return, what is really and lastingly admirable to a few enlightened and discerning minds, will ultimately pass into that wide and general circulation which is the proper element of true genius, and the surest test of its fidelity to the laws of nature, and the great principles of art. In litera-

ture, the Mysteries and the Popular Religion have the same creed, and acknowledge the same divinities.

The fertile and extraordinary writer whose name is prefixed to this article has long been an acknowledged and almost unrivalled favourite in the widest circle of novel-readers in France; but, partly from his systematic contempt of the morbid exaggerations and ecstatic mysticism of those who have professed to found new schools, and who claim and obtain the more critical or the more imaginative classes for disciples—partly from his utter freedom from all that sublime coxcombry which introduces the coarsest exhibitions, with a display of the finest sentiments, and is the darling feature of the literature *de la Morgue*, the romantic coteries of Paris have undoubtedly withheld the golden opinions of their *salons* from one of the most national of their authors,—whose works penetrate every rank of society, and are found with the *couturière* in the topmost attic, and the journeyman *cordonnier* in the obscurest cellar. It is this extraordinary popularity which has injured M. Paul de Kock with those who affect to be finer than the many. They accuse him of being the author of the *grisettes*; they sneer at the coarseness of his descriptions, as suited to the coarseness of his audience, and extol to the seventh heaven the refined sensualities of *Lelia*, or the delicate depravities of the *Peau de Chagrin*. An Englishman, who, after a fashionable French criticism on M. Paul de Kock's numerous works, turns to them, for the first time, to form his own judgment of their merits and defects, will be astonished to find, that, amidst an exuberance of familiar humour, which often passes the limit of good taste, and (M. Paul de Kock must pardon us if we add) as often outrages the laws of all sound morality, there are veins of the most beautiful and elevating sentiment, and passages of tremendous yet never exaggerated power. Perhaps, indeed, no author ever excelled the genius which created *Le bon Enfant* and *Frère Jacques*, in that vivid and thrilling tragedy, which seeks its elements in ordinary passions and daily life.

M. Paul de Kock has received a grievous wrong from the current criticism respecting his talents, when he has been represented as eminent only in broad farce and humorous caricature. He resembles Hogarth in the subtle and profound skill with which he connects the Ludicrous and the Terrible. In the details of his masculine and nervous pictures, he appears to be laughing at the follies, but the whole composition frequently makes an awful and startling representation of the consequences of Vice; and we doubt much whether France would ever have produced among its writers of fiction a greater teacher of morals, had it not been for one fatal error, which pervades many of M. de Kock's most impressive works. A moralist in all else—a moralist of an almost

intuitive discernment of truth, he forfeits that character in whatever relates to the sexual connexions. And as in this general and prevalent error M. Paul de Kock not only appears to seek to confirm himself by false reasonings, but is supported by very numerous examples amongst his countrymen, we think it may not be altogether without utility to meet his arguments on the worldly, and not very elevated ground, upon which he would entrench them. We are aware that a French writer will seldom listen with attention to the homilies of a British critic upon social ethics; that he is too apt to consider us either hypocrites or prudes: what we call licentiousness, he calls a picture of human life; and our warnings and reproofs he refers to the vocabulary of cant. Now, if we grant that with us the science of morals is often confined to the one important branch which comprehends the relations between the sexes;—if we allow that we sometimes too dogmatically term this or that person moral or immoral, not according to all the numberless other obligations and ties of civilized life, but as our received opinions upon a solitary but grave article of our ethical creed are shocked or respected—if we admit that the decencies are but shadows, which can often fall with equal breadth and length from the vices as from the virtues, from the hypocrite as the saint—if we concede that strict propriety of conduct in the management of the mere physical passions is not incompatible with a course of life in which very few duties are fulfilled, very few benefits conferred—if we confess all this, it is still equally clear that an author has no excuse for disdaining decorum, because decorum is often but the usurious composition with the social claims upon our conduct—that a thoughtful and honest writer has no justification for violating propriety in revenge upon cant—and that, above all, any man affecting to make us happier or better, is indefensible if he deliberately weakens those barriers, which women at least, not only in this country, but in any one where the Northern chivalry, or the Christian faith holds its ground, rarely transgress, without sharp penalties or severe remorse. With us, those worldly penalties are perhaps more severe than in France. But even in France, we suppose no French author will deny that the chastity of women is still closely interwoven with the honour of public character and the peace of domestic life. Some French writers (M. de Kock is not of the number), whilst they allow the fact, profess most conscientiously to lament it. They would ‘change all that;’ they have a crotchet of their own; and they contend they have a right to pursue it at all hazards. But a man who honestly desired a republic would commit no trivial crime if he sacrificed the lives of others in a hopeless conspiracy against monarchical institutions. In like manner, a writer who honestly

condemned the (as we think, wholesome) rigidity with which we identify the honour of woman with her virtue, would still sin against morality if he seriously attempted to disguise those consequences which attach to a deviation from the settled laws of opinion. We have used these arguments in order to meet not only M. de Kock, but other writers of his country, by whose example he would prop himself, upon their own premises; without adducing the numberless higher and less worldly reasonings which we should adduce against an English author guilty of the same offences. M. de Kock himself is a coarse writer. We regret it. But we do not blame him so much for his coarseness of words as for his levity of purpose. Coarseness of expression may be quite compatible with purity of ideas; and to shock our taste is not always to contaminate our minds. But we utterly condemn, what no ethical logic can sanction,—the levity which treats the virtue of woman as *peu de chose*, and singles out individual examples, to the total forgetfulness of a general and practical system. In one of his prefaces, M. de Kock gravely defends himself, and asserts that his own humorous and easy delineations of human passion are much less pernicious than the refined sophistries, and depraved eloquence, of many of his contemporaries. If a man of M. de Kock's masterly genius, and general sympathies with all that is good and noble, can be satisfied with so miserable a preference, we accord it to him at once. With all his faults, we allow him to be a much less dangerous writer than those who pervert that *sentiment*, which, properly regulated, is but a quick susceptibility to virtue—to become the ministrant to the worst desires, and the apologist for the most daring excesses, of vice. But from dispositions that appear to us, on most points, so healthful, and from a philosophy that seems founded upon just and cheerful views of the ends and objects of existence, we would hope for a loftier ambition; and we shall be greatly disappointed indeed if the author of *Le Cocu* and *Frère Jacques*, still in the prime of life, and, we trust, with a long career before him, does not at last awaken to a just perception of those grave and responsible duties which social interests have a right to exact from men who are capable of employing the passions in the tremendous agency of good or evil.

We do not propose, in these few remarks on the characteristics of one of the most voluminous authors of the present age, to bring all his writings to prove the justice of our reluctant blame, or cordial approbation. We think that a careful and judicious selection of his fictions might be advantageously presented by a good translator to the English reader, and be productive, not only of great delight, but very profound instruction. And, in

the mean while, as M. de Kock's merits and peculiarities are not very generally known out of his own country, perhaps a short analysis of one of his principal tales will do more to place them in clear and full view before the reader, than a prolonged and necessarily vague criticism on the contents of some two or three score of volumes.

We select *Frère Jacques*, which, if not the highest and most polished, is not only one of the most animated and striking of M. de Kock's novels, but also one of which even a mere skeleton can scarcely fail to convey to the lovers of fiction some idea of the genius of the author; and disabuse them of any previous impressions they may have formed from those who, judging M. de Kock superficially, represent him but as a broad *farceur*, or a Dutch painter of the humours of the *Cabaret* or the *Guinguette*.

The story of *Frère Jacques* opens with one of those gay and animated pictures of actual life, in the delineation of which the author is unsurpassed. It is a wedding-feast given at the *Cadron bleu*—a *restaurant* especially celebrated amongst the middle classes of Paris. Adeline, the bride, is a charming creation—gentle, prudent, lovely, and tenderly attached to Edouard Murville, the bridegroom. It is a love-match, yet a discreet one—the lady has a sufficient dowry, the gentleman a place *dans une administration*. Edouard has an only brother, Jacques; the first was the favoured, the second the neglected, child. Their characters in boyhood were dissimilar. Edouard quiet, orderly, cautious, but of feeble dispositions; Jacques noisy, idle, ardent, but spirited and manly. Disgusted with a home in which his natural affections are repelled and crushed, Jacques absconds at the age of fifteen. Since that time nothing has been heard of him.

Madame Germeuil, the mother of Adeline, had permitted her daughter to prefer Edouard Murville to offers more dazzling. 'The young man,' thought she, 'will render my daughter happy; he has not much strength of character—what of that! My dear child will be mistress of the house, and *les ménages*, over which the lady presides, are ever the best conducted.' Amidst all the gay and numerous personages that figure in the marriage-feast, there is one more prominent and noticeable than the rest. He is introduced in a few short sentences, with the easy art common to the author. But you feel at once that he is to be a principal agent in the story. His name is Dufresne. His age about twenty-eight or thirty. His person would be handsome but for an equivocal and sinister expression, which affects *la bienveillance*, but inspires neither confidence nor esteem. He is struck with the beauty of the bride—with the happiness of

the young couple. Even from that moment this man, who never foregoes an object on account of a scruple, conceives an odious and criminal design.

The next day Edouard and his bride talk of the future. Edouard is desirous of giving up his place,—they can live so well upon Adeline's fortune—a country residence would be so charming. Edouard finds in the *petites affiches*, that the house in which he spent his infancy is to be sold; it is at *Villeneuve St Georges*. The bride is enchanted at the thought of inhabiting the house in which her husband's childhood had been past. Madame Germeuil's prudent scruples are over-ruled; the happy pair, with the *bonne Maman*, set off to inspect the mansion at *Villeneuve St Georges*. The reader will conceive the sentiments which Edouard experiences at the sight of a place endeared by so many associations; he will conceive also the tender sympathies of the charming bride. The grace, the lightness, the delicate sensibility with which these impressions are conjured up and expressed, are exquisite of their kind. But in the haunts of his childhood Edouard is reminded of his brother, his play-fellow,—the absent Jacques. That recollection always saddens him—he is half persuaded that this unlucky fugitive is no more—he almost wished it to be so. He dreaded to consider that his brother might be destitute, degraded, a pauper and a vagabond. He recoiled yet the more from that notion since he had been permitted to aspire to so advantageous a marriage. If his brother were living, and in disreputable circumstances, how would it injure and lower *himself* in the eyes of the respectable Madame Germeuil! But (and here is the subtle and truthful discrimination of the author) Edouard, though selfish, is not insensible; he is worldly, but not hard-hearted. He did not wish to repulse his brother should they meet. No! but he *fears* to meet him in poverty and distress. 'Such are men,' exclaims the author, '*ce diable d'amour-propre* often stifles the best and the softest affections; some blush for a brother or sister; some even for a father and a mother. These persons think apparently that they are not sufficiently estimable in themselves to dispense with the genealogical tree!'

Mean while, the little party continue to explore: they arrive at the end of the garden, which looks upon the fields, and is divided from them by a kind of grating. At the other side of this grating, they suddenly perceive the face of a man, gazing earnestly into the garden. His countenance at first sight, has something a little alarming—thick mustaches, a sunburnt countenance, black eyes, and a scar along one side of the face, combine to make no very prepossessing appearance. The ladies are

startled, and the figure disappears. The unpleasant impression made by the apparition fades away; the purchase is resolved upon. A dinner at the village *Restaurant* (detailed with irresistible humour) succeeds. The party return to Paris. And Edouard having made the necessary arrangements, again seeks *Villeneuve Saint Georges*, to complete the purchase. He is in the garden, planning his alterations, when he sees the same figure at the grating. The ragged dress, the shaggy beard of the stranger announce poverty and misfortune. The intruder proves to be Jacques. The meeting of the brothers—Edouard's struggles between the natural shame of abandoning Jacques, and the artificial shame of owning him, are told with the most consummate knowledge of human nature. Jacques is coarse, ragged, rough, but manly, proud, and stern. His hearty delight at regaining his brother, his sanguine certainty of finding a friend in the companion of his childhood—gradually change into bitter and indignant mortification at the coldness and embarrassment of the new owner of the well-known house, who refuses him countenance, and offers him alms. The brothers part in anger; Edouard repents, he runs after Jacques—he calls him by name—but the long-lost brother has again disappeared—it is too late. Edouard consoles himself—‘I offered him money,’ thought he—‘I don't see why he should be so angry at the offer—am I so very wrong not to like to present to my wife and my mother-in-law a man who looks just out of prison? *Ma foi*, I have done quite right!’ The happy brother returns to his bride, and the author returns to Jacques. This character (the last) is one of M. de Kock's most skilful and powerful creations. His bluntness—his eccentricities belong to comedy—but are relieved, with extraordinary art, by a very high and almost exaggerated principle of honour. He has gone through adventures, the recital of which fills up no inconsiderable portion of the work, but which are for the most part no less episodical than those of Scipio in *Gil Blas*; and finally, entering the army, has served with honour and distinction. Yet, unfortunately, having rejected all attempts at education under the paternal roof, it has been his lot still to remain a private soldier. But he had always cherished the idea of returning home, and longed for some distinction that might prove him not unworthy of his name. He obtains it in the cross of the Legion of Honour. In poverty, in rags, he cherishes this testimonial of his merit. He imagines that his family will be proud to receive a brave soldier, who has won the cross of the Legion of Honour. He has been undeceived by the coldness of his brother. After that interview, Jacques rejoins an old fellow-soldier, *Sans-Souci*, whose character is of course the reflection of

his name ; and the two comrades ultimately fix themselves in a farmer's house. Sans-Souci does a thousand little offices for the hostess, and Jacques labours in the fields of mine host—fights over old battles in the evening, and at night thinks of his brother and *Villeneuve St Georges*, or casts his eyes for comfort upon his beloved cross of the Legion of Honour. While Jacques thus passes his existence, Edouard is rapidly hurried to his ruin. That same Monsieur Dufresne, who has been so impressed with the beauty of Adeline, at the marriage festivities, obtains the acquaintance and confidence of the young husband. Dufresne is a man of great natural intellect—of morals utterly abandoned and depraved. He lives upon his wits, and is a *chevalier d'industrie*, while affecting to combine the speculations of a life of business with the amusements of a life of pleasure. He had formed, from the first, a guilty and intense passion for Adeline ; but the author knows the human heart too well, to represent such a man as being solely actuated by one passion. He likes the fortune of Edouard, no less than he loves the beauty of his wife. He acquires over the mind of the feeble and irresolute Murville, the most complete ascendancy. Scenes, through which, beneath the richest humour, lurk the most powerful and philosophical satire, pass with brilliant rapidity before the reader. Beneath the influence of this fatal intimacy, the fortune of Murville withers up ; his domestic happiness is destroyed, his morals corrupted ; and the weakness of his character, worked upon by selfish interests and a low ambition, is utterly unable to preserve whatever was originally good in his dispositions. Over alike all the darker and all the more frivolous characters of the plot, the beautiful and tender Adeline sheds a kind of glory—her mild and soft nature is portrayed with consummate delicacy—she is the one ideal image of womanly goodness, amidst a crowd of sins and follies. But the glory is to be obscured : In vain is Edouard warned again and again of the designs and vices of Dufresne. The lower he sinks the more firmly he grasps at this terrible associate. In a life of vice, the vicious companion has become *a necessary*. By a frightful artifice, somewhat similar to that which makes the plot of Otway's 'Orphan,' Dufresne possesses himself of the person of Adeline—she is innocent, yet dishonoured. We confess that, despite the power and pathos with which the consequences of this crime are delineated, we think the conception of this incident the great fault of the book. We are revolted and shocked, as it seems to us, gratuitously. The moral might have been consummated without so dreadful a sacrifice. From that time, the solitary light that cheered the path of Murville is gone. Adeline, retired into the country with her child,

a daughter, disappears from the scene—and, though Edouard has not yet discovered the treachery of his companion—hope has vanished, and terror supplies the only interest left to us. Debased by his false friend, deceived by a false mistress, from a spendthrift and a gambler Edouard Murville passes into a swindler and a forger. In his most fearful crisis, Adeline seeks and endeavours to save him—it is in vain—the time has come in which he is obliged to relinquish all knowledge of that which is virtuous—he conceals his name, he cannot be discovered—he is an outcast like Jacques, the brother whom he despised; the outcast not of poverty but crime. In the country, Adeline had become acquainted with Jacques himself, still lodging with the farmer; and, finally, when the house at *Villeneuve St Georges* is sold, she finds a shelter and asylum under the same roof with the blunt soldier. But at length Edouard is heard of—he has been arrested—he is in prison. Adeline discovers the secret, which they endeavoured at first to hide from her; she hurries up to Paris; she takes with her their only child; she hastens to the prison; she is in the *Place* of the *Palais de Justice*; a crowd is assembled; some spectacle is about to be exhibited. Poor Adeline! she was ever averse to the excitement of those scenes of guilt and punishment, and at such a time how much more do they revolt her! She in vain attempts to extricate herself from the crowd; she is borne along; she is impelled on to the very spot where the *gens d'armes* surround the criminals about to be branded, and then cast with ignominy on the world. She hears a sharp cry of agony; she lifts her eyes, and beholds her husband, pale, haggard, disfigured; she sees and falls senseless; and, falling, still strains her infant, *his* infant, to her heart. When she recovers (and the change of the popular feeling from the coarse excitement of that horrible spectacle, to compassion for a gentler distress, is described with the true wisdom of a man who knows how much loveliness there is in human nature), her first thought is to rejoin her husband. His punishment reunites them, as it were, and cancels her own dark but concealed disgrace. But her senses give way with the horror of the sight she has witnessed. Her physical, her mental powers abandon her. She is succoured by an old man, a philanthropist (whose goodness of disposition is beautifully painted), who had travelled with her to Paris in the public conveyance, and already been touched by the aspect and manner of the young mother. This old man, M. Gerval, has Adeline and her child conveyed to his country residence. Adeline's delirium—happily, perhaps—continues, and gradually hardens into insanity. Jacques and his

friend Sans-Souci, on learning her flight from the farm-house, go to Paris to seek her. There, on the Boulevards, they behold a procession of criminals about to be sent to the galleys at Toulon. Jacques, involuntarily, rests motionless to gaze at these wretches, and when amongst them the proud soldier recognises his brother, 'his hand, rapid as his thought,' grasps his decoration, the cross of the Legion of Honour, detaches it from his vest, and conceals it in his bosom. Not a word more is said at that moment as to his feelings—the simple gesture suffices to tell them all—for Paul de Kock never *over-writes*. Mean while Edouard, who, even in the moment of his penance, recognised amongst the spectators his wife and his child, arrives at Toulon. By degrees remorse fades away before the contagion of the miserable companionship to which he is condemned—ultimately he escapes—and flies. To save himself from a man who discovers him, by the indelible brand of his crime, and is about to give him up to justice—he becomes a murderer. Chance again unites him with Dufresne, who had escaped the infliction of his accomplice, and who is now the chief of a gang of robbers and housebreakers. Dufresne relates his own history. The son of a man ruined by a lawsuit, and who, discontented with fortune, had turned misanthrope—his mind bold, independent, and thoughtful, had been early corrupted by the paternal declamations against mankind;—the morbid views of a theoretical misanthrope had prepared the bolder son to be a practical villain. The reader will acknowledge in this sketch, no unimportant lesson of true philosophy. The passions of Dufresne, naturally fierce and unrestrained by education, are stimulated by the ordinary trials and misfortunes that await the poor. Adversity does not exalt but deprave a man taught betimes to look upon men as his natural foes; his intellect becomes sharper, but his heart more hard. In the course of his confessions, he reveals to Edouard the inexpressible injury he has inflicted upon him—The wretched Murville freezes with horror at the recital! But it is too late to look back. His character, always weak, now more than ever needed a guide; he loathed Dufresne's crimes, but leaned for security upon his intellect.

Adeline is still in the house of the good Gerval; and still her mind awakens not from its disordered dream. The delirious terrors of the poor maniac are described with a pathos yet the more touching from its utter avoidance of all exaggeration. Words with this great artist are never too fine for the thoughts.

One stormy night three travellers demand shelter at the house of the hospitable Gerval. These are Dufresne, Edouard, and a third ruffian, in disguise. It is proposed to rob the house and

murder the proprietor. The whole of the scene preparatory to the attempted execution of this design, is full of intense and appalling interest. At length, when the house is hushed, and two additional accomplices admitted, Dufresne, after murdering an old servant, whom suspicion had induced to play the spy, fixes the posts and duties of the subordinate miscreants. They have already learned that an insane person lodges a little apart from the main building; and there Edouard Murville is stationed, with orders to despatch the maniac if she utter any sound that may give alarm. The reader will at once conceive all the dramatic terror of this situation. Edouard is alone in the chamber, intently listening for the slightest sound. He passes unceasingly from the window to the bed. At length he places himself near the curtains of the latter—a child's couch at hand is empty—Adeline that night had been unusually agitated—she had taken the child in her arms, and, without undressing, had thrown herself on the bed. Curious at last to see the person he is set to guard, Edouard draws aside the curtain, but a noise in the wood below distracts his attention. He goes to the window—he hears footsteps upon the crisp frost and the withered leaves without. The sound becomes louder—he distinguishes voices—if the *gens-d'armes* in pursuit should discover him!—in the midst of his fears, Adeline awakes—she tears aside the curtains wildly, and raising herself, cries aloud, ‘Is it thou—is it thou!’ Murville in despair rushes to the bed, his dagger is in his hand—he raises the weapon, and recognises his wife and child. She, too, at once—the attached, the afflicted wife—wakes from her delirium—she knows her lost and guilty husband—and with a joyous cry precipitates herself into his arms. The whole of this most masterly passage our limits do not permit us to detail. Murville, struck with remorse, anxious only to save his wife from his own self, flies;—he flies in time. The steps he had overheard are those of Jacques and Sans-Souci. In their search after Adeline they had wandered in the neighbourhood of Gerval's house—been benighted—and while knocking at the door for shelter and asylum, discovered the breach through which the accomplices of Dufresne and Edouard had been admitted—they save the life of Gerval, and Dufresne perishes by the hand of Jacques. Time passes—Jacques, Adeline (whose senses had been permanently restored by the shock and terror of the night we have described), and Ermance, her daughter, are settled in the country-house which Edouard Murville had purchased and subsequently sold. It is a gift to Jacques from the grateful Gerval. Ultimately, the old man dies, and divides his property between Adeline and Jacques. Nine years have rolled away—the brother-in-law, the wife, and the daughter have en-

deavoured to forget the past. But *Jacques never wears the cross of the Legion of Honour*. His brother's crimes have destroyed the stern soldier's right to that decoration.

One day, at that very grate through which Jacques had once contemplated the home of his childhood, a figure yet more ragged, wild, and haggard than that which had once startled the bride and bridegroom is beheld. Adeline's daughter, the young Ermance, is the first to perceive the stranger, and she is terrified at the sight. She summons Adeline and Jacques to the spot—it is Edouard Murville. The *gens-d'armes* are in hot and close pursuit—a death of ignominy is at hand; and there, on the spot on which he had rejected a brother for the offence of honourable poverty, stands the felon and the murderer, gazing upon the gardens where he had played in infancy—where in youth he had wandered with his bride. We hasten over the forgiveness of Adeline—the penitence of Murville. Jacques is alone with his brother; the *gens-d'armes* are nearer and more near at hand. Thoroughly to understand the final catastrophe, we must carefully remember that the story is laid in France; that Jacques is a Frenchman and a soldier; that honour is his ruling, his sovereign, principle of thought, and feeling, and action. His sole hope now is to save a whole house from the disgrace of the public execution of his brother. He places a pistol in Murville's hand, and Murville saves himself from the scaffold. It is in his brother's grave that Jacques buries the cross of the Legion of Honour.

The reader will, doubtless, perceive in this analysis some faults in the conception of the story. Above all, he will condemn the revolting and unnecessary episode (for it is nothing more) of the crime of Dufresne towards Adeline Murville. But, with all the faults of the story, he will not fail to acknowledge the singular richness of invention—the copious variety of incident—the startling effect of the dramatic situations. He will perceive that a man who can adequately execute such a conception has no common or perishable gifts.

Of all Mons. de Kock's novels, *Le Cocu* is the most faultless—and next, perhaps, to *Frère Jacques*, *Le Bon Enfant* is the most striking. The great success of *Le Cocu*, in which there is little but the title that can alarm the most fastidious, ought to prove to M. de Kock that his popularity does not arise from his prevalent faults, but exists in despite of them. And in his last and recently published story of *Lizine*—a tale full of beauty and power—though in plot more meagre than most of its predecessors—we are delighted to acknowledge a marked and sensible improvement in purity, both of thought and diction; which makes us confidently

trust that the stream of this bold and versatile genius will clear itself the more the longer it flows on.

In a manly but touching letter which appeared some months since in the London Journals, by Count Alfred d'Orsay, and which has invited public attention alike to the merits and misfortunes of Mons. de Kock—that nobleman (himself, if report speak true, possessed of no ordinary accomplishments, and a discerning and elegant taste for letters)—has entitled the author of *Frère Jacques* ‘the Smollett of France.’ Highly as we estimate Smollett, we think the phrase is no exaggerated compliment to the French author. It is true that the last is less elaborate—less minute and exact than Smollett in his portraitures of life; nor are we sure that he has any characters so thoroughly sustained from first to last as Strap, Pipes, and Matthew Bramble. But on the other hand, M. de Kock undoubtedly excels Smollett in pathos—in variety—in appeals to the passions; and many of the Frenchman’s pictures of domestic life may rank with the simple beauty of the best passages in *Amelia*. With judicious retrenchment and correction, we repeat, that we think a translation of some of M. de Kock’s novels, carefully selected, would be a valuable addition to our own libraries of popular fiction. The blots and drawbacks we have before spoken of expunged and removed—the little we might lose in bold and broad humour would be amply compensated by the unalloyed pleasure and advantage with which the graver and more pathetic portions might be perused and studied. The moral aims of M. de Kock are often good—sometimes original and great. But the means through which he endeavours to work out the ends not unfrequently, in our judgment, destroy his own object. Nothing can be more fatal for a writer than to imagine that a moral book is that from which a just philosophical maxim may be deduced—it is the general *tendency* of a fiction, and not the aphorism tacked to the fable, that makes it purify or corrupt us—elevate or debase. The proper sphere of morality to a novelist is twofold—that of the effects of the passions on individuals—that of the effect of social circumstances upon character. The last is often the most generally salutary (for it does not only seek to amend individuals, but society itself): But it is often also the most dangerous. We are not quite sure, for instance, whether novels like ‘*Tom Jones*,’ that, in seeking to unmask hypocrisy, lend too great a charm to the errors of a frank and cordial nature, are as safe for young readers—who are rarely Blifils, and frequently Joneses—as they may be for sober philosophers, who have passed the grand climacteric. On the other hand, Miss Edgeworth’s *Tale of ‘Vivian,’* and, we may add, Paul de Kock’s *Bon Enfant*, by por-

traying the consequences of yielding too much to common temptations, and falling into vices from amiable motives, can hardly fail of attaining such moral results as fiction is enabled to accomplish. The novelist should ever remember that the class he addresses is the very widest an author can command—that it comprehends all dispositions, all ranks, all ages, all countries. He ought to be aware that a fiction can never so thoroughly open all the bearings of a truth, but that a truth itself should be presented to the world with every possible precaution against such one-sided views of it as are ever most fatally productive of error. Physical anatomy is a most useful science, but there have been writers who have made anatomy subservient to the grossest impurities. There is a mental anatomy as well as a physical one, by which we may render intellectual instruction but the pander to the passions. To be moral is ever to be philosophical—but to be philosophical is not always to be moral.

- ART. III.—1. *Du Système Pénitentiare aux Etats-Unis, et de son Application en France ; suivis d'un Appendice sur les Colonies Penales, et de Notes Statistiques.* Par MM. G. DE BEAUMONT, et A. DE TOCQUEVILLE, Avocats à la Cour Royale de Paris. 8vo. Paris : 1833.
2. *Report of William Crawford, Esq., on the Penitentiaries of the United States, addressed to his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 11th August, 1834.
3. *First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Reports from the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to enquire into the present state of the several Gaols and Houses of Correction in England and Wales, with Minutes of Evidence, an Appendix, and a General Index.* Session, 1835.
4. *Reports of the Inspectors appointed under the provisions of the Act 5th and 6th Will. IV. c. 38, to visit the different Prisons of Great Britain.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 22d March, 1836.
5. *De la Reforme des Prisons, ou de la Théorie de l'Emprisonnement, de ses Principes, de ses Moyens, et de ses conditions pratiques.* Par M. CHARLES LUCAS, Inspecteur-General des Prisons du Royaume. Tome premier. 8vo. Paris : 1836.
6. *Gaol Returns, under 4 Geo. IV., c. 64. and 5 Geo. IV., c. 12.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th February, 1836.

7. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Laws relating to Prisons, with Appendix.* Ordered to be printed, 15th July, 1836.

THE art of managing prisons is one which, within the last few years, has made considerable progress in this country, as well as on the Continent. It is an important branch of public administration, requiring the aid of much knowledge and observation, combined with the exercise of sound practical judgment. Prison discipline is, however, entirely a business of adapting means to ends—of making prisons answer the purposes for which the law has intended them. The theory of imprisonment, in itself, falls within the province of the jurist, as part of a system of penal law. But the good management of prisoners is so material an instrument in the working of a criminal code, that, without it, the best directed legislation may fail altogether of its object. And the welfare of that unfortunate portion of the community, who are condemned to the loss of liberty for the benefit of the remainder, has peculiar claims to attention, upon principles not less of justice than of humanity.

There can be no more striking mark of the advance of European civilisation, than the transition from the dungeons and fetters of the middle ages, to the penitentiaries of modern times. But it is only about sixty years since Howard began to expose the wretchedness and misery which then characterised our prisons, and roused a spirit of sympathy for the unhappy prisoner, which led to the correction of many flagrant abuses. To the suggestions of that benevolent man, with the aid of Sir William Blackstone, is owing the first act passed by the British Legislature for the establishment of penitentiaries in the year 1776.* Howard, in conjunction with two colleagues, was appointed supervisor of the buildings to be erected under that act, but at the end of two years resigned his office, without any step having been taken towards the erection of the proposed penitentiary;—Howard having fixed upon Islington for its site, whilst his surviving colleague persisted in having it at Limehouse. The plan was suspended until 1785, when a penitentiary was erected at Gloucester, on the principle of solitary confinement, under the care of the magistrates of that county. A few years after came Bentham's remarkable proposal of the Panopticon Penitentiary, which he offered to erect, and, as gaoler, to contract for the maintenance and management of one thousand

* 19 Geo. III. c. 74.

convicts. Mr Bentham's original scheme is said to have been thwarted by the personal prejudice against him of George the Third; but a Penitentiary Act was passed in 1794,* which, owing to various difficulties, was never carried into execution. In 1810, Sir Samuel Romilly brought Bentham's plan again under the notice of a committee of the House of Commons, who reported unfavourably to it, but recommended a prison for London and Middlesex upon the principles of Howard's Act, and that the penitentiary system should also be extended to other parts of the kingdom. That costly edifice, the Millbank Penitentiary, was accordingly commenced, under the authority of an act passed in 1812;† but the legislature was reluctant to incur the expense of district penitentiaries; and finally determined on making Millbank the general penitentiary for England and Wales, adapting it for the confinement of 600 males, and 400 females. The limit of the number of male convicts has lately been raised to 800.‡

The labours of the London Prison Discipline Society, the persevering investigations of the late Mr Grey Bennet, and Mr Fowell Buxton's 'Enquiry into Prison Discipline,' published in 1818, attracted the attention of Parliament again in 1819 to the state of our prisons; and in 1822 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to revise the existing laws. This committee framed the Gaol Act of 1823, § for the regulation principally of county prisons, and its supplement relating to gaols under local jurisdictions, in 1824. || These measures have been undoubtedly the cause of considerable improvements in the construction and discipline of many prisons; but the benefits which were at the time anticipated from them have been but partially realized; and the method of classification which they established, has in particular, as we shall presently show, been proved by subsequent experience, a signal failure.

Within a few years after the passing of the Gaol Acts, the American penitentiaries appear to have forced themselves upon the attention of European disciplinarians. The accounts of several travellers in the United States gave sufficient details of these institutions, to show that there was much in them that might be worthy of official notice. Accordingly, the French Government, in 1831, permitted MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville (at the solicitation and expense of these two excel-

* 34 Geo. III. c. 84.

† 52 Geo. III. c. 44.

‡ 5 and 6 Will. IV. c. 38. § 4 Geo. IV. c. 64. || 5 Geo. IV. c. 85.

lent and enlightened men themselves) to proceed as its Commissioners to inspect the penitentiaries of the United States; and the result of their visit is contained in their report prefixed to this article; *—a work highly honourable to its distinguished authors, and scarcely inferior, as a literary production, to M. de Tocqueville's profound and admirable essay on American Democracy, which we cannot mention without expressing our regret at having so long delayed to examine it. In respect, however, of the practical information obtained, the French Commissioners have been surpassed by Mr Crawford, † the Commissioner despatched for a similar purpose by our own Government in 1833, whose report not only comprises every thing that can be known on the subject of his mission, but offers valuable suggestions for the improvement of prison discipline in this country.

During the Session of 1835, a Committee of the House of Lords was engaged in an enquiry into the state of the prisons of England and Wales. The Duke of Richmond took the leading part throughout; and his Grace, with other Lords, personally inspected the metropolitan prisons, and also the hulks. The first topic noticed in the Lords' Reports is the state of Newgate, Giltspur Street, and the Borough Compter, which are represented, in their actual condition, as having the effect of corrupting the morals of their inmates, and manifestly tending to the extension rather than to the suppression of crime. They then proceed to a series of resolutions, which are in substance as follow :

1st, 2d, and 3d.—That one uniform system of discipline be established;—that the prison rules be submitted to the Secretary of State instead of the Judges;—and that inspectors of prisons be appointed. These suggestions were carried into effect by the act 5th and 6th Wm. IV. c. 38.

4th and 5th.—That entire separation, except during the hours of labour, and of religious worship and instruction, is absolutely necessary; and that silence be enforced so as to prevent all communication between prisoners both before and after trial. Upon these points the committee observe, that the greatest mischief is proved, by the whole tenor of the evidence, to follow from the in-

* Dr Francis Lieber's Translation (Philadelphia, 1833) is valuable for his introductory essay and notes.

† This gentleman was selected for the mission on account of his great experience on the subject of prisons, derived from his services to the Prison Discipline Society, of which he was the secretary for a period of twenty years.

tercourse permitted in many prisons ; and that every motive of humanity as regards the individual prisoners, and of policy as regards the good of society in general, requires the most efficient regulations, to save all prisoners, and especially the untried, from the frightful contamination resulting from unrestricted intercourse. The exceptions from the rule of separation should, therefore, not be extended to periods of exercise,—which object may be attained by allowing the prisoners to take walking exercise in single file, with a certain interval between each person, and under the immediate superintendence of an officer of the establishment. The principle of separation would involve the propriety of making separate compartments upon each tread wheel and crank machine.

6th.—That no insane persons be confined in prisons.

7th and 8th.—That the prison officers be not permitted to receive any portion of the prisoners' earnings, and that the earnings of convicted prisoners be paid to the prison fund. The Lords do not intend that a convict should quit prison in a state of positive destitution ; but they conceive that as prison labour must be deemed a part of the punishment assigned, the convict should not derive resources from the punishment itself. This operates also unequally, they say ; as the unskilled offender does not derive the same advantages from his labour as his more robust or ingenious partner in guilt.

9th, 10th, and 11th.—That prison diet be subject to the approval of the Secretary of State, and be not increased except by order of the surgeon—that no money be paid to prisoners in lieu of food or fuel—and that tobacco be prohibited.

12th.—That convicted prisoners be not permitted to receive visits or letters, during the first six months, unless under peculiar circumstances. The object is to prevent the weight of imprisonment being lightened, and the minds of prisoners unsettled ; and the effect would be to exclude entirely from visits and letters those sentenced for six months or any shorter period.

13th.—That the use of day rooms, as such, be discontinued. Cases, however, may occur, as with female prisoners having infants, in which such receptacles may still be useful.

14th.—That no wardsmen, monitor, yardsman, or prisoner, be permitted to sell or let any thing to any prisoner. Officers of the establishment are already prohibited by the Gaol Act from doing this, and the prohibition ought to be extended to prisoners employed in the establishment.

15th and 16th.—That where there are fifty prisoners, the whole time of the chaplain be devoted to his duties without his holding other preferment ; and that a schoolmaster, not being a prisoner, be appointed. The committee, looking at the satisfactory effects

of the religious instruction in some prisons, especially in Millbank Penitentiary,* anticipate great benefit from the ministrations of a conscientious chaplain, devoting a large portion of time to the prisoners, both individually and in classes. They also attach great importance to the execution of that clause of the Gaol Act which requires instruction to be given in reading and writing.

17th, 18th, and 19th.—That every prison be provided with solitary cells for the refractory—that the punishment of whipping be defined—and that the visiting justices inspect the prisons twelve times in the year, on fixed days, besides unexpected visits. The Lords remark that ‘if the adoption of a more strict discipline should add to the actual weight of punishment, its duration may be proportionably diminished; and the committee look with confidence to a diminution of the period of confinement as one of the greatest improvements that under any change of system can be introduced into the management of our prisons.’ They recommend also the adoption of a plan for the more speedily and frequently bringing offenders to trial.

The rest of the Lords’ reports relate principally to the hulks, of which they recommend the entire abolition, except as an intermediate station only, between the gaol and the colonies;—to the prisons of Scotland, which, owing principally to a deficiency of funds, they find to be in a much worse condition than those in England;—and to the establishment of separate places of reformatory discipline for juvenile offenders, which they justly regard as an object of primary importance.

In pursuance of the act of 1835 five inspectors were appointed, whose first reports are now before us. The report of the inspectors for the home district (Mr Crawford and Mr Russell), is devoted chiefly to a detailed account of the condition of Newgate; and presents a most melancholy picture of the past mismanagement of that prison. It appears that nearly all the rules and regulations of the Gaol Act (4th Geo. IV.) have been for a length of time directly infringed by the system in operation under the superintendence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London.† The association of prisoners, of

* This is attributable to the exertions of the Rev. Whitworth Russell, late Chaplain of the Penitentiary, and now one of the Inspectors of Prisons.

† The descriptions of the Spanish prisons given by recent travellers almost make one believe they are speaking of Newgate. At the prison of the Saladero, in Madrid, says the author of *Spain Revisited* (London, 1836), the prisoners ‘live and sleep together, without any classification

all ages and degrees of guilt, in one indiscriminate mass—the utter absence of all employment—the prevalence of gambling, quarrelling, fighting, and obscenity—the absence of any efficient religious instruction—total laxity of discipline in admitting visitors, so that the worst characters, including receivers of stolen goods, obtain easy access to the prisoners—admission of newspapers without restraint, and of beer to such an extent as to lead to intoxication—gross impositions under the name of ward-dues and brief-drawing—and the absence of any material difference between the treatment of convicted and of unconvicted prisoners,—are abuses which have characterised this great metropolitan gaol for a number of years; in defiance not only of all decency and humanity, but of the express enactments of the existing law. With a view to a remedy, the inspectors propose the transference of the female prisoners to a distinct place of confinement; and to appropriate Newgate exclusively to the detention of the untried. They strongly recommend, also, the establishment of a system of confinement of such untried prisoners individually in separate cells; and that the present prison, being incapable of adaptation to that purpose, should be entirely reconstructed upon a new plan. The home inspectors then proceed to report on the disposal of criminal lunatics, and the reformation of juvenile delinquents, to which we shall presently advert.

Captain Williams's report, for the northern district, furnishes the details of the prisons of Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk. That of Dr Bisset Hawkins embraces certain portions of the southern and western counties. It is highly satisfactory to record Dr Hawkins's observations relating to the proportion of deaths in the gaols which he visited. 'The rate of mortality,' says he, 'is in most of these abodes so remarkably low, that I can confidently affirm that in very few situations of life is an adult less likely to die, than in a well-conducted English prison. A singular contrast is presented in this respect by the majority of foreign ones. In the prisons of Paris the annual

'of crime; and classification of age is equally neglected; the minor is thrust in with the full grown; those who have taken the first step in crime with the thoroughly experienced; the smuggler, or perhaps the political offender, of otherwise virtuous character, with the robber and the assassin. Here are no pastimes, no occupations Ask the record of Spanish crime, and it will tell you of the ingenious atrocities committed by graduates from these guilty Universities, whose diplomas might well constitute an *ad eundem* to the *pavé* of London itself.'—Vol. i. p. 289.

‘ mortality has been estimated at 1 in 23 annually ; at the depôt of mendicity of St Denis at Paris, it has even amounted, according to Villermé, to nearly 1 in 3 annually. The yearly deaths in the principal prisons of the Netherlands were estimated, a few years since, by Quetelet, at 1 in 27. Similar facts might be cited from the prisons of Germany and of America.’ Mr Hill’s report of the state of the prisons of Scotland, is in accordance with the opinion expressed by the Lords’ Committee; and he mentions, as the results of the evils he enumerates, that, in the great majority of gaols, the prisoner, instead of being reformed or improved during his confinement, becomes worse—that imprisonment on the present system is but slightly deterring in its effects upon the criminal population; and is less powerful than it readily might be, in its deterring effect on society generally. The remedial measures suggested by Mr Hill are—the adoption of a uniform system—the use of large penitentiaries, except for those confined for short periods—the entire separation of prisoner from prisoner—female officers for females—all prisoners to be required to work, and to be instructed in useful arts—an increased provision for moral and religious instruction—a general asylum for juvenile offenders—a lunatic asylum for Scotland—the relief of the royal burghs from the gaol rates—and the management of all the Scotch prisons by one authority, and the costs to be paid out of one general fund. The average number of prisoners in the Scotch gaols is estimated at 1800; and it is believed that the expenses of management might be considerably reduced.

The inspectors do not appear to have had time to visit more than a portion of the British prisons, at the date of their reports, on account of the short period which had elapsed since their appointments. But, in future, every prison ought to be inspected at least twice in the year, at uncertain periods, in order to render the inspection of any real value. It will be seen from the gaol returns that under-ground cells continue to be used, even in county prisons,—for instance, at Carmarthen, Radnor, and Appleby,—besides many in the borough gaols. Now, such a practice is not only inconsistent with the care which the state owes to the health of the prisoner, but is quite repugnant to public opinion. It is also questionable whether the cost of diet, which, upon an average of the prisons comprised in the gaol returns, is about one shilling and eleven pence per head per week, is not, in general, too high; and sundry petty abuses are indicated by the gaol returns, which we have not space to detail, but which confirm the necessity of constant and vigilant supervision.

Early in the last Session Lord John Russell moved for a select committee of the House of Commons to consider of the expediency of amending the laws relating to prisons, and that committee reported the following resolutions :

1st, That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it is expedient to provide means for the separate confinement of prisoners committed for trial before the Central Criminal Court.

2d, That for this purpose it is advisable either to reconstruct Newgate, or to build a new prison adjoining the place of trial.

3d, That the mode of carrying these resolutions into effect, with the consent of the authorities of the city, requires the immediate consideration of his Majesty's Government ; and, that competent surveyors should be employed for the purpose of forming a mature decision.

4th, That it is expedient to revise the Act 4 and 5 Geo. IV., commonly called the Gaol Act ; and to give greater discretion to the Secretary of State, and the magistrates of counties and boroughs, with respect to the classification of offenders.

Agreeably to the first three resolutions, communications have taken place between Lord John Russell and the city authorities ; the result of which will, we trust, be the erection of a new prison worthy of the metropolis, and one which may become an example for the improvement of others. The communications on the subject have been without reference to the ' past management of ' Newgate ; ' but have been founded on the acknowledged fact of the inadequacy of that prison, even to the purposes for which it has been hitherto applied. We cannot, however, so easily as Lord John Russell, put out of sight this ' past management ; ' nor the supineness, to say the least, of the Corporation of London to a state of things, the existence of which would have been a scandal and disgrace to any part of the kingdom—but how much more so to the metropolis—the centre of knowledge and civilisation—the distinguished seat of philanthropic institutions of every description !

Lord John Russell has determined that Newgate shall henceforth be appropriated exclusively to the reception of prisoners before trial ; and an Order in Council has been issued, authorizing the confinement in Millbank Penitentiary of those persons who, by law, could before have been imprisoned in Newgate only. The spirit of accommodation thus manifested by the Government has, we regret to find, not been met by a corresponding feeling on the part of the Court of Aldermen ; who are carrying into effect certain alterations of a very limited character, which will leave completely untouched the principal evils of Newgate. Of this Lord John Russell appears to be fully aware ; for, in a

letter addressed to the Lord Mayor,* he plainly intimates an opinion that the proposed alterations are a mere ‘temporary expedient,’ and do not supersede the necessity of erecting a new prison. Until this important object shall be accomplished, we trust that the inspectors will continue undauntedly to expose the discreditable state of this place of confinement. We hope and believe, however, with these gentlemen, that ‘the day is at hand when this stain will be removed from the character of the city of London, and when the first municipal authority of the land will no longer be subject to the reproach of fostering an institution which outrages the decent rights and feelings of humanity, defeats the ends of public justice, and disgraces the profession of a Christian country!’ †

The preceding sketch will show, at least, that we have fallen on good times for improving prison discipline. We are in possession of the most minute details of the American systems—of a mass of evidence taken before the Lords’ Committee—of recent reports of inspectors—and of a resolution of the House of Commons that the Gaol Acts shall be revised. It were indeed greatly to be desired, that the revision of our whole system of secondary punishments should have preceded, or, at least, been as near at hand as that of the prison laws; and it would have been much more satisfactory to have treated this subject with reference to a received theory of punishment. Still, there is much good to be done, even pending the revision of the criminal code; and when it is considered, that some 120,000 persons ‡ annually enter the prisons of Great Britain, there is certainly little ground to censure the alacrity of the legislature, or the government, in endeavouring to impart to our prisons all the usefulness and efficiency of which such establishments are capable.

The two great divisions of imprisonment are—that before trial, and that after conviction. Before trial its objects are: 1st, The safe custody of the prisoner; and, 2d, The prevention of his being corrupted by others. After conviction, it operates either merely as a punishment for the repression of crime, by its intimidating influence over the offender and the rest of society; or it becomes

* See *Morning Chronicle*, 22d November, 1836.

† *Home Inspectors’ Report*, p. 75.

‡ From the defective state of the returns for the English borough gaols, and for Scotland, we have not the means of giving the exact number.

also a reformatory discipline for the personal amendment of the offender. Prisons having this latter object are properly called penitentiaries.* The security of prisoners against mutual corruption is equally requisite in the case of repressive, as of penitentiary imprisonment; but the moral discipline of a penitentiary must necessarily be of a different character from that of a mere house of correction. Personal reformation can only be effected by the substitution of good for bad habits in the individual—by the accustoming him to think and act in a right, instead of a wrong sense. The acquirement of such habits must obviously be the work of time; and consequently there can be no room for the action of penitentiary discipline, except in sufficiently long terms of imprisonment. M. Lucas, whose opinion is entitled to weight, fixes the term at two years. But should it be considered that eighteen months, or even one year may suffice, there can be little doubt that in such terms of confinement as six months and under, the personal reformation of the criminal is hopeless. In short terms of imprisonment, therefore, determent by intimidation is the desired object; and (waiving the question whether any better punishment could be devised) the recommendation of the Lords' Committee is sound—that by a more strict discipline an addition should be made to the actual weight of punishment, in order that its duration may be proportionately diminished. This is desirable from motives not only of economy but of justice to the individuals, whom we have no right to deprive of their liberty longer than the necessity of their cases require. Persons sentenced to penitentiary discipline do require long imprisonment; but how small a proportion they at present bear to the rest, appears from the fact, that out of 9915 offenders sentenced to imprisonment at the assizes and sessions in 1835, 8071 were sentenced for terms of six months and under; 1543 for one year and above six months; 290 for two years and above one year, and only 11 for three years and above two years: and this exclusive of the great number of summary commitments, which are at least four times as many as the commitments to assizes and sessions, and are all for comparatively short periods.† At Mil-

* The Penitentiary System, in the proper acceptance of the word, relates only to individuals, condemned and subjected to the punishment of imprisonment *for the expiation of their crimes*.—De Beaumont and De Tocqueville, Chap. ii.

† Tables of criminal offenders, 1835. These tables only relate to the higher classes of offenders, who are committed to assizes and sessions, but

bank Penitentiary, indeed, the term of confinement ranges from three to five years; but long imprisonments, like those of the United States, which, for grave offences, extend from two to twenty years, or for life, have hitherto formed no part of our penal system; and, whilst transportation continues the principal secondary punishment, a penitentiary system can only be used upon a very partial and limited scale. At present, repression or intimidation is the main object to be kept in view in the management of convicted prisoners. A reformatory system can only be pursued experimentally; and in this particular we need experience the more largely, because the American prisons, from their neglect of the means of moral agency, have little in them of a penitentiary character, and are, in truth, rather houses of repression. M. Lucas seems to think the Penitentiary at Geneva, although not free from defects, that which approaches the nearest to the true idea of such an establishment; inasmuch as it adds to the principle of preventing mutual corruption, and producing intimidation, a due course of personal treatment, and of moral and religious instruction, in which the American state-prisons are in general eminently deficient.* In the United States, imprisonment is divided into two principal classes: the former, from one month to two years, is applied to breaches of the laws of police, and light offences; the latter, called the Penitentiary System, for two years and upwards, serves as the punishment for grave crimes. The American county prisons used for the former class, and for the untried, are in a very defective condition;—in Mr Crawford's opinion they are decidedly inferior to our own county gaols. It is from their state-prisons alone that any thing valuable is to be learned; and we repeat that the lessons to be derived from them cannot be generally applicable to our short imprisonments in county prisons; nor until a system of punishment for grave offences, by long imprisonment, in Penitentiaries, shall be substituted for that of transportation.

We shall arrange the observations we have now to offer, under three heads, viz :—

omit all notice of the numerous summary commitments under the Larceny Act, the Malicious Trespass Act, the Act for Offences against the Person, the Revenue and Police Laws, the Vagrant Act, and other statutes. This is a serious defect which ought to be remedied, by distinct annual tabular returns of all particulars of summary commitments.

* Crawford's Report, pp. 12-18, &c.—De Beaumont and De Tocqueville, chap. iii. sect. 1.

- 1st, The revision of the present Gaol Acts, and the establishment of an improved system of prison discipline.
- 2d, The collateral measures needed for securing the efficiency of such improved system.
- 3d, The peculiar remedies required for the case of juvenile offenders.

I. With respect to Prison Discipline, the first step must be to abolish the method of classification prescribed by the acts 4th and 5th Geo. IV. According to the former act the classification required is,—In Gaols, first, debtors, and persons confined for contempt of court on civil process; second, prisoners convicted of felony; third, prisoners convicted of misdemeanours; fourth, prisoners committed on charge or suspicion of felony; fifth, persons committed on charge or suspicion of misdemeanours, or for want of sureties. In Houses of Correction—first, prisoners convicted of felony; second, prisoners convicted of misdemeanours; third, prisoners committed on charge or suspicion of felony; fourth, prisoners committed on charge or suspicion of misdemeanours; fifth, vagrants. The act of 5th Geo. IV., indeed, gives the visiting magistrates some discretionary power of classification in small prisons, in which the requisite number of wards and airing grounds cannot conveniently be provided, but the divisions of the former act are those which prevail in the majority of the county prisons;—the prisons of towns corporate, which (with fourteen exceptions) are not included in the provisions of the 4th Geo. IV., not being subject to any classification at all. Now, such a classification, founded as it is upon technical distinctions between offences, is, in a moral sense, fallacious. There is nothing in such a system to prevent an innocent man, of blameless life, who has the misfortune to be accused for the first time of a felony, from being thrown into the association of the most hardened villains; whilst an old offender, who may have several times been punished for felony, if he happens afterwards to be committed for a misdemeanour, or for vagrancy, enters into companionship with those whose offences scarcely involve any breach of morality, or whose poverty may be their only crime. On this subject, the following opinions were offered to the Lords' Committee:—

Mr Crawford says*—‘I think the ideas of the advantage of classification are extremely fallacious. Take, for instance, prisoners before trial. The law provides, that persons charged

* Lords' Report, p. 8.

‘with felonies shall be kept separate from persons charged with misdemeanours. There is frequently very little moral distinction between those classes of offences; in point of fact, the separation does not prevent corrupt intercourse.’

Mr Hoare, chairman of the Prison Discipline Society,* says : ‘I conceive that classification has nearly failed. I gave up my idea of its value on seeing a person who was guilty of cutting off the head of his own child, who was tried for murder, and escaped on a point of law, a few days after associated with the cases for assault. . . . I would suggest, in lieu of classification, to have separation and silence.’

The Rev. Whitworth Russell † being asked :—‘You stated before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1831, that from the confidential communications you had had with the prisoners, you were very much impressed with the bad effects of the present classification of prisoners before trial—do you retain that opinion?’ Answer—‘I retain the opinion I then expressed, and all my experience has gone to confirm it.’

Mr Chesterton, governor of the House of Correction, Cold-bathfields, ‡ says :—‘The present mode of classification is a very objectionable one. We are obliged to classify according to the crime. If the prisoner is convicted of felony, and goes out, and is subsequently convicted of misdemeanour, he comes in again, and must be put in the misdemeanour class, with persons, perhaps, who have never committed an offence before. A person may have been in the prison twenty times, and have been in the place allotted to rogues and vagabonds, but notwithstanding, if he is afterwards convicted of felony or misdemeanour, he must be instantly shifted to either of those classes. I think the classification ought to be discretionary with the magistrates; but if the system of silence is kept up, there is no necessity for classification at all.’

Mr Mance, keeper of Petworth House of Correction, § says :—‘The classification of prisoners, conformable to the present Gaol Act, destroys the otherwise salutary discipline of our prisons; classifying prisoners by crime engenders vice, and corrupts the prisoner—instance the vagrant class. This class includes almost every character—the housebreaker, pickpocket, common thief, the poor man sleeping in a hovel, or leaving, or threatening to leave his family chargeable to the parish, &c., all congregated together in one room, whereby, with very few

* Lords' Report, p. 29.

† Ditto, p. 31.

‡ Ditto, p. 95.

§ Ditto, p. 195.

‘exceptions, prisoners leave prison greater delinquents than when they entered it.’

These opinions, selected from a mass of testimony to the same effect, are in perfect concurrence as to the inefficacy of the present technical classification. It is agreed on all sides that it must be relinquished; and the important question arises, what should be substituted in its room? Our answer is—*The isolation of the prisoners.* We say isolation, because this phrase expresses the bases of the two systems between which men’s minds appear at present divided, viz. that of entire separation in solitary cells, and that of association in silence, commonly called the *silent system*.

The separate system was commenced experimentally at Gloucester some forty years since, and is now in operation at the Bridewell there with considerable success. The inspector’s report of the latter prison states, that it offers great encouragement for the further developement of its principles; which are at present only partially carried into effect, from the want of a sufficient number of cells to enforce separate confinement as the invariable rule. Still it appears that those imprisoned for long periods, say twelve or eighteen months, seldom return a second time, and many of them are known to be afterwards engaged in honest employments. But it is from the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia that solitary confinement has obtained its greatest repute; for it has only been very recently introduced into the state prison of New Jersey, and into the county jails in Pennsylvania and New York. At Philadelphia the prisoner is placed in a large, well-warmed and ventilated cell, in which he may remain for years, perhaps for life, without seeing any human being, except the inspectors, warden, and officers of the prison. This solitude is accompanied by labour, which is rather granted as a favour than assigned as a task. By these means the object of isolation is effectually attained, and all communication, and consequent mutual corruption of prisoners rendered physically impossible. That the effect is eminently *detering* is the opinion of the French Commissioners, of Mr Crawford, and, we may add, of Dr Julius of Berlin, who has still more recently visited America on a mission from the Prussian Government. It is, indeed, deficient in that essential part of a good penitentiary system,—instruction; but the influence of solitude in softening the heart of the prisoner produces a frame of mind suited to receive the most favourable impressions. Mr Crawford thus sums up his description:—‘Upon a careful review of every part of the Eastern Penitentiary, after seeing the whole, and examining a number of the individuals confined in it, I

‘have no hesitation in declaring my conviction that its discipline is a safe and efficacious mode of prison management; that it has no unfavourable effect upon the mind or health, and that, with the addition of moral and religious instruction, in which this penitentiary is eminently deficient, solitary imprisonment thus enforced may be rendered powerfully instrumental, not only in deterring, but also in reclaiming the offender.’*

In the last report of the inspectors of this prison we find the rate of mortality from its opening, on 1st July, 1829, to 1st January, 1836, stated at only 2 6-10ths per cent; and it is alleged that, considering the many impaired constitutions, by debauchery and intemperance, the deaths are not fairly attributable to solitary confinement, but that all those who remained for three years were improved not less in health than in character. Now, Mr Crawford mentions that about seven months before his visit, a class of cells larger than the rest had been brought into use; the prisoners in which were not allowed to take exercise in an airing-yard. It would seem, therefore, that, in this case, the deprivation of the liberty of entering the open air (a serious addition to the rigour of imprisonment) has not operated injuriously to the prisoners’ health. This opinion is confirmed by the experience derived from the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bridewells. At the former jail, prisoners have been for two years in confinement without appearing to have sustained any injury. We are glad to learn that important experiments are now making at Millbank Penitentiary, with the view of determining the character of cells best adapted to the complete isolation of the prisoner, with due regard to the preservation of his health.

The *silent system*, as it is called, was pursued in the *Maison de Force* at Ghent so long ago as the time of Howard. In contrast to that of Philadelphia, it is also styled the ‘Auburn System,’ from its adoption at the great prison of Auburn, in the state of New York. It is the discipline which has obtained the most favour in the United States—the state prisons of Sing Sing, Boston, and Baltimore, as well as those in Kentucky, Tennessee, Maine, and Vermont, having all followed it, with some variations. In England it is established at the Houses of Correction of Wakefield and Coldbathfields, so far as regards associated labour in silence, but not entirely in respect of nightly separation. The complete system is that of cellular separation of every prisoner by night, and of labour in common, with rigorous silence, by day. The prisoners are said to be thus morally isolated as much

* Report, p. 14.

as on the Philadelphia plan; for although their bodies are together, their minds are separated; and it is solitude of the mind, not of the body, which is the object in view in order to the prevention of corruption. It is, moreover, urged that associated labour is more conformable to the habits of men in society than labour in seclusion; that the diminution which has taken place in the recommitments is a proof of the efficacy of the system; and that it is carried on at much less expense than the plan of entire separation.

Assuming, then, the isolation, instead of the arbitrary classification of the prisoners, to be the desideratum of both systems, it remains to enquire which best effects that object. The French Commissioners, after estimating the advantages of the penitentiary system of the United States to be generally as follows—

‘1st, Impossibility of the mutual corruption of the prisoners;

‘2d, Great probability of their contracting habits of obedience and industry, which render them useful citizens;

‘3d, Possibility of a radical reformation;’—

proceed to remark, that ‘Philadelphia has the advantage over Auburn in respect to the first point. Indeed, the prisoners, separated by thick walls, can communicate with each other still less than those who are separated by silence only. The Auburn system guarantees the certainty that silence shall not be violated, but it is a mere moral certainty, subject to contradiction; whilst at Philadelphia communication among the convicts is physically impossible. The Philadelphia system being also that which produces the deepest impressions on the soul of the convict, must effect more reformation than that of Auburn. The latter, however, is perhaps more conformable to the habits of men in society, and on this account effects a greater number of reformations, which may be termed *legal*, inasmuch as they produce the external fulfilment of social obligations. If it be so, the Philadelphia system produces more honest men, and that of New York more obedient citizens.’

This appears to us somewhat vague; and we do not find any evidence in MM. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville’s report, which bears out their conclusion, that the Auburn system effects a greater number of legal reformations than that of Philadelphia. They express themselves, however, very clearly in favour of the Philadelphia system, as having the advantage in respect of its effectually preventing the communication of the prisoners. In this they are corroborated by Mr Crawford, who reports that, in spite of the brutal use of the cow-hide in the prisons of Auburn and Sing-Sing, a degree of communication was carried on between the prisoners. At

Philadelphia, on the contrary, there is not a whip, nor are their fire-arms within the walls of the prison. At the present time, even in Millbank Penitentiary, where the prisoners work, not in association, but in their cells, they find ready means of communication.* Even in those prisons in which the silent system is most rigorously conducted, we are credibly informed that communication prevails to a considerable extent; and the number of punishments for breach of discipline in those prisons strengthens our belief that moral corruption under the silent system is by no means impossible. The frequency of punishment, indeed, under this system, for offences against discipline, extremely trifling in themselves, tends to impair the effect of the sentence of punishment itself, by confounding the idea of an offence against law, with that of one against prison regulations. In the Glasgow Bridewell, on the contrary, the necessity of inflicting punishment is comparatively rare. The evil of the recognition of a prisoner, after liberation, by his prison associates, is also a very serious one, which can only be remedied by his entire separation from the sight of others. The inconvenience of employing prisoners as wardsmen may also be saved, where each cell becomes a prison in itself. But the prevention of those two enormous evils—contamination and recognition—appears to us an unanswerable argument for the separation, at least, of prisoners before trial. The inspectors for the home district have strenuously advocated its adoption in the gaol of Newgate when reconstructed; and their Report † thus expresses their meaning, in order to guard against misconception:—

‘ By separate confinement, we mean the confinement of prisoners individually in cells, so as effectually to keep them separate from each other. In this sense it will be perceived that *separate* confinement is not the same as *solitary* confinement, with which it is often inadvertently confounded. It does not contemplate the utter seclusion of the prisoner from all human intercourse; on the contrary, it expressly secures to him that intercourse, so far as his circumstances admit of, and require it. It provides that he shall see the chaplain both in public worship and in private converse. . . . Under this plan, also, the prisoner sees the medical officer, when he needs his assistance; he sees constantly the officers of the prison, and is permitted to confer with his legal adviser, and, under proper

* See evidence of the Rev. W. Russell, before Lords' Committee.

† P. 77.

‘ regulations, with his relations and friends. He only sees not those whom it is his own interest, and the interest of the state, and of public justice, that he should not see. The system, in short, is not an instrument to oppress, it is a shield to defend. It denies the prisoner no advantage which he ought to possess. It guards him against those evils to which the present system unfeelingly exposes him. In order to mitigate the discomfort necessarily attendant upon this mode of confinement, we propose that, for those who desire it, means and materials of employment should be provided. But in any provision which the prison regulations may make for the employment of the accused, we must never lose sight of the protection due to the rights of the untried. His guilt is but contingent; he may be innocent; therefore, no occupation which may be provided for him should be characterised by marks of compulsion, or degradation, or severity.’

The inspectors also refer to the report of the committee for erecting the new house of detention at New York, in proof of the enlightened views which have actuated them in causing that gaol to be constructed with a view to separate confinement.

Bearing in mind, therefore, that the object of imprisonment between commitment and trial is safe custody only; that beyond what it is necessary for the attainment of that object, we have no right to inflict on the prisoner in that interval any thing detrimental to him, either in mind, body, or estate; that communication with other prisoners is morally injurious to him, and is consequently an evil to which we are not warranted in subjecting him; that, moreover, future recognition as having been a prisoner, may permanently prejudice his prospects in life; we trust that in the revision of the gaol acts, the first improvement will be, *to make provision for the separation of the untried*; to the end that the innocent may be restored to society at least as pure as they left it, and the guilty may pass their time in a state of decent preparation for the sentence that awaits them.

The treatment of debtors should be governed by the same rules as that of untried prisoners. So long as the law declares the contraction of debt to be worthy of imprisonment, the law ought to provide that the debtor whom it imprisons shall suffer no injury, moral or physical, during his confinement; and it is, therefore, proper that he should be kept separate. No one who has witnessed the disgusting scenes of the King’s Bench and Fleet prisons, can contemplate without a painful feeling the exposure of an individual having the smallest degree of refinement or right-mindedness, to the taint of such society as is found

in those establishments. But the time is not perhaps far distant, when imprisonment for debt will form no part of the law of this land. Fraud, in the contraction of debt or otherwise, is a fit subject for punishment as a criminal offence; but that a person should be arrested and incarcerated on account of a civil contract, the subject matter of which is a mere affair of *meum and tuum*, is as repugnant to principles of justice as it is to those of public policy.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the untried should have the means of labour, and of moral and religious instruction, placed within their reach; but the use of all should be perfectly voluntary; and the prisoner is consequently entitled to the whole net proceeds of his earnings. He ought also to be allowed to take occasional exercise in the open air; and for this purpose he should have the use of an airing-ground under such regulations as may prevent his seeing or being seen by other prisoners. The Lords' recommendation that exercise should be taken by the prisoners together in single file, involves the mischief of recognition; and M. Lucas's proposal of permitting intercourse between prisoners during their walks, however cautiously confined to the well-behaved, implies a probability of contamination. Indeed, the extent of communication, which M. Lucas would allow between the untried, would vest a degree of discretion in the officers, upon which we should by no means be disposed to rely, for the prevention of the serious evils which he has himself so ably exposed.

Imprisonment *after conviction* we have already stated to be of two kinds—the simply repressive, or deterring—and that which is not only deterring, but also reformatory. To define correctly these distinctions is the leading object of M. Lucas's Essay on the Theory of Imprisonment. He has not, indeed, suggested any new theory, but the excellent arrangement of his work affords great assistance towards the attainment of clear ideas on the whole subject. 'Le but de l'emprisonnement,' says he, 'dans les maisons de repression, est non seulement d'empêcher la corruption mutuelle des condamnés, mais encore de produire l'intimidation, pour prevenir les recidives.'

The idea of any moral reformation, beyond the securing future obedience to the law, is here, we think, properly kept out of sight. That is only to be looked to, when the length of the term of confinement holds out a prospect for the operation of penitentiary discipline. That such is not the case with that great majority of prisoners who remain in confinement for short periods, all past experience unhappily warrants us in assuming. The en-

quiry, therefore, must, under this head, be limited to the best means of *detering* from crime; which will entirely depend upon the amount of intimidation created by the rigour of imprisonment. Here, again, putting the present classification out of the question, the choice lies between the only two known systems—Philadelphia, or Auburn—the separate, or the silent system. The Lords' committee have recommended the silent system—we think unadvisedly; because the weight of the evidence taken by their Lordships decidedly preponderates in favour of separation.* There can be little doubt that the great mass of offenders, if they had their choice, would infinitely prefer silence in association, to being separated entirely from their fellow prisoners. There is a consolation and encouragement in being surrounded by fellow workmen, which is a material alleviation of the isolation of silence to a class of men destitute of moral energy, whose relaxed frame of mind dreads nothing so much as to be driven by solitude to its own reflections. Those accustomed to an active life—soldiers for instance—are known, in numerous instances, to have declared they would submit to the utmost corporal punishment their bodies would bear, rather than pass a few weeks in solitary confinement. Cases may, doubtless, occur, of criminals of comparatively refined minds, to whom solitude may be a boon; but if it inspires the great majority of them with dread—that is an adequate test of its efficiency. Without labour, it is so terrible a punishment, that it can only be used for very short periods indeed; but, combined with hard labour, and deprived of the earnings of that labour, as well as of the power of receiving letters, it is still a rigorous infliction. In regard to the kind of labour, *that* is obviously the best which is the most disagreeable to the convict, provided it does not injure his health. Not only in short terms of imprisonment, is there no time to teach manufacturing trades, but it is not at all desirable, because of its tendency to alleviate the penalty of the confinement. Doubts—perhaps well founded—have been suggested of the expediency of the system of teaching trades in Millbank Penitentiary;† every prisoner having an occupation when he comes in, which in general he is much better qualified to follow on his

* See particularly the evidence of Mr Crawford, Mr Russell, Lieut. Sibly, and Mr Eaton; and Dr Cleland's valuable paper on the Glasgow Bridewell, and the Answers of Gaolers to Questions relative to Solitary Confinement, contained in the Appendix.

† See Evidence of Rev. W. Russell before Lords' Committee.

liberation, than that which has been taught him in the institution; and this objection applies with much greater force to trade-instruction in the case of merely repressive imprisonment. We must also guard against that gross error into which the Americans have fallen, in making the productive powers of the prisoners an object of primary consideration. Economy is undoubtedly desirable; but when carried so far as to defeat the ends of imprisonment itself, calculations of profit from prison labour have really a mischievous tendency. The Glasgow Bridewell may perhaps be cited as an instance of a well-conducted prison wherein the cost of the prisoners is materially reduced by the productiveness of their labour;* which is carried on in the cells for about eleven hours a-day, varying from oakum-picking to the difficult art of print-cutting, so as to suit the demand for labour in the surrounding districts. This obtains popularity for the Bridewell; but when we find that the prisoners uniformly regard their work as an alleviation of their punishment, we must take leave to question its fitness for purposes of correction, however useful it may be towards a reformatory object. ‘Those who have the ‘greatest chance of reform,’ reports Mr Hill, ‘are such as are ‘in the first instance committed for a considerable period—say ‘twelve or eighteen months; *but such as are committed for short ‘periods frequently return again*; and though, after a certain ‘lapse of time, these short periods, when added together, are ‘equal to a very long term of confinement, *little or no good effect ‘is found to be wrought upon the prisoner; on the contrary, with ‘increased age, the prisoner’s habits of crime necessarily become ‘strengthened.* There is one boy at present in the bridewell ‘only 18 years old, who has been committed 22 times, making ‘in the whole nearly two years of confinement; and that ‘boy is worse than when he first came. There are some other ‘boys whose cases are almost as bad.’ This, and much similar testimony which we have not space to insert,† tends strongly to corroborate the conclusion, that, if imprisonment is continued

* Out of L.2506, the total cost of the bridewell during the last year, nearly L.1900 was defrayed by the produce of the prisoners’ labour, leaving little more than L.600 to be defrayed by the city and county, being less than L.2 per head for each prisoner. Vide *Inspector’s Report*.

† See particularly a communication from Mr Brebner, keeper of Glasgow Bridewell (Lords’ Report, p. 93), from which it appears that the recommitments of prisoners confined for short terms are very numerous indeed, but of those confined for long terms, very rare. Out of 93 commitments for periods of two years, not one was known to return.

as a punishment for short terms, an addition ought to be made to the rigour of it; and for the reasons stated, such addition should consist in the general adoption of separate confinement, which may be varied either by inflicting it without labour, or accompanied by labour of so severe a kind as to inspire terror. The improvement, desired by the Lords' committee, of diminishing generally the periods of confinement, may thus, we think, be easily effected, and the evils of contamination and recognition, common to imprisonment before and after trial, be effectually prevented. We entirely concur in the Lords' resolutions, as applicable to the kind of imprisonment now under notice, that the prisoners should receive no part of their earnings. The visiting justices should have a discretionary power of allowing a small sum on liberation, with reference, not to the amount gained, but to the peculiar situation of each prisoner. We also agree in the propriety of the Lords' resolutions, as to diet, tobacco, and the prohibition of letters and visits. Nor can we dissent from their resolutions in regard to religious and other instruction, in so far as they can be made applicable to separate confinement. The separation, however, ought not to be broken for the purpose of instruction in classes, or of attendance in chapel. In cases of very short commitments, attempts at general instruction cannot be attended with any benefit; and the labours of the chaplain will, if we mistake not, be found far more effective in private converse with the prisoner, in his seclusion, than in public worship—a privilege and enjoyment in which the prisoner under correction ought not to be allowed to participate.

The 18th resolution of the Lords would sanction the continuance of corporal punishment. This, for adult prisoners, we protest against, under any circumstances. For boys it may sometimes be admissible; but for men, we cannot conceive any occasion on which another mode of prison punishment may not be substituted for this indecent and degrading practice. In France it is now never inflicted, either in the prisons or the *Bagnes*.

We shall now offer a few observations upon the *penitentiary system, properly so called*. Whether this should begin at one year, as proposed at Geneva,* or at two years, as M. Lucas

* The division at Geneva was recommended in the following terms; by the report of the Council of State, in 1830, which we extract from M. Lucas: 'Le conseil d'Etat reconnaît que les individus condamnés à un emprisonnement aussi court (trois mois à un an), ne sont pas dans la maison pénitencière pendant un tems suffisant pour qu'on puisse leur

and others recommend,* is not very easy to determine; but it is obvious there is a point at which a different treatment is required from that we have been describing. The Law, like the Gospel, ought not to 'desire the death of a sinner, but rather 'that he should turn from his wickedness and live.' This, however, must not be understood entirely in a religious sense; for the reformation which is desired is mainly to be brought about by habituating the prisoner to such a course of life as may render him an honest member of society when he is restored to it. What society has to look to, is to secure his future obedience to the law; and this, which in a repressive prison is effected by striking terror into both the offender and the public, is, in a Penitentiary, to be accomplished principally by the moral influence of good habits upon the individual himself. The only test of efficacy in either case, and that not a positive one, is the recommitment or not of the individual. Beyond this, society has no means of judging; for the extent to which the prisoner is imbued with virtuous feelings on his liberation, can be known only to the Searcher of all hearts. Although, therefore, religious instruction is an essential part of reformatory discipline, our anticipations of its benefits ought scarcely to be carried so far as to make us regard penitentiaries as affording the sure means of effecting religious conversions. We ought to be satisfied if we can raise criminals up to the moral standard of the rest of the population. Cases, indeed, may sometimes occur in which the criminal may be so softened as to become better than the generality of men; but those who expect this as an ordinary result of penitentiary discipline will only meet with disappointment. The French Commissioners mention '*possibility* of '*radical reformation*' to be among the advantages of the American system; but that might be as well said of Millbank Penitentiary—of Glasgow Bridewell—of Geneva—or of any other

'enseigner quelque profession et opérer leur régénération. Le conseil propose en conséquence, que la limite de la séparation des prisons soit fixée à un an, c'est à dire, que tous les individus condamnés à un emprisonnement d'un an, ou plus, subiraient leur peine dans la maison pénitentiaire; les autres dans la maison de détention.' Circumstances have prevented this recommendation from being yet adopted, but it is expected to be shortly sanctioned by the Representative Council of the Canton.

* The warden of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia stated to Mr Crawford, that no good could be effected there under two or three years.

tolerably well-conducted establishment where prisoners are confined for long terms. The fact is, that the difficulty of obtaining correct accounts of recommitments, leaves us in a state of great uncertainty in regard to the reformatory effects of either of the American systems. The facility of travelling to great distances in the United States renders it almost impossible to trace the fact of prisoners having been previously confined in other prisons ; * and it is obvious that a mere statement of the recommitments to any given penitentiary, amongst a people of so active locomotive habits as the Americans, can be of no value at all. The point is, to ascertain the results in a number of individual cases—to know their previous history—their conduct in the penitentiary—and their future career. Such an enquiry, by showing whether the individuals are re-imprisoned in after life, would attest the merits of the penitentiary in question far better than any general statement of re-committals. We have already remarked that the American state prisons have much more of the repressive than the penitentiary character. The use of corporal punishment—the denying the prisoners any share in their earnings—and the absence of due moral and religious instruction—will sufficiently illustrate this position. M. Lucas well says†—‘ L’école Américaine a rendu un immense service en résolvant le grand problème d’empêcher le mélange des moralités ; mais au-delà, elle a mal saisi le système répressif, il n’a pas encore poursuivi un système d’éducation pénitenciaire. L’Europe, dans quelques pénitenciers, est plus avancée que l’Amérique sous le rapport de l’emprisonnement pénitenciaire ; mais la réforme, en Europe, a commis une grande faute, en se préoccupant de l’amendement des coupables, avant d’avoir préalablement empêché la corruption mutuelle, résultant du mélange des moralités. La réforme Européenne, négligeant ce premier but négatif pour s’occuper du but positif de l’amendement, tournait dans un cercle essentiellement vicieux, qui devait compromettre ses principes, et paralyser ses efforts. Ainsi, d’une part, l’omission de la discipline pénitenciaire aux Etats Unis ; d’autre part la préoccupation vague, incomplete, irréfléchie, et pourtant exclusive, de cette discipline en Europe ; n’a dû faire entrevoir à beaucoup d’esprits, dans ce système dit pénitenciaire, qu’un

* Crawford's Report, p. 14. The case is the same with Geneva, on account of its small territory and the number of foreigners resident in the Canton.

† P. 275.

‘ mot vide de sens, ou plein d’illusions, et jeter veritablement
‘ dans les esprits l’anarchie qui existe dans les principes et dans
‘ les faits.’

This censure is, we fear, just in regard to Europe, not less than America. Not even in Millbank Penitentiary—the only one of our prisons worthy of being called reformatory—is there any effectual security against the communication of the prisoners. At Geneva, where the Auburn system was introduced in 1833, the objections which we have noticed as inseparable from that system, of course prevail. We have, however, M. Lucas’s testimony to the value of the moral and religious instruction which is conveyed in that Penitentiary, and when the proposed division is accomplished so as to separate effectually the house of repression from the reformatory, its character will be raised still higher. It is worth remarking that Geneva has commenced the plan of separating the recommitted prisoners from the rest ; which of course would be unnecessary under a system of separation of each prisoner individually. Nor ought the fact of recommitment to be regarded as *conclusive* evidence of greater depravity ; because, to determine this positively, we ought to take into account the temptations to crime, which vary according to local and other circumstances, to a considerable degree.

Every advantage which separate confinement possesses in the other descriptions of imprisonment, applies with double force to the case of a Penitentiary. Here we want to bring into action not only the dread of the prison, but the moral influence of a system of education. We must make the prisoner feel the only alleviation of his solitude to consist in the instruction he receives, and in the labour which he undergoes. The system of Auburn, or Wakefield, may stimulate the physical energies, but is little calculated to soften the moral sense, which is the only thing of moment, with a view to the reform of the individual. Isolate the prisoner, then, as at Philadelphia, from even the contemplation of his associates in guilt ; give him ample means of learning his duty towards God, and towards man, and of supplying the deficiencies of his previous education ; and let him be enured to labour, that he may form the habit of living by the sweat of his brow. This, it may be said, differs little from the system recommended in the case of repressive imprisonment ; and in truth it is in the *regulation* of the instruction and labour, that the difference consists. The solitude should, for some time after the prisoner’s admission, not be broken by allowing him to attend divine service, or receive instruction in a class ; the chaplain and schoolmaster should at first attend him separately in his cell ; but, after the expiration of a few months, they should have a discretionary power of assem-

bling together, for the purpose of instruction, small classes of those prisoners in whom there is an appearance of improvement. The chaplain should in the same way, after a certain period, select classes of the better conducted prisoners for attendance on divine service. We think, that, in an establishment of an educational as well as a punitive character, the chaplain and school-master should be invested with such discretionary powers, with a view of rewarding their pupils, and presenting instruction under an agreeable form; and the possession of such powers would of course require the utmost care in the selection of fit persons for those offices. The fittest kind of labour for a Penitentiary on the separate system, is a question not easily determined. On the one hand, it may be said that the labour should be adapted to the habits of the population; and that, taking the instance of Glasgow, the results of the use of manufactures in long terms of separate imprisonment do not appear unfavourable to the diminution of recommittals. It may also be urged, that the profits of manufacturing industry afford the advantage of allowing the prisoner a share of his earnings, in order to accustom him to taste the sweets of his toil, which, with a view to his future career, cannot but be beneficial. On the other hand, sedentary manufactures are not suited to agricultural labourers, and that numerous class of journeymen who are used to active bodily exertion. A prisoner, on his liberation, returns much more easily to his original occupation, than to any trade which may have been taught him in a Penitentiary. The system of Tailoring, which forms the principal employment at Millbank, debilitates and disposes to indolent habits a great many of the inmates of that establishment; and the practice of selecting wardsmen, and instructors from the prisoners, confers unmerited favour on the parties selected, and leads to breach of discipline and improper intercourse.* At Philadelphia, the trades are chiefly weaving, tailoring, and shoemaking; and it takes upwards of a year in teaching a prisoner before his work becomes profitable.† These considerations tend to recommend any other pursuit which affords proper employment, in preference to sedentary manufactures; but we think that, in a Penitentiary, where it is an object to impress the prisoner with useful habits, no labour should be inflicted to so severe an extent as to become an object of great aversion to him. Under a system of repression, labour should be dreaded; but not so in a Penitentiary—for there the prisoner should be

* See Evidence of Rev. W. Russell before Lords' Committee.

† Crawford's Report, p. 13.

taught to recognise it as the source of every comfort which mankind enjoy. The main object of dread should be the solitude ; and labour, of whatever kind, should be regarded as a relief. Looking at Millbank, it appears that the six-eighths forming the profit of the establishment from the manufacturing labour of the whole of the prisoners in the year 1835, was (after deducting the salary of the master-manufacturer) only L.1306, 13s. 6d.* —a very trifling deduction from the heavy annual charges of that establishment ; and one which the managing committee have expressed their willingness to relinquish, if they could fall upon a satisfactory substitute for the Tailoring—it being doubtful whether, in the present state of the law, hard labour can be legally used there. We see no reason, however, why the law should not empower the committee to try the effect of the moderate use of any description of labour, and endeavour to ascertain whether there are not several kinds which, when added to confinement, at other times in a separate cell, and the ample and judicious application of religious and other instruction, may form parts of a good system of penitentiary discipline. We do not at present possess sufficient information to enable us to decide with any confidence so difficult a question, as that of the most appropriate prison labour ; but the leading rule for a Penitentiary should, at all events, not be the same as that of a mere House of Correction. In the latter, it should be made irksome ; in the former—like instruction—it should present an agreeable contrast to the solitude of the cell. We have not space here to enter into minor details of penitentiary management. Nor is it, for this country, at the present moment, an object of *primary* importance ; for transportation disposes of the greater part of those who would be the proper subjects for penitentiary treatment. Until our secondary punishments shall be revised, the penitentiary system can only be pursued experimentally. Millbank has never been any thing more than an experiment—it has taught indeed some useful lessons in discipline—but these have been learned at an enormous and wasteful price. This establishment has exercised no influence whatever upon the state of crime, and the morals of society in general.

* Report of superintending Committee, ordered to be printed 15th March, 1836. The number of prisoners on 31st December, 1834, was 622, and on 31st December, 1835, 445. The total expenses for the year (including, however, those caused by the late fire) was L.17,339, 12s. 11d.

The revision of the Gaol Acts is a very simple matter. Repeal those parts of the acts which require the present classification, and leave the details of prison management to the Secretary of State, in order that he may gradually enforce the introduction of that system which, on mature consideration, is deemed the best. We have said much in favour of separation; but highly as we value the benefits of that system, we would by no means force it on the country by any express legislative enactment. It is much better to leave to the proper authorities the responsibility of putting such improvements into effect, after having cleared the way for them by the removal of the present legal impediments. We think, indeed, there is sufficient ground for enacting specifically the separation of the untried; but the disposal of the convicted, and all the minor regulations of prison discipline, will, in the present state of our experience, be best left to the superintending discretion of the Secretary of State. The progress of enquiry and sound judgment will do the rest.

The adoption of the plan of separate confinement would, of course, be the cause of an outlay for the erection of cells of suitable dimensions. It has been estimated that the cost of supplying the deficiency of sleeping cells in the 136 prisons included in the Gaol Act, so that each prisoner should have a separate sleeping cell, would exceed L.200,000.* A still greater expenditure must be anticipated for the construction of cells of sufficient dimensions for habitation both by day and by night. But heavy as such charges may appear, it must not be forgotten, that the best economy, after all, consists in the best system of discipline; for, by adopting that, we may hope not only to diminish the extent of crime, but to afford the opportunity of shortening the present periods of correctional imprisonment. That these are objects of no small moment in point of economy, is apparent from the fact, that, in the year 1834, the cost of the county prisons, and maintaining the prisoners therein, in England and Wales, was no less than L.222,786, being nearly a third of the whole county rate expenditure of L.693,747.† It is remarkable also, that, in the forty years from 1792 to 1832, the charges of

* See Mr Bullar's estimate, Appendix to Lords' Report, p. 146. The greatest number of prisoners confined at one time in 1834 was 18,197; but the number of sleeping rooms and cells was only 11,704, leaving a deficiency of about 6500 cells.

† Report of Commissioners for enquiring into County Rates, dated 16th June, 1836, appendix C.

these prisons increased 178 per cent—of maintaining prisoners, 218 per cent—and of conveyance of prisoners, 525 per cent! * To relieve the counties from as much as possible of so serious burdens—independently of higher considerations—is surely an object for which some present sacrifice is deserving of being made. But we repeat, it is not merely the *cheapest*, but the *best* system of discipline, which is the *desideratum* towards accomplishing the end for which the law inflicts imprisonment as the punishment of crime.

II. The collateral measures for securing the efficiency of an improved system of prison discipline are not numerous, but, in our opinion, they are essential. We will notice them very briefly.

1st, Our system of secondary punishments should be revised with the view of carrying into effect the recommendation of the Lords' Committee for shortening the periods of imprisonment for minor offences, and making the imprisonment more terrible than at present. The moral effects of such a change would be highly desirable, to say nothing of the economical. The subject of transportation should also be brought under the consideration of the Legislature. To our minds transportation has none of the qualities which a penal system ought to possess. It is neither deterring nor reformatory;—neither prevents the commission of crime, nor effects the moral improvement of the criminal. The lower orders in this country are in utter ignorance of the condition of the convicts in New South Wales. We are satisfied that a diligent enquiry into the history of a moderate number of transported offenders would place the results of this system in such a light as to ensure its abolition. A commission of enquiry should be issued, directed to competent and candid persons in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, for a thorough investigation into the state of the convict population, and the operation of the transport system; and we feel confident it would lead to the substitution of a general plan of penitentiary imprisonment for that of transportation. It is then only that we could hope to establish a penitentiary system worthy to be so called, and likely to have a useful influence upon society.

2d, Arrangements should be made for a greater frequency of trial than is at present practicable. A great number of prisoners now suffer before trial a longer term of imprisonment than that to which, if found guilty, they are sentenced. The injustice of this

* Report of County Rate Commissioners, p. 48.

is sufficiently apparent. Prisoners committed to the assizes, which are held at periods of about eight and four months, are confined on an average more than three months; those committed to the quarter-sessions six weeks. Now, it is estimated that, with a good system of local courts, the average period of custody in all such cases might be abridged to three weeks.* Not only would a large portion of the actual expense of maintaining prisoners before trial thus be saved, but the charge of introducing a system of separation be materially reduced. Under the best mode of discipline, imprisonment cannot be otherwise than a serious evil to any man, and those dependent on him. Nor can any good reason be assigned why the gaols should not, in all parts of the country, be delivered at the intervals of a few weeks, as is the case at the Central Criminal Court. Imprisonment before trial is something which *justice* does not require, and at best, is only warranted by *necessity*. It is, therefore, somewhat out of place, to consider the best mode of treatment for the untried, until the terms of their confinement are reduced to the smallest possible duration.

3d, Our prisons present the anomalous spectacle of insane persons being confined in them, in spite of the existing laws, intended to provide for the custody of such persons in the proper asylums. At Newgate, and York Castle, lunatics have been in confinement for five years; at Ilchester, Morpeth, and Appleby, for seven years; at Warwick for eight years; at Buckingham and Hereford for eleven years; at Appleby for thirteen years; at Anglesea for fifteen years; at Exeter for sixteen years; and at Pembroke for not less than twenty-four years!† This abuse is so manifest a cruelty to the unhappy lunatic, as well as subversion of all regularity in the discipline of the prison, that it is surprising it should have been suffered so long to continue. The laws for the regulation of lunatics appear to be defective; and the inspectors properly suggest that they should be so remedied as to prevent insane persons, under any circumstances, from being the inmates of prisons. They also propose the measures to be adopted for the ascertainment of the sanity of those whose state of mind may be matter of contest between the prisons and asylums. The point of insanity is a nice one, it is true; but not so difficult as to be incapable of determination, or to occasion the slightest necessity for that mockery of justice and humanity,

* Report of County Rate Commissioners.

† Report of Inspectors, Home District, p. 98.

which, in this respect, has been so long permitted to disgrace our prisons.

4th, Provision is required to be made for enabling the convict to earn an honest livelihood after his liberation. The difficulty of this is undoubtedly one of the causes of the number of recommitments. A man cannot be turned out of a prison, however well conducted, without a certain stigma upon his character; the consequence of which frequently is, that his former employers distrust him,—his family are inclined to disown him—and he is driven back by the force of circumstances to a repetition of crime. In this country, where the supply of labour so greatly exceeds the demand, the difficulties of procuring subsistence are immensely increased in comparison with the United States, where the demand for labour is almost boundless. Whatever inducements there are to encourage the emigration of the free labourer, apply with double force to the case of the discharged convict. If he leaves the prison with reformed habits, his wish will be to commence a new life at a distance from the scene of his disgrace; and that he should do so, is much for the interest of society. We would not, however, go the length of banishment, or even, like the French law, prohibit the criminal's access to the metropolis, or large towns. With the imprisonment, the punishment should cease; and the emigration should be perfectly voluntary, to insure its good effects. It would not answer the purpose to give the prisoner the option of commuting a portion of his imprisonment into banishment; for that would imply the infliction of punishment in the colony, which is, above all things, to be avoided. The emigrant should carry with him no stigma; he should go in every respect as a free man. His inclinations might indeed be influenced during his imprisonment by the friendly advice of the chaplain, or keeper, but beyond advice we would not go. What is wanted is, to provide the means of furnishing him with a loan sufficient to pay the passage of himself and his family, if he have one, and of settling them in one of the colonies. To secure the repayment, the government, or any society that would undertake the business, should have summary remedies against the person and property of the discharged prisoner, which would, in effect, prevent his becoming a really free man until he should have redeemed his debt. We think, that under the sanction of the government, and with the security mentioned, there would be little difficulty in finding a society which would carry on these arrangements on a large scale; and we do not anticipate that, having in view a rigorous, or long imprisonment, as the precursor of the emigration, the plan would present

such attraction as to hold out an inducement to crime—an evil which, of course, cannot be guarded against with too much caution.

Lastly,—although this is not the place for a dissertation upon the primary causes of crime, we cannot omit expressing our entire concurrence in the often repeated assertion, that the evils of ignorance and poverty must be removed, before it can be hoped to diminish materially the number of our criminals. When the mass of our population shall receive adequate instruction to impress them with a just sense of their duties towards God, and towards their neighbour, and shall be placed in a situation of such physical comfort, as to form habits of order and honesty, and obtain a conviction that crime is contrary to their wellbeing,—we may then, and not till then, anticipate the disappearance of offences. In the mean time, the maintenance of our prisons, and the heavy costs attending the prosecution and punishment of offenders, are penalties which the nation must be content to pay, for having neglected the moral training, and general welfare, of so many of her children. Heavy indeed is the responsibility of that neglect; and many are the sufferers who may justly reproach their country in the words of Æsop's condemned son, who, we are told in the fable, bit off the ear of his mother when she came to embrace him previous to his execution, with this bitter reproof,—‘Mother, if you had done your duty by me in my youth, you would have spared yourself the trouble of coming to take leave of me on the gallows!’

III. It remains to notice that part of our subject, in which a thorough change of system is the most urgently needed,—we mean the treatment of juvenile offenders. The extent of juvenile delinquency in the metropolis and our large towns, is perhaps the most deplorable feature of our criminal records,—doubly deplorable, indeed, inasmuch as the cause lies, not merely in the ignorance and poverty of parents, and their consequent neglect of their offspring, but, in a great measure, in the corruption produced by imprisonment itself. Our prisons, as at present conducted—contaminating as they are to adults—are still more ruinous to the morals of the young. Over their gates might fitly be inscribed, not that noble sentence which is written above the portal of *La Galera* at Madrid,—

‘Odia el delito y compadece el delincuente,’

but rather that terrible motto which Dante read over the gates of Hell:—

‘ Per me si va nella citta dolente !
 Per me si va nell’ eterno dolore !
 Per me si va nella perduta gente !
 — — — — —
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’ entrate.’

The number of those unfortunate young persons committed for trial at the assizes and sessions in England and Wales during the last two years was as follows :—

	Aged 12 and under.		Aged 16 and above 12.		Total.
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
1834,	337	63	1899	305	2604
1835,	295	51	1707	303	2356

In London and Middlesex the number so committed was :—

	Aged 12 and under.		Aged 16 and above 12.		Total.
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
1834,	96	16	402	85	599
1835,	55	20	336	71	482

In Lancashire the number was :—

	Aged 12 and under.		Aged 16 and above 12.		Total.
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
1834,	45	13	267	61	386
1835,	56	5	260	42	363

In Warwickshire the number was :—

	Aged 12 and under.		Aged 16 and above 12.		Total.
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
1834,	8	0	55	6	69
1835,	11	1	93	14	119

These returns, considerable as they may appear, do not by any means exhibit the full extent of the evil ; because they do not include the summary commitments, which, we have already remarked, greatly exceed in number the commitments for trial. The average number of boys, sixteen years of age and under, who entered the several metropolitan prisons, in the three years, 1833, 1834, and 1835, has been estimated at 2151 yearly, but it appears that only about one-fifth of these were committed for

trial,—the remaining four-fifths being summary commitments.* Applying this rule of calculation to the whole of England and Wales, the number of juvenile offenders may be stated at 12,500 or $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent upon 110,000,—the total number supposed to enter prison in the course of the year. It is remarkable that this ratio corresponds very nearly with the centesimal proportion of juvenile offenders exhibited by the criminal tables, which is as follows :—

1834.	Aged 12 and under,	.	1.78 per cent.
	Do. 16 and above 12,	.	9.82 —
			11.60 per cent.

1835.	Aged 12 and under,	.	1.67 per cent.
	Do. 16 and above 12,	.	9.70 —
			11.37 per cent.

Making an allowance, however, for debtors, we think it is certainly within the mark to estimate the annual number of juvenile offenders at 10,000. Now the whole population of England and Wales, between the ages of six and sixteen, is probably somewhere about three millions; and if so, the proportion who are criminals is 1 in 300.

It will be observed that there is a slight general decrease of offenders of sixteen and under in 1835, as compared with 1834, but a decrease upon one year only is very unimportant; and in fact it is much more than counterbalanced by the increase in the proportion of offenders from the age of sixteen to twenty-one. In 1834, the proportion of the latter was 28.83 per cent, and in 1835, 29.65 per cent—and this at the very interval at which the character is usually formed, and impressions made more indelibly than at any other period of life.

A comparison with other countries is, in this respect, very unfavourable to us. In France, upon an average of years from 1826 to 1832, the proportion of persons accused (*accusés et prévenus*) under 16 years of age was 5 per cent; in Belgium, upon an

* Inspectors' Report, Home District, p. 85. The portion of the Report devoted to the subject of juvenile delinquency is full of information, and the suggestions well worthy of attention.

average from 1831 to 1834, it was 6 per cent; * whereas in England and Wales, as already mentioned, it exceeds 11 per cent. Of offenders from the age of 16 to 21 years, the proportion for the same periods was, in Belgium, 12 per cent; and in France 14 per cent; but in England and Wales, upon an average of 1834 and 1835, it was no less than 29 per cent!

The offences for which these juvenile delinquents are committed for trial consist almost entirely of those against property,—in fact, of thefts. Out of the 2356 committals in 1835, no less than 2146 are included in the class of, ‘offences against property committed without violence,’ and 1669 are for simple larceny. The charges are often of the most trifling description, such as stealing an orange—a few apples—or two buns—taking a cocoa-nut—three halfpence—or two biscuits!† For such offences as these, a mere child suffers several weeks’ imprisonment before trial. We should not also lose sight of the summary committals under the Malicious Trespass Act, the Larceny Act, the Vagrant Act, and other statutes.

The evil of such a state of things has begun to be very generally felt; and the application of a remedy is understood to be under the consideration of Government. It will not do to wait for the benefits which might be anticipated from a good system of national education; *that* is a blessing whose approach we as yet perceive only in the distant horizon. What is done must be done quickly. In the first place, a summary mode of trial has been suggested before a petty sessions composed of two magistrates and a jury of five, with more discretionary power to the magistrates than at present, to punish by whipping, or some other mode than imprisonment.‡ Another proposal lately made, from a quarter entitled to attention, is that of the establishment of local courts throughout the kingdom for the speedy trial of all such offences as are now disposed of at quarter-sessions; so as to supersede the jurisdiction of the magistrates as far as regards the trial of indictments. § To try boys and men at different tribunals has

* *Compte de l'Administration de la justice criminelle en Belgique, pendant les années 1831 à 1834*; par Ed. Ducpétiaux, Inspecteur General des Prisons, et des Etablissemens de Bienfaisance, 1836.

† Inspectors' Report, Home District, p. 82.

‡ Inspectors' Report, Home District, p. 92. This idea, we believe, originated with Sir Eardley Wilmot, and has met the approbation of many intelligent witnesses examined before the Lords' Committee.

§ Report of the County Rate Commissioners, p. 19.

been objected to ; on the ground that it would have a tendency to diminish the sense of crime when committed by persons under a certain age, and that if boys are more leniently dealt with than men, they are likely to be put forward by their seniors as the chief agents in depredation. We think, however, there are many practical difficulties in the way of establishing local courts, which do not apply to the trial of boys and girls at petty sessions. The degree of moral turpitude in a boy under sixteen who may commit a felony, is really less than that of a man. Upon the same principle as that on which his punishment should be different, why should not also the mode of his trial ? * We would even go the length of extending the jurisdiction of the petty sessions to a large class of offences against property committed by adults ; if after a time it should be found to work well upon juvenile offenders. The magistrates have already summary jurisdiction over three-fourths of the offences for which imprisonment is inflicted ; and if it is expedient to continue that jurisdiction, it cannot be very inexpedient to make a small addition to it of cases in which the moral guilt is actually less than in most of the present cases. The name of felony is a mere technical distinction, and calculated to mislead in considerations like the present. Whether it is desirable to deprive the magistrates entirely of all their judicial functions, and to establish other tribunals in their room, is a different question ; but the plan of trial of juvenile delinquents at petty sessions is neither inconsistent with the present order of things, nor open to any practical objections that we are aware of, beyond what have been noticed.

Whatever improvement, however, may be adopted in the mode of trial, the use of imprisonment as a punishment can only be dispensed with to a small extent, and the system of prison discipline adapted to youth becomes a most important consideration. In France, the plan of appropriating separate prisons to boys has been acted on for several years. The prison of the *Madelonnettes* in Paris was assigned to the juvenile offenders of the Department of the Seine in 1831. It contains about 350 boys, who are divided into two wards, those before trial, and those under sentence. The latter includes also vagrants, and boys abandoned

* ' We think also, that with a view to the more satisfactory definition of punishments, the *age* of the offender deserves more particular regard from the legislature.'—*First Report of Commissioners on Criminal Law*, p. 32.

by their parents. The discipline appointed to this establishment, is that of separate sleeping cells (which, however, the building of the *Madelonnettes* does not entirely admit of being carried into execution)—silence by day, except during the hours of recreation—division into classes of reward and punishment—instruction in useful trades—moral and religious education—and solitary confinement as a punishment. The new prison of *La Roquette*, to which the inmates of the *Madelonnettes* are probably by this time removed, will supply the deficiencies of the latter building. At Lyons, a portion of the House of Correction of *Perrache* was, in 1833, assigned as a penitentiary for fifty juvenile offenders, upon the same plan as that of Paris. There is a similar division in the prison of the *Bicêtre* at Rouen. The boys remain three or four years in these prisons, and on their discharge are received by societies *pour le Patronage des jeunes Libérés*, which have been formed in Paris and in several provincial towns of France for apprenticing the discharged youths to trades, and furthering their advancement in the world. There are similar societies in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Wurtemberg, and in the Rhenish provinces. Belgium has also adopted the plan of a separate prison at St Bernard, near Antwerp, for the juvenile offenders of the whole of that kingdom. It would be highly desirable, at the present moment, to have full and authentic details of the management of the several prisons of this description on the continent, and particularly those of Paris and Lyons.

The inspectors for the home district have recommended the establishment of a separate prison in the metropolis for all boys charged with, or convicted of, offences within the range of the central Criminal Court; to consist of two parts, a house of detention for boys committed for re-examination, and also for trial; and a house of correction for boys of all descriptions sentenced to periods of imprisonment not exceeding twelve months. They do not propose any distinct prison for offenders of this description in other parts of the country; but they strenuously urge the necessity of keeping them individually separate in the several prisons to which they may be committed. For boys sentenced to transportation, and to periods of imprisonment exceeding twelve months, they recommend a general Reformatory for England and Wales; and we believe that steps have been already taken for the foundation of an establishment of this sort. We look upon the management of such an institution to be a matter of the utmost importance to society. It should be rather of an educational, than a punitive character,—should be on a modified plan of individual separation—and should teach useful occupations, with especial attention to

moral and religious instruction.* A good course of such discipline for some three or four years could scarcely fail to make an impression on the youthful mind. Of the results of the metropolitan house of correction for short periods of imprisonment we should not be so sanguine; this, as with men, must operate principally as a repressive instrument. But it would have the immense advantage of preventing the horrible contamination of the present system; and we think there should be similar establishments in other populous districts. It is true that individual separation, if carried into effect, renders the necessity of distinct boys' prisons somewhat less urgent; but the treatment of boys and men ought, in several respects, to be so essentially different, that separate establishments are much more desirable. In regard to those young vagrants who are now so frequently sent to the house of correction for merely a few days, we would not send them there at all. They ought to be whipped and discharged.

We cannot at all concur in that part of the plan of the French juvenile prisons (which also belongs to the house of refuge in New York)† embracing the reception of *destitute* as well as criminal youth. Such a plan cannot but tend to confound the distinction between poverty and crime; and although, in countries where there is no legal provision for the poor, the admission of destitute objects into a prison may be more excusable, there can be no doubt that in England the work-house is their proper asylum. The inspectors make the following observations upon this point:

‘Although the destitute condition of many juvenile depredators gives them strong claims on the public commiseration, it is important that care be taken lest, in bestowing relief, advantages should be extended to them, which are superior to those enjoyed by the children of the poor at large. A refuge for the indiscriminate admission of destitute youth, would tend not to the diminution, but to the increase of the criminal population. To establish an institution for the gratuitous instruction, clothing, and education of all destitute young persons, would be to afford to indigent parents the strongest inducements to abandon their children. For these reasons, we consider it to be of great importance that the house of correction in the metropolis, the necessity for which we have taken the liberty to suggest, as well as the proposed general reformatory, should be stern in its aspect, and penal in its character. So far from

* The poor-school at Hofwyl might, in some respects, furnish valuable lessons. It would be very desirable that all that relates to the reformation and emigration of juvenile offenders should be placed under one management, as a distinct branch of our criminal system.

† For an account of this institution, see Crawford's Report, p. 42.

affording any encouragement to the vicious and depraved, these prisons should inspire the dread, not only of juvenile offenders, but of all with whom they are connected. As one method of effecting this object, we earnestly recommend, that during the confinement of a boy, all personal intercourse with his friends shall cease.*

The last measure for the reformation of the criminal youth, and by no means the least in importance, is to supply him with the means of earning his subsistence after his discharge. Our previous suggestions in respect of the emigration of adults will be also applicable to youths leaving prison; but the Government should be empowered, at its discretion, to apprentice or employ in the colonies all those young persons of both sexes, whose friends cannot undertake satisfactorily to provide for them on their discharge. The state should thus take upon itself the duties which the parent has, by suffering his child to become a criminal, proved his inability to fulfil. Nothing would be easier than to make arrangements with the colonial governments for the reception of the youths, and procuring them appropriate situations. The cost of the passage might remain a debt to be repaid by instalments in after life; and although that repayment should not in all cases be obtained, we are confident, that under good management at home and abroad, the public would in the end be considerable gainers by the plan. There can be no worse economy than a system which exposes society to the probability of a lad becoming a frequent inmate of prisons in after life; and that such is often the case at present, there is unhappily too strong evidence to admit of a doubt. The London '*Refuge for the Destitute*' has, on a small scale, done much good in the way we have mentioned. The *Children's Friend Society*, another public institution, is too indiscriminate in the admission of its objects; and the shortness of the period (only three months on an average) for which the inmates remain, give it a different character from that which a penal institution ought to possess. We have proposed to make the emigration to a certain extent compulsory; but we cannot agree with the inspectors that the offender ought ever to be permitted to exchange a portion of his term of imprisonment for voluntary exile; because that would not only render the punishment uncertain, but give the emigration an appearance of penalty which is especially to be avoided. We deprecate altogether any thing like the present system of transportation, which, little as it

* Report: Home District, p. 96.

conduces to the reformation of adults, is still more surely destructive of the moral welfare of youth. The lad on his arrival in the colony should be free, subject only to the restraint of apprenticeship, and to the small debt which he would have to repay to the Government when in a situation to earn for himself.

The object of the preceding observations is not so much to advocate any particular system of discipline, as to urge the necessity of pursuing the reform which has been set on foot in the management of our prisons. These subjects have been sadly neglected by preceding governments; and the interest evinced in them by Lord John Russell reflects the highest honour on him personally, as well as on the Government of which he is so distinguished a member. We are sure that it will not be the fault of his Lordship, or of Mr Crawford, if a vigorous and uniform system of discipline be not speedily introduced. On the Continent there are not wanting those who are labouring early and late to the same end. In Germany, the indefatigable Dr Julius, Inspector of Prussian prisons; in France, M. Charles Lucas, to whose work we have had occasion so frequently to refer; in Belgium, M. Edouard Ducpétiaux, Inspector-General for that kingdom;—are distinguished as the enlightened promoters of useful reforms. Our magistrates are in general well disposed to receive practical suggestions for the improvement of their respective prisons, and there is a fair field for the revision of the existing laws. That such revision will take place in a spirit of discreet philanthropy is our anxious hope;—that it may consist not in that maudlin sympathy which would place the prisoner in a position of greater physical comfort than the free labourer, but in that judicious system of management which may tend in reality to deter and reform him. There are indeed subjects more attractive—questions more stirring—than that of prison discipline; it presents no paths of ambition—raises no strife of party politics:—it has purer and higher aims. At present it presents an extended sphere of usefulness, and ample opportunities of doing good to our species. May it be the care of our Legislature to turn such opportunities to the best account—to do what in it lies to convert our prisons from being the plague-houses of vicious contagion, into purifying asylums for the recovery of moral health!

ART. IV.—*Ramaseeana ; or, a Vocabulary of the peculiar language used by the Thugs. With an Introduction and Appendix, descriptive of the system pursued by that Fraternity ; and of the measures which have been adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its suppression.* 8vo. Calcutta : 1836.

IT has often been said, and we fear with too much truth, that Indian subjects do not excite, in this country, an interest at all proportioned to their importance. We shall, however, be much surprised if what we now have to relate should fail to rouse the attention of the most sluggish reader.

We have to introduce to the knowledge of our countrymen a moral and political phenomenon, which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary that has ever existed in the world,—a phenomenon more striking than any thing that romancers have feigned touching the Old Man of the Mountain, or the Secret Tribunals of Germany;—a phenomenon, of which strange and appalling glimpses have been occasionally obtained, but of which the nature and extent have never, till the present time, been fully understood.

It appears, then, from the most overwhelming evidence, that there exists in India a vast fraternity of murderers, consisting of many thousands of persons;—that this fraternity has existed for many ages, and through many political revolutions;—that it has spread its ramifications over the whole of that vast country, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas;—that it has flourished alike under Hindu, Mahomedan, and British rulers;—that it has every year destroyed multitudes of victims; and yet that its constitution—we may say its very being—have been quite unknown to the most active and vigilant English functionaries, and very imperfectly understood even by the native governments. It was indeed notorious, that gangs of thieves sometimes strangled travellers. It was notorious, that the members of these gangs were unusually expert at the operation of strangling; but that these gangs were merely small detached portions of a vast organized community, the members of which recognised each other as brethren in the remotest parts of India;—that these murders were all committed according to certain ancient and solemn forms, and were regarded by those who committed them, not as crimes, but as solemn rites, which it would have been sinful to omit—all this it was reserved for the present generation to discover. One of the many obligations which India owes to Lord William Bentinck, is the complete unveiling of this horrible and portentous

system. The book now before us, is a collection of official papers, printed by the Indian Government for the information of its officers. No attempt has been made to digest into one connected statement the many interesting facts which these papers disclose. The book has not been published, and is, therefore, inaccessible to common readers; and even were it accessible to them, they would probably be repelled by the obscurity which is the effect of an utter want of arrangement. We think, therefore, that we shall certainly amuse them, and that we may perhaps instruct them, if we undertake to sum up the evidence on this extraordinary subject. We shall confine ourselves at present almost entirely to facts, and put off to another opportunity most of those curious speculations on human nature and on the frame of Indian society, to which the recent discoveries naturally lead.

The most interesting of the papers consists of a series of conversations with the captains of gangs, who have been admitted as king's evidence, from which we shall make liberal extracts.

These extraordinary people are known by the name of Thugs, and their profession is called Thuggee. They are divided into Burkas, or persons fully instructed in the art, and Kuboolas or novices. ' They consider a Burka as capable of forming a gang of Thugs out of the rude materials around him in any part of India; and a Thug who has arrived at this degree of proficiency in the art, ought not therefore to be left at large. A Kuboola, or Novice, they think, could do nothing if left to himself, and he might, therefore, be left at large without much danger to society, if he had no leader to join.'

These are by no means nominal distinctions. No Thug is allowed to take his degree as a Burka, or to assume the office of strangler, until he has been on many expeditions, and acquired the requisite courage and insensibility by slow degrees.

' They are first employed as scouts; then as sextons; then as shum-seeas or holders of hands; and lastly as Bhurtotes or stranglers. When a man feels that he has sufficient courage and insensibility for the purpose, he solicits the oldest and most renowned Thug of the gang to make him his cheyla, or disciple. The Thug agrees to become his gooroo, or spiritual preceptor; and when the gang falls in with a man of respectability but not much strength, fitted for the purpose, he tells the gooroo that he is prepared, with his permission, to try his hands upon him. While the traveller is asleep with the gang at their quarters, the gooroo takes his disciple into a neighbouring field, followed by three or four old members of the gang. On reaching the spot chosen, they all face to the direction the gang intends to move, and the gooroo says, "Oh Kalee, Kunkalee, Bhudkalee. Oh Kalee, Mahakalee, Calcutta Walee. If it seemeth to thee fit that the traveller now at our lodging should die by the hands of this thy slave, vouchsafe us the Thibadoo." If they

get the auspice on the right, within a certain time (half an hour), it signifies her sanction ; but if they have no sign, or the pilhadoo (or sign on the left), some other Thug must put the traveller to death, and the candidate for honour wait for another time.

‘ Davey’s sanction having been conveyed in the Thibadoo, they return to their quarters, and the gooroo takes a handkerchief, and facing to the west, ties the knot at one end of it with a rupee or other piece of silver inserted. This knot they call the Goor-knat, or classic knot, and no man who has not been thus ordained by the high priest, is permitted to tie it. The disciple receives it respectfully from the high priest in his right hand, and stands over the victim, with a shumseea, or holder of hands by his side. The traveller is roused on some pretence or other, and the disciple passes the handkerchief over his neck, at the signal given by the leader of the gang, and strangles him with the aid of his shumseea. Having finished his work, he bows down before his gooroo, and touches his feet with both hands, and does the same to all his relations and friends present, in gratitude for the honour he has attained. He opens the knot after he has heard or seen the Thibadoo, or auspice on the right, takes out the rupee and gives it, with all the other silver he has, to his gooroo, as a nuzur ; and the gooroo adding what money he has at the time, purchases a rupee and a quarter’s worth of sugar for the Tuponee, and lays out the rest in sweetmeats. The Tuponee sacrifice is then performed under the neem, the mango, or the byr, if they are available, and if not, under any other tree, except the babul, the sirsa (*mimosa seris*), and the reonja. The new disciple now takes his seat among the Bhurtotes around the carpet, and receives his share of the consecrated sugar ; and the sweetmeats are distributed to all the members of the gang, of whatever grade. On his return home after the expedition, he gives a feast to his gooroo and his family, and, if he has the means, to all his relations ; and he presents his gooroo with an entire new suit of clothes for himself, and one for his wife, and others for his relations, if he can afford it. The gooroo, after a certain interval, returns the compliment to him and his family, and the relation between them is ever after respected as the most sacred that can be formed. A Thug will often rather betray his father than the gooroo by whom he has been knighted.’

The Thugs travel along the roads under various assumed characters, in parties varying from ten or twelve to several hundreds. They appear as traders, as pilgrims, as sepoy’s seeking or returning from service ; and sometimes one of their number figures as a Raja, with all the necessary equipments of tents, carriage, &c., and the rest act the part of his obsequious followers. If the gang is numerous, they are divided into separate parties, who follow each other at some distance, or, taking different routes, rendezvous at an appointed place in advance. Their victims are almost always travellers. The most expert members of the gang are employed to collect information, and insinuate themselves into the confidence of the travellers whom they find at the resting places, or overtake on the road. They usually propose to them to join company for mutual safety ; and if the traveller suspects

one party, he soon falls in with another, who pretend to enter into his feelings of distrust. A person is sent before to select a proper place for the murder, and scouts are employed to prevent intrusion. The travellers are generally induced to sit down under pretence of resting themselves, and they are strangled at once on a given signal. The bodies are then buried, after having been mangled to expedite dissolution, and to prevent their swelling and causing cracks in the ground. Two Thugs are employed in the murder of each individual, one of whom holds his legs or hands, while the other applies the noose. If a traveller have a dog, it is also killed, lest the faithful animal should cause the discovery of the body of its murdered master.

The best way, however, of conveying an adequate idea of the mode in which the murders are committed, will be to select some of the most striking instances before us. The first we shall extract will show the confidence the Thugs repose in the power of concealment which belongs to their system. ‘There is darkness under the lamp,’ says the Hindustani proverb; and such would, indeed, appear to be the case, when a whole family with their servants could be murdered under the circumstances about to be detailed, without any discovery taking place.

‘We fell in,’ said Chutter, a leading Thug, ‘with the Moonshee and his family at Chupara, between Nagpore and Jubulpore; and they came on with us to Lucknadow, where we found that some companies of a native regiment under European officers were expected the next morning. It was determined to put them all to death that evening, as the Moonshee seemed likely to keep with the companies. Our encampment was near the village, and the Moonshee’s tent was pitched close to us. In the afternoon some of the officers’ tents came on in advance, and were pitched on the other side, leaving us between them and the village. The servants were all busily occupied in pitching them. Noor Khan and his son Sadee Khan and a few others, went, as soon as it became dark, to the Moonshee’s tent, and began to sing and play upon a guitar, as they had been accustomed to do. During this time some of them took up the Moonshee’s sword on pretence of wishing to look at it. His wife and children were inside listening to the music. The Jhirnee or signal was given, but at this moment the Moonshee saw his danger, called out murder, and attempted to rush through, but was seized and strangled. His wife hearing him, ran out with the infant in her arms, but was seized by Ghubboo Khan, who strangled her and took the infant. The other daughter was strangled in the tent. The grooms were at the time cleaning their horses, and one of them seeing his danger, ran under the belly of his horse, and called out murder; but he was soon seized and strangled, as well as all the rest.

‘Q.—How, did not the servants and others, who were pitching the tents close by, hear these calls for help?

‘Chutter.—As soon as the signal was given, those of the gang who were idle, began to play and sing as loud as they could; and two vicious

horses were let loose, and many ran after them calling out as loud as they could ; so that the calls of the Moonshee and his party were drowned.'

The next is the murder of an open-hearted old soldier, and the contrast is so striking between his easy simplicity and the wily villany of his Thug companions, as to excite our sympathy strongly on his behalf.

'It was on my return,' said Sheik Inaent, another noted Thug, 'from the first expedition which I made with my father to the Duckun, when I was fifteen years of age, and about thirty-five years ago. We were a gang of about eighty or ninety Thugs, under my father, Hinga, and some of the Deccan chiefs, lodged in the Mausoleum outside of the town of Elichpore. Two of our leaders, Gumboo and Laljoo, on going into the bazar, fell in with the grooms of the Nawab Subjee Khan, the uncle of the Nawab of Bhopaul, Wuzeer Muhommud Khan, who told them that their master had been with his son and his two hundred horse in the service of the Nizam at Hyderabad ; and having had a quarrel with his son, he was now on his way home to Bhopaul. They came back and reported ; and Dulele Khan and Khuleel Khan, and other leaders of fame, went and introduced themselves to the Nawab, pretending that they had been to the Deccan with horses for sale, and were now on their way back to Hindostan. He was pleased with their address and appearance, and invited them to return the next day, which they did ; and the following day he set out with as many of our gang as it was thought safe to exhibit. He had two grooms, two troopers, and a slave girl, two horses, and a mare with a wound in the neck, and a pony. The slave girl's duty was to prepare for him his daily portion of subzee, and he told us that he had got the name of Subzee Khan, from the quantity of that intoxicating drug which he was accustomed to drink.

'We came on together three stages, and during the fourth stage we came to an extensive jungle this side of Dhoba, and in the Baitool district ; and on reaching a water course at about nine o'clock, Khuleel said, "Khan Sahib, we have had a fatiguing journey, and we had better rest here, and take some refreshment." "By all means," said the Nawab, "I feel a little fatigued, and will take my subzee here." He dismounted, laid his sword and shield upon the ground, spread his carpet, and sat down. Dulele and Khuleel sat down by his side, while the girl was preparing his potion, of which he invited these two men, as our supposed chiefs, to partake ; and the grooms were engaged with the horses, and the troopers were smoking their pipes at a distance. It had been determined that the Nawab should be first secured, as he was a powerful man, and if he had a moment's warning he would certainly have cut down some of the gang before they could secure him. Laljoo also went and sat near him, while Gomanee stood behind, and seemed to be much interested in the conversation. All being now ready, the signal was given, and the Nawab was strangled by Gomanee, while Laljoo and Dulele held his legs. As soon as the others saw the Nawab secured, they fell upon his attendants, and all were strangled, and their bodies were buried in the bed of the water course. On going back to Ellichpore, Gomanee

sold the Nawab's shield for eight rupees, but it was worth so much more that the people suspected him, and came to our camp to search for him. Our spies brought us timely notice, and we concealed him under the housings of our horses.'

The last instance we shall give is, the Sutrooh, or sixty soul* affair, which, besides the surprising number of people who were instantaneously put to death, furnishes a good illustration of the patience with which the Thugs follow up their victims, until they find a fit opportunity to execute their abominable purpose.

' *Dorgha*.—After the capture of Gawilgur by General Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), it was restored to the Nagpore Rajah, who appointed Ghureeb Sing to the command of the fortress. Anxious to get some good soldiers from Hindostan to garrison it, he sent his younger brother, Ghyan Sing, with a number of followers, and a large sum of money, to raise them in the Oude country and districts between the Ganges and Jumna rivers.

' Ghyan Sing and his party passed through Nagpore, and came to Jubulpore in the month of June, while we were there concentrated from the different parts into which we had extended our expeditions that season. His party consisted of fifty-two men, seven women, and a Brahman boy, then about four years of age. Some of our gangs lodged in the town, some in the cantonments among the troops, and some were encamped at the tank of Adhar, two or three miles from the town, on the road to Mirzapore. As soon as we heard of the arrival of this party from the Deccan, every party of Thugs deputed some of its most respectable members to mix with them in the town and win their confidence. At first they tried to separate them into different parties to proceed by different roads, but though they had collected together at different times and places on the road, it was found impossible to separate any part of them from Ghyan Sing ; and we agreed to unite all our gangs, and to lead the party by the most unfrequented roads till we might find a place convenient for the murder of the whole at once.

' On reaching Sehora, we persuaded them to quit the high-road through Belehree and Myhere, and take that through Chundeea and the old fort Bundoogur, which leads through very extensive tracts of jungle and uninhabited country. We went with them through all this country, however, without finding what we considered a fitting time and place, and reached Rewah, winning more and more upon their confidence every day. From Rewah we went to Simareea, and from that place to a small village half way to Chitterkote, called by us the Burwala Gow, from a large Indian fig-tree (Bur) that stood near it. Thence we sent on people, as usual, to select a place for the murder, and they found one about two coss and a half distant, in a very extensive jungle, without a human habitation for many miles on either side. We persuaded the party to set out soon after midnight ; and as they went along, we mana-

* The Thugs designate remarkable affairs by the number of persons killed. The Chaleesrooh, or forty-soul affair, is also famous.

ged to take our appointed places, two Thugs by every traveller, and the rest in parties of reserve at different intervals along the line, every two managing to keep the person they were appointed to kill, in conversation. On reaching the place chosen, the signal was given at several different places, beginning with the rear party, and passing on to that in front; and all were seized and strangled except the boy. It was now near morning, and too late to admit of the bodies being securely buried; we made a temporary grave for them in the bed of the river, covered them over with sand, and went on with the boy and the booty to Chitterkote, intending to send back a large party the next night, and have the bodies securely buried. The rains had begun to set in, and after the murders it rained very heavily all the day. The party, however, went back, but found that the river had risen and washed away all the bodies except two or three, which they found exposed, and pushed into the stream to follow the rest.

‘Q.—What became of the boy?

‘*Dorpha*.—He was brought up by Mungul Brahmun, brother of Laljoo, and having taken to the trade of Thuggee, he was last year sent to the black water from Saugor.’

There is another tragedy connected with Gawilgur, which is of old date, and has not been equally well investigated. Still, the features of it are so extraordinary, that we cannot forbear mentioning it.

‘In making the above inquiry,’ Captain Robertson observes, ‘I was informed of a still more frightful murder, which took place under Gawilgur, a very few years before, of five hundred recruits, that had come from some place for Gawilgur, and were pitched in tents for some reason or other below the fort. Somehow or other a quantity of treasure for the fort, for the night halted in this camp, and shortly after about one thousand, of apparently discharged sipahees, came up, said they were from Hindostan, and wanted service, and encamped at night in the same place, but in the morning there were none to be found of the latter. The rest were all laying strangled, and the treasure gone. People were sent all over the country, but none of the Thugs were caught.’

Sometimes, but very rarely, the Thugs are obliged to depart from their rule of putting their victims to death by strangling. This was the case in an affair in which they obtained a booty of £20,000 sterling. The circumstances are thus narrated by them.

‘*Moklal*.—It gave us a great deal of trouble, as the dollars were laden on camels. They went fast, and afraid to appear near to them in a body, we several times lost all trace of them. We first fell in with them at Burhanpore. Ours was only one of three great parties that went from Bundelcund, Gwalior, and Saugor, that year to Kandeish; and it consisted of about one hundred and sixty Thugs, concentrating upon the treasure party. At Burwaha ghat on the Nerbudda river, we found them disputing with the custom-house officers about the payment of duties; and stating the hardship of being obliged to expose the value of their charge in an unsettled country. We paid duties for ourselves and our six ponies; and, leaving a few scouts, passed over the river, and went on

to the small deserted village of Naen, in the midst of a jungly waste. Here we waited till the treasure party came up, consisting of eight men, mounted on camels, and armed with matchlocks, and a merchant, by name Futteh Alee, who had joined them on the road, in the hope of being more secure in their company than alone. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when they reached the place. The signal was given—we rushed in upon the camels, seized them by their bridles, and made them sit down by beating them with sticks. The men were seized and killed ; some strangled, some stabbed with spears, and some cut down with swords. Futteh Alee was pulled off his pony and strangled. We transferred the treasure to our ponies ; threw the bodies into a ravine, and went on for three days without halting anywhere, as we knew we should be immediately pursued. After we had got beyond danger, we rested and divided the booty, setting aside the proper share for the temple of Davey at Bindachul, near Mirzapore.'

In Bengal, which is much intersected by rivers, the plan is modified to suit the circumstances of the country. The practice there is to inveigle travellers on board pretended passage-boats, which are manned entirely by Thugs, and then to strangle them and throw the bodies into the river. Several of these boats follow each other at short intervals, so that if the traveller escapes one snare, he may fall into another. But as every body knows his own trade best, we shall leave the Thugs to tell their own story.

' The principal men of the gang, or the shrewdest of them, go along the roads, each having a servant carrying his bundle, and proceeding towards the ghat where his boat is to be found, whether going up or down the river. When a traveller overtakes him, he learns whether he is going, pretends to be ignorant of the road, to be going to the same place with the traveller, but to be entirely unacquainted with it, and anxious to have somebody to instruct him. If the traveller had not intended to go by water, the Thug soon pretends to be much tired, and wishes that he were near a boat. The traveller expresses the same wish, and they agree to diverge from the road to the river. Coming to the ghat, the Thug pretends that he is a good hand at a bargain, and is allowed to agree for a passage for both. He beats down the master of his own boat, after a good deal of disputing, to half-price, and the traveller is much pleased, and expresses his gratitude ; they embark, and the traveller is killed as soon as they get away from other boats. If the traveller suspects or dislikes the first man, he soon falls in with the inveigler of another boat, who learns it by a sign, and pretends to enter into the traveller's feelings, and anxiety to throw off the first, who on some pretence remains behind, while his friend takes on the traveller to the other boat, further on than his own, where he is disposed of. They are much more numerous than we are. I have not heard of more than about thirty families of Mooteeas, and the Lodahas are not much above two hundred men, but the Bongoos are very numerous I have heard.'

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of this kind of Thuggee.

‘ We joined Jypaul at the Mormakeya ghat, where he had two boats at the different ghats, three or four miles from each other. Jhoulee Khan brought two travellers to the boat which Jypaul commanded in person, and Bhowur Khan and I embarked with them. As soon as we had all got on board, Jypaul said in Ramasee, “ Let the Boras (Thugs) separate themselves from the Beetoos (travellers); ” and we did so, leaving the two travellers together. Four men were on the bank, pulling along the boat, one was at the helm, acting at the same time as the Bykureea or spy, and seven of the gang were below with us and the travellers. “ We had got on about a coss, when the Bykureea at the helm seeing all clear, called out “ Bhugna ko pawn do; ” “ give my sister’s son pawn.” This was their mode of giving the signal, and the two travellers were strangled. After strangling them, they broke their spinal bones *thus*, by putting their knees upon their backs, and pulling up their heads and shoulders. After doing this, they pushed them out of a kind of window in the side. Every boat has two of these windows, one on each side, and they put the bodies out of that towards the river. They break the spinal bones to prevent all chance of the people recovering and giving evidence against them. We generally stab the dead bodies through on both sides under the arm pits; but they are afraid to cut or stab the body, lest there should be signs of blood upon the water, as the corpses pass other boats that are following them on the river.’

The Thugs are forbidden by their rules to kill women of any description, and either men or women of the following classes—fukeers, bards, musicians by profession, dancing men or women, washerwomen, sweepers, oil-venders, blacksmiths, and carpenters, when found together, maimed or leprous persons, men with cows, and Ganges water-carriers, while they have the Ganges water actually with them; but if their pots are empty they are not exempted. These exceptions, however, are not made, as has been supposed, out of compassion, but from a feeling which we shall explain hereafter, and which is the strangest part of this strange system. The Thugs date all their misfortunes from their murder of a native lady, whom they call the Kalee Beebee, or black lady, who was proceeding to Hyderabad with a sheet of cloth of gold, for the tomb of a brother of Sulabut Khan. Since that, the northern Thugs have murdered women as well as men; but those south of the Nerbudda adhere to their primitive usage in this respect.

The extent to which the natural feelings of humanity have been extinguished in these miscreants, is perfectly astonishing. A party of them accompanied Newal Singh, a Jemadar in the Nizam’s service, and his family, more than two hundred miles,—were on the most intimate terms with them for about twenty days,—and received essential favours from them. Once Newal Singh, not knowing them to be Thugs, procured their release, when they were imprisoned on a charge of setting a house on fire, in which they had lodged; and on another occasion his two

daughters of eleven and thirteen years of age, saved them from detection by sitting upon some plundered silk, whilst they were searched by the police. The whole gang hesitated ; and one party separated from the main body rather than be present at the murder. But will it be believed what was the cause of their demur ? Not any dislike to sacrifice people to whom they owed so much, and with whom they had consorted on such friendly terms—that never entered into their minds—but the circumstance of Newal Singh having but one arm. He and all his family were put to death.

The Thugs also occasionally preserve young children of both sexes, and adopt them as their own ; and sometimes young women of a riper age are saved to become the wives of the murderers of their parents. This practice often gives occasion to lamentable scenes, of which the following may be mentioned as examples.

‘ The signal was given, and all, except the two boys, were seized and strangled by the people who had been appointed for the purpose, and were now at their posts ready for action. The boys were taken by Jowahir and Kehree, who intended to adopt them as their sons : and the bodies of the twenty-five persons were all thrown into a ditch, and covered over with earth and bushes. On seeing the bodies thrown into the ditch, Jowahir’s boy began to cry bitterly ; and finding it impossible to pacify or keep him quiet, Jowahir took him by the legs, dashed his brains against a stone, and left him on the ground, while the rest were busily occupied in collecting the booty.’

* * * * *

‘ By the time we reached the appointed place, the Bhurtotes and Shumseeas had all on some pretext or other got close by the side of the persons whom they were appointed to strangle ; and on reaching the spot, the signal was given in several places at the same time, and thirty-eight out of forty were seized and strangled. The daughter of Gunga Tewarree was a very handsome young woman, and Punchum, one of our Jemadars, wished to preserve her as a wife for his son Buckholee. But when she saw her mother and father strangled, she screamed, and beat her head against the stony ground, and tried to kill herself. Punchum tried in vain to quiet her, and promised to take great care of her, and marry her to his own son who would be a great chief ; but all was in vain. She continued to scream, and at last Punchum put the handkerchief round her neck and strangled her. The widow of Alfie’s brother was strangled, but her daughter, a girl about three years of age, was preserved by Kosul Jemadar, who married her to his own son Hunnee Rae Brahmun, by whom she had two sons, one of whom is still living, and about ten or eleven years of age. Since the death of Kosul and Hunnee Rae she has lived with her husband’s mother.’

* * * * *

‘ *Chutter.* Ghubboo Khan strangled the mother while her infant was in her arms, and he determined to keep and adopt the child ; but after the bodies had all been put into the grave, Dhunnee Khan urged him to

kill the child also, or we should be seized on crossing the Nerbudda valley. He threw the child living in upon the dead bodies, and the grave was filled up over it.

‘Q. And the child was buried alive?’

‘Chutter. Yes.’

As the existence of Thuggee has been discovered at different times and in different parts of India, efforts have been made for its suppression. Mr Wright, magistrate of Chittoor, formerly made great exertions for this purpose in the south, and Messrs Halhed and Stockwell in the north of India. A very interesting paper was even published by Dr Sherwood of the Madras establishment, in the thirteenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches* on the subject, of which we have made occasional use. The full extent of the evil, however, was not then known; and whilst our active magistrates flattered themselves that they had put a stop to the practice, it was really only temporarily suspended in their own neighbourhood. A system which embraced the whole of India could not be suppressed by a few partial inroads upon it. The dispersion of the gangs had the usual effect of a persecution which does not go the length of entire eradication. The scattered Thugs formed numerous separate gangs; and, although the number of raw recruits whom they enlisted contributed in the end to their downfall, yet its immediate effect was greatly to increase the number of victims.

At last, the disclosures which were made on the occasion of the apprehension of a large gang of Thugs by Major Borthwick, in Malwa, in 1831, attracted Lord William Bentinck's attention; and a system was organised by him for the general suppression of this monstrous evil. Jubbulpoor was fixed as the centre of operations. Captain Sleeman was appointed superintendent, with a number of European assistants, and the co-operation of the native states was engaged. The plan of proceeding is founded on an accumulation of evidence given by Thug approvers. Two or three of the members of every gang which is seized, are admitted as king's evidence, and they are immediately called on to dictate a narrative of all the expeditions in which they have ever served,—mentioning the individuals with whom they were associated; and their authentic testimony is then considered as closed. The trials depend upon the concurrence of a number of depositions, the originals of which were taken in different parts of India, from different persons, without a possibility of previous intercommunication;—upon the recognition of the prisoner by the witnesses, to each of whom he is shown in a crowd of other people;—and upon the confirmation of the evidence by the discovery of the bodies in the places indicated. Each of the assistants has a section of In-

dia allotted to him, within which he is responsible for the apprehension of these miscreants, with the help of the approvers and of the accumulated evidence ; and as the mass of information is rapidly becoming more and more complete, we may hope that every professional Thug in India will soon be known and secured. Up to October 1835, 1562 persons had been committed on the charge of Thuggee ; of whom 382 had been hanged, and 986 transported or imprisoned for life.

In 1834 these operations were threatened with a severe check, which was happily averted by Lord William Bentinck's firmness. Maun Singh, the Rajah of Joudpoor, pleaded the right of granting asylum, and refused to give up the Thugs who had taken refuge in his territory ; but he was informed that he could not be permitted to make his country the headquarters, whence these bands of assassins might carry on their attacks against all the neighbouring states. On his persisting, an army was assembled against him, and he quietly submitted. The power which put down the Pindaree system was alone equal to the suppression of Thuggee. Occasions like these afford the best illustrations of the advantages of our supremacy in India. Even if the requisite public spirit and intelligence were not wanting, the native states are incapable, from mutual jealousy and distrust, of combining together for the accomplishment of any object of general interest. At this point, the supreme power steps in ;—explains to subordinate allies the extent of the evil, and the nature of the remedies which ought to be applied ;—collects for one common effort the resources of the whole of India, and directs that effort by European intelligence, energy, and perseverance.

This is, indeed, a noble instrument of beneficence, but much credit is also due to the hand which has so effectually applied it. The grand characteristic of Lord William Bentinck's measures is, that they were directed to the permanent benefit of the *mass of the people*. Hence the dislike with which he is regarded by the privileged few, and the veneration in which his name is held by the people of India. No renown was likely to attend the suppression of Thuggee. There were no mounted hordes to be subdued by brilliant military achievements. The work could be performed only by the silent operation of uninteresting judicial proceedings. The ruling class in India, who are the dispensers of European fame, were not concerned in the matter. The Thugs had never molested them. They once held a consultation on the subject, and resolved against ever attacking Europeans, for three reasons ; one of which was, that Europeans generally carry pistols when on a journey ; the second, that they seldom carry money ; and the third, that if they were molested, such a storm would be

raised as must end in the destruction of the association. In this they judged quite correctly. If a single civilian or military man had been thugged, thuggee would have been abolished long ago ; and the Governor-general who accomplished it would have had his praises sung from John O'Groat's House to Land's End.

This is one of the evils of our anomalous position in India. The character of a ruler is principally determined by the way in which the interests of the European residents are affected by his measures. Hence a Governor-general may be held up to reprobation in Europe for the very reason for which he is entitled to praise,—because he consults the interest of the many in preference to that of the few. The remedy for this state of things, as far as it admits of a remedy, is to unite all interests by subjecting the natives and the European settlers to common laws. Indian governors will then no longer be distracted between the interests of the powerless many, and the powerful few ; and European energy will unite with native acuteness and local knowledge in improving institutions in which the welfare of all will be equally concerned.

We think it likely that our readers are by this time sufficiently interested in the Thugs to wish to know something about their origin. Seneca, who had himself been in Egypt, mentions ‘ those ‘ robbers whom the Egyptians call Philetas (fondlers), who embrace merely with a view to strangle.’

‘ ——— Under fair pretence of friendly ends,
Baited with reasons not unpalatable,
Wind them into the easy hearted man,
And hug them into snares.’

It is not, however, our intention to commence a disquisition upon the striking points of resemblance between ancient Egypt and India ; or to trace a supposed emigration of the Philetæ from the banks of the Nile to the shores of Western India. All we mean to suggest is, that as a system nearly allied to Thuggee prevailed at an early period in a country closely connected with India, it is not improbable that Thuggee itself has an equally remote origin.

Thevenot is the first European author who notices the Thugs. He says—

‘ Though the road I have been speaking of from Delhi to Agra be tolerable, yet hath it many inconveniences. One may meet with tigers, panthers, and lions upon it, and one had best also have a care of robbers, and above all things not to suffer any body to come near one upon the road. The cunningest robbers in the world are in that country. They

use a certain slip with a running noose, which they can cast with so much sleight about a man's neck, when they are within reach of him, that they never fail, so that they strangle him in a trice. They have another cunning trick also to catch travellers with. They send out a handsome woman upon the road, who with her hair dishevelled seems to be all in tears, sighing and complaining of some misfortunes which she pretends has befallen her. Now, as she takes the same way that the traveller goes, he easily falls into conversation with her, and finding her beautiful, offers her his assistance, which he accepts; but he hath no sooner taken her up behind him on horseback, but she throws the snare about his neck and strangles him, or at least stuns him, until the robbers (who lie hid) come running in to her assistance, and complete what she hath begun. But besides that, there are men in those quarters so skilful in casting the snare, that they succeed as well at a distance as near at hand; and if an ox or any other beast belonging to a caravan run away, as sometimes it happens, they fail not to catch it by the neck.'

This may have been all true in the 16th century; but if so, a considerable change has since taken place in the habits of the order. The sash has been substituted for the noose, as being less open to detection; and the Thugs who have settled habitations, seldom permit their wives to accompany them on their expeditions. The substitution of a more secret method of strangling for the lasso, is what might have been expected in the progress of improvement.

The Thugs themselves arrogate very high antiquity for their profession; and one proof which they allege in confirmation of their claim is too remarkable to be passed over. We shall give it in their own words:—

'Q.—You told Mr Johnstone the traveller, while he was at Saugor, that the operations of your trade were to be seen in the caves of Ellora?

'*Feringeea*.—All! every one of the operations is to be seen there: in one place you see men strangling: in another burying the bodies: in another carrying them off to the graves. There is not an operation in Thuggee that is not exhibited in the caves of Ellora.

'*Dorgha*.—In those caves are to be seen the operations of every trade in the world.

'*Chotee*.—Whenever we passed near, we used to go and see these caves. Every man will there find his trade described, however secret he may think it; and they were all made in one night.

'Q.—Does any person besides yourselves consider that any of these figures represent Thugs?

'*Feringeea*.—Nobody else; but all Thugs know that they do. We never told anybody else what we thought about them. Every body there can see the secret operations of his trade, but he does not tell others of them; and no other person can understand what they mean. They are the works of God. No human hands were employed upon them. That every body admits.

‘Q.—What particular operations are there described in figures?

‘*Sahib Khan*.—I have seen the Sotha (inveigler) sitting upon the same carpet with the traveller, and in close conversation with him, just as we are when we are worming out their secrets. In another place the strangler has got his handkerchief over his neck, and is strangling him; while another, the Chumochee, is holding him by the legs. These are the only two operations that I have seen described.

‘*Nasir*.—These I have also seen, and there is no mistaking them. The Chumochee has close hold of the legs, and is pulling at them thus, while the Bhurtote is tightening the handkerchief round his neck, thus!

‘Q.—Have you seen no others?

‘*Feringeea*.—I have seen these two, and also the Lughas carrying away the bodies to the grave, in this manner, and the sextons digging the grave with the sacred pick-axe; all is done just as if we had ourselves done it; nothing could be more exact.

‘Q.—And who do you think could have executed this work?

‘*Feringeea*.—It could not have been done by Thugs, because they would never have exposed the secrets of their trade; and no other human being could have done it. It must be the work of the gods: human hands could never have performed it.

‘Q.—And supposing so, you go and worship it?

‘*Sahib Khan*.—No. We go to gratify curiosity, and not to worship; we look upon it as a Mausoleum; a collection of curious figures cut by some Demons, who knew the secrets of all mankind, and amused themselves here in describing them.

‘*Hurnagur*.—We Hindoos go for the same purpose. We never go to worship. We consider it as a Pantheon of unknown gods.’

Notwithstanding the alleged antiquity of the profession, the Thugs to the north of the Nerbudda cannot trace their own pedigree higher than the era of the first race of Mahomedan kings of Dehli. Their tradition is, that their ancestors, who were then divided into seven clans, as their descendants still are, used to infest the roads in the neighbourhood of the capital, until they drew upon themselves the anger of an emperor of the house of Ghoree, by murdering one of his domestics, who was in league with them, and who threatened to betray them with a view to extort more money than they thought reasonable. On this, they were expelled from Dehli. The majority of them retired to Agra; and ultimately to the strong country at the junction of the Jumna, the Chumbul and the Kalee Sinde, which continued to be their headquarters until they were driven away by Mr Halhed in the year 1812. These seven clans are the original trunk upon which all the Thug associations to the north of the Nerbudda have been grafted. They were originally all Mahomedans; but for a long time past Mahomedans and Hindus have been indiscriminately associated in the gangs; the former class, however, still predominating. Their numbers are kept up by descent (the profession

being, as is usual in India, hereditary), by adoption, and occasionally, but not often, by the admission of qualified adults.

The Thugs to the south of the Nerbudda boast a purer descent. They can trace back the trade of Thuggee in their families for more generations, and have adhered with greater strictness to the rules of their profession than those who are of Dehli origin. They also refuse to intermarry with the families of the latter,—saying, they are of lower caste, and formerly ‘drove bullocks and were itinerant tradesmen.’ This point was warmly disputed by the northern and southern Thugs before Captain Sleeman. It was admitted by some of the northern men that, at their funerals, the women who bring the water, chant the occupations of the ancestors of the deceased, in a manner which shows that they were originally descended from gangs of wandering Mussulmans, who followed armies, and lived in the suburbs of cities and in the wild wastes, and that their pretensions to higher descent were unfounded. Others acknowledged, that at marriages an old matron will sometimes repeat as she throws down the toolsee—* ‘Here’s to the spirits of those who once led bears and monkeys ; to those who drove bullocks, and marked with the godnee ;† and those who made baskets for the head ;’ but others, who were more zealous for the honour of their tribe, insisted that these were only disguises assumed by their ancestors to enable them to practise their trade in greater safety.

It is admitted on all hands, that two of the original seven clans of northern Thugs, which did not, like the others, settle at Agra after their expulsion from Dehli, retain their wandering habits to this day ; and there seems reason to suspect, that most of the Gipsy tribes who are to be found in all parts of India, but are most numerous to the north and west, practise Thuggee as occasion offers. On this part of the subject we may refer to the following remarkable passages in the conversations.

‘Q.—Do not the Brinjaras often perpetrate murder in their encampments ?

‘*Feringeea*.—Just before the twenty-six of my gang were taken by you at Bhilsa, and before Zolfukar joined us, we were cooking our dinner in the afternoon at a village three coss this side of Sehere, when five travellers came up on their way to Bhilsa. We tried to prevail upon them to wait for us, but they went on, saying they should spend the night at Hirora, a village four coss further on. We made sure of securing them at Hirora, and remained where we were to dine. We

* *Ocimum sanctum*. Tulsee was a nymph beloved by Krishna, and by him turned into this plant.

† Needle used in tattooing.

reached Hirora about nine at night, and searched all the village in vain for the travellers. We knew that they must either have suspected our designs, or been disposed of by other Thugs on the road ; and I recollected that about three miles from Hirora we had passed a Brinjara encampment. In the morning I went back with a few followers, and there found a horse and a pony that we had seen with the five travellers. "What have you done with the five travellers, my good friends ? You have taken from us our merchandise, Bunij," said I, in Rumasee. They apologized for what they had done ; said they did not know we were after them, and offered to share the booty with us ; but I said we had no fair claim to a share, since none of our party were present at the loading (killing). We left them and came on to Bhilsa, where we met your party of Nujeebs.

‘ Q.—And these Brinjaree Thugs are rarely seized or punished ?

‘ *Sahib Khan, of Telingana.*—How can their deeds be known ? They do all their work themselves. They live in the desert, and work in the desert. We live in villages, and cannot do our work without the connivance and support of the farmers who hold, and the influential men who occupy them. Local authorities of all kinds and degrees must be conciliated by us ; but these men are relieved from all this cost and trouble by foregoing the pleasure of other men's society, and the comforts of a fixed habitation. They are wiser men than we are !

‘ *Morlee.*—I was one day walking with some of our party near Jeypore by an encampment of wealthy merchants from the westward, who wore very high turbans. I observed to my friends as we passed, "what enormous turbans these men wear !" using our mystic term Aghasee. The most respectable among them came up immediately and invited us to sit down with them, saying, "my good friends, we are of your fraternity, though our Aghasee are not the same." They told us that they were now opulent merchants, and independent of Thuggee, the trade by which they had chiefly acquired their wealth ; but that they still did a little occasionally when they found in a suitable place a Bunij worth taking : but that they were now beyond speculating in trifles ! We were kindly entertained, and much pleased with our new friends, but left them the same day, and I have never met any men of the kind since. The common Moltanee Thugs, who strangle men with the thongs which they use in driving their bullocks, we have often met. They are to be found all over India, but abound most to the north-west.’

No system of secret murder has ever existed so extensive, so completely organised, or so successfully pursued as that of Thuggee. The self-devoted Assassins were mere bunglers compared with the Thugs. Our *Burkers*, with their sneaking, solitary, midnight murders, do not deserve to be named in the same day with the members of a confederacy who traversed every part of India in gangs of hundreds, and throttled sometimes as many as threescore victims at once. Besides, the Assassins and the Burkers flourished for a time, and passed away : both their beginning and their end are known ; but the commencement of Thuggee is lost

in the remotest antiquity, and it has been practised generation after generation down to our own times. Even now, it is by no means suppressed ; and if the efforts now making for that purpose were only for a short time to be relaxed, it would overspread the whole of India as heretofore. It is therefore worth enquiring, what are the causes which have secured such unexampled success to this terrible confederacy ; and above all, what is it which has silenced the voice of conscience in the minds of the Thugs, and infused into them a spirit and a love for their profession which would do credit to any cause.

The principle of Assassination was religion. The principle of Burking was gain. In Thuggee they are both united. Gain sanctioned by religion ; human rapacity exercised under the supposed approbation of the Deity, is its principle.

‘ There are Thugs,’ Captain Sleeman observes, ‘ at Jubulpore from all quarters of India ; from Lodheeana to the Carnatic, and from the Indus to the Ganges. Some of them have been in the habit of holding, what I may fairly call unreserved communication with European gentlemen for more than twelve years ; and yet there is not among them one who doubts *the Divine origin of the system of Thuggee*—not one who doubts, that he and all who have followed the trade of murder with the prescribed rites and observances, were acting under the immediate orders and auspices of the goddess Deveen, Durga, Kalee, or Bhuvanee, as she is indifferently called, and consequently there is not one who feels the slightest remorse for the murders which he may, in the course of his vocation, have perpetrated or assisted in perpetrating. A Thug considers the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to the goddess ; and he remembers them, as a Priest of Jupiter remembered the oxen, and a Priest of Saturn the children sacrificed upon their altars. He meditates his murders without any misgivings ; he perpetrates them without any emotion of pity ; and he remembers them without any feelings of remorse. They trouble not his dreams, nor does their recollection ever cause him inquietude in darkness, in solitude, or in the hour of death.’

The account which the Thugs give of the first establishment of their profession will explain the nature of its pretensions to a Divine origin.

‘ The Thugs have a tradition that a demon, by name Rukut Beej Dana, infested the world, and devoured mankind as often as they were born or created ; and to enable the world to be peopled, Kalee Davey determined to put him to death. This demon, they say, was so tall that the deepest ocean never reached above his waist ; and he could, consequently, walk over the world at his ease. Kalee Davey attacked him, and cut him down ; but from every drop of his blood another demon arose, and as she cut them down, from every drop of their blood another demon sprung up, and the numbers increased at this geometrical rate, until she became

fatigued with the labour. On this she formed two men from the sweat brushed off from one of her arms; and giving them each a handkerchief, told them to put all these demons to death, without allowing one drop of their blood to fall on the ground.

‘After their labour was over, they offered to return to the goddess the handkerchiefs with which they had done their work; but she desired them to keep them as the instruments of a trade by which their posterity were to earn their subsistence, and to strangle men with these handkerchiefs, as they had strangled the demons, and live by the plunder they acquired; and having been the means of enabling the world to get provided with men by the destruction of the demons, their posterity would be entitled to take a few for their own use.’

The goddess also told them that they might leave the bodies of their victims on the ground, and she would take care that they should be removed, provided they never looked back to see how she disposed of them. On one occasion, however, a slave had the audacity to look back, and saw the goddess without any clothes on, devouring the bodies and throwing them about in the air. Her modesty and dignity were naturally offended, and she told them, that in future, they must bury the bodies themselves; but from some remains of compassion for her ancient followers, she bestowed on them a pick-axe endowed with various supernatural qualities.

A pick-axe is consecrated by each gang before setting out on an expedition, and is regarded by a Thug much in the same light as his sword is by a soldier. It is the mark of his profession;—he swears by it, and under such an awful sanction, that the person who forswears himself will, within two or three days, ‘die a horrid death; his head will turn round, his face towards his back, and he will writhe in tortures till he dies.’ The sound of the consecrated pick-axe is never heard in digging a grave by any except a Thug. It is carried by the shrewdest, cleanest, and most sober and careful man of the party in his waist-belt. While in camp, he buries it in a secure place with its point in the direction they intend to go; and if another direction is better, its point will be found changed. Formerly it used to be thrown into a well, whence it would come up of itself, when summoned with the appropriate ceremonies; but since the northern Thugs have begun to do what is forbidden, and neglected what is enjoined, it has lost that virtue, as far as they are concerned. In the Deccan, where the primitive spirit of Thuggee has not been departed from, this is still the case. ‘During a whole expedition that I made with them,’ says a northern Thug, who served a campaign with the people of his own profession, in the south, ‘Imam Khan and his brother carried the pick-axe, and I heard them repeatedly in the morning call them from the

‘ well into which they had thrown them overnight, and saw the pick-axes come of themselves from the well, and fall into their aprons, which they held open *thus*—Here he described the mode.’

The most ordinary and effectual mode, however, in which the goddess interferes in behalf of her votaries, is by means of omens. These are considered by the Thugs as signs expressly appointed to guide them to their prey, or to warn them of approaching danger ; and no member of the fraternity doubts, that if these omens had been attended to and the other prescribed rules observed, the system of Thuggee must have flourished under the auspices of its divine patroness, in spite of all our efforts for its suppression.

All the different kinds of omens are too numerous to be specified, but the following may be taken as specimens. The striking coincidence between the rules of augury observed by the Thugs, and those of ancient Greece and Rome, will not fail to be perceived.

‘ *Pilhao.*—The appearance or voice of the animals from which omens are taken, on the left. The reverse of the *Thibao*. If the *Pilhao* promises good according to their rules of augury, it is always the better from being followed by the *Thibao* soon after. If it threatens evil, that evil is mitigated by the *Thibao*.

‘ The *Pilhao*, or omen on the left, must be observed first on opening an expedition, and it must be followed by the *Thibao* immediately after, or the expedition cannot be entered upon. It signifies that the Deity has taken the gang by the left arm, to lead them on ; but she must give them the *Thibao*, to signify that she has taken them by the right arm also, or the party appointed to take the auspices returns home, and the gang waits till the omens are unexceptionable.

‘ The *Pilhao* perceived on leaving any stage during the expedition or preparing to leave it, promises good. The *Thibao* threatens evil, and the gang halts. On reaching any stage, the *Pilhao* threatens evil, and they must move on without resting. The *Thibao* promises good, and they rest securely.’

‘ *Burauk.*—The omen of the wolf or wolves crossing their road. If from left to right, it threatens great evil. If from right to left, it is a good omen. If its call be heard during the day, the gang must immediately quit the country in which they hear it. If between midnight and daylight, it is bad ; if between evening and midnight, indifferent ; between mid-day and sunset, it is not so bad as between sunrise and mid-day. They call it the weeping (*Chimmama*) of the wolf, and consider the sound mournful. The single wolf portends more than a pair ; and the *Burauk* is, whether for good or for bad, one of the most important omens.’

‘ *Chirriya.*—A chirping of the small owlet, which Thugs consider a bad omen, whether made while the bird is sitting or flying ; it is said to be a melancholy and low sound, seldom repeated. Judæ, Jemadar, who was considered to be one of the best augurers of his day, lived at Mur-

nae, a celebrated Thug village, and it is said that, returning one morning from a walk in the fields, he told his friend that he had heard the Chirriya in a manner that indicated some great calamity at hand. That night, or the night after, Mr Halhed is said to have attacked the village, and Lieutenant Monsel was killed. It was, I believe, in November, 1812.'

'*Duheea*.—The call or cry of the hare. They will perish in the jungles, they say, after hearing it, if they do not make sacrifices; and the hare or some other animal of the forest will drink water out of their skulls: if they kill any one whom they have with them at the time, they will find no booty on him, or what they find will tend to their ruin.'

The efficacy of this omen is illustrated in the conversations:—

'*Q*.—Do you ever recollect any misfortune arising from going on when a hare crossed the road before you?

'*Nasir of Singhapore*.—Yes; when General Doveton commanded the troops at Jhalna, we were advancing towards his camp: a hare crossed the road; we disregarded the omen, though the hare actually screamed in crossing, and went on. The very next day I, with seventeen of our gang, were seized; and it was with great difficulty and delay that we got our release. We had killed some people belonging to the troops, but fortunately none of their property was found upon us.'

'*Dunteroo*.—The ass. The Thugs think the omen of the ass the most important of all, whether it threatens evil or promises good. "*Sou pukheroo ek Dunteroo*."—"The ass is equal to a hundred birds," is a maxim in augury. The omen of the ass is also superior to that of all quadrupeds! If they hear it bray on the left on opening an expedition (*Pilhao*), and it is soon after repeated on the right (*Thibao*), they believe that nothing on earth can prevent their success during that expedition, though it should last for years.'

"Even the most sensible approvers," Captain Sleeman observes, "who have been with me for years, as well Musulmans as Hindus, believe that their good or ill success always depended upon the skill with which the omens were discovered and interpreted, and the strictness with which they were observed and obeyed. One of the old Sindouse stock told me yesterday (May 30, 1835), in presence of twelve others from Hydrabad, Behar, the Dooab, Oude, Rajpootana, and Bundelcund, assembled for the purpose of revising this vocabulary, that had they not attended to these omens, they could never have thrived as they did, and that in ordinary cases of murder a man seldom escaped after one of them, while they and their families had for ten generations thrived, though they had murdered hundreds of people. "This," said he, "could never have been the case, had we not attended to omens, and had not omens been intended for us. There were always signs around us to guide us to rich booty and warn us of danger, had we been always wise enough to discern them, and religious enough to attend to them." Every Thug present concurred with him from his soul.'

Besides her ordinary interference in their behalf by means of omens, and the supernatural virtues of the sacred pick-axe, the goddess interposes in a special manner to protect or revenge her

followers when the occasion requires. Of this several striking instances are given.

‘ Q.—Above the Nurbudda, chiefs have never had the same dread of punishing Thugs as below it ; have they ?

‘ *Feringeea*.—They had formerly, and have still in many parts.

‘ Q.—Why should they fear ; have there been any instances of suffering from it ?

‘ *Feringeea*.—A great many. Was not Nanha, the Raja of Jhalone, made leprous by Davey for putting to death Bodhoo and his brother Khumolee, two of the most noted Thugs of their day. He had them trampled under the feet of elephants, but the leprosy broke out upon his body the very next day.

‘ Q.—Did he believe that this punishment was inflicted by Davey for putting them to death ?

‘ *Dorgha Musulman*.—He was quite sensible of it.

‘ Q.—Did he do any thing to appease her ?

‘ *Dorgha*.—Every thing. Bodhoo had began a well in Jhalone ; the Raja built it up in a magnificent style ; he had a tomb raised to their name, fed Brahmuns, and consecrated it, had worship instituted upon it, but all in vain ; the disease was incurable, and the Raja died in a few months a miserable death. The tomb and well are both kept up and visited by hundreds to this day, and no one doubts that the Raja was punished for putting these two Thugs to death.

‘ Q.—But Bodhoo had his nose and hands cut off before, and could have been no favourite of Davey’s ?

‘ *Feringeea*.—But he was a Thug of great repute ; for sagacity we have never seen his equal ; people who had been robbed used to go to him as an oracle.

‘ Q.—But he had turned informer, and was sent to Jhalone by Mr Stockwell to arrest his associates ?

‘ *Dorgha*.—He went to Mr Stockwell in a passion ; his heart was not fully turned away from us then.

‘ Q.—Have you any other instances ?

‘ *Inaent*.—Hundreds ! When Madhajee Scindheea caused seventy Thugs to be executed at Muthura, was he not warned in a dream by Davey that he should release them ? and did he not the very day after their execution begin to spit blood ? and did he not die within three months ?

‘ *Feringeea*.—When Dureear the Rahtore, and Komere and Patore, the Kuchwaha Rajpoots, Zumeendars, arrested eighty of the Thugs who had settled at Nodha after the murder of Lieutenant Monsel, they had many warnings to let them go ; but they persisted, and kept them till some thirty died. They collected fourteen thousand rupees at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five rupees from every Thug. What became of their families ? Have they not all perished ? They have not a child left. Rae Sing Havildar, the Gwalior Subha of Nodha, took the money, but that very day his only son and the best horse in his stable died, and he was himself taken ill, and died soon after a miserable death.

‘ *Nasir*.—Ah, Davey took care of you then, and why ? Was it not because you were more attentive to her orders ?

‘ *Zulfukar*.—Yes ; we had then some regard for religion. We have lost it since. All kinds of men have been made Thugs, and all classes of people murdered, without distinction, and little attention has been paid to omens. How after this could we expect to escape ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Be assured that Davey never forsook us till we neglected her.

‘ *Q*.—Do you know of any instance of her punishing a man for annoying Thugs in the Deccan ?

‘ *Sahib Khan*.—A great many. The Raja of Kundul, some ninety coss east from Hyerabad, arrested all the Thugs in his raj for some murders they had committed. For three successive nights the voice of Davey was heard from the top of every temple in the capital, warning the Raja to release them. The whole town heard her, and urged the Raja to comply. He was obstinate, and the third night the bed on which he and his Ranee were sleeping was taken up by Davey, and dashed violently against the ground.

‘ *Q*.—Were they killed ?

‘ *Nasir* —They were not killed, but they were dreadfully bruised ; and had they not released the Thugs, they would certainly have been killed the next night.

‘ *Q*.—Were any of you present ?

‘ *Sahib Khan*.—Our fathers were, and we heard it from them. It occurred sixty years ago.

‘ *Q*.—And do you think that the chiefs have still the same dread of punishing Thugs in all parts of India ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Certainly not in all parts ; because in many they have been suffered to punish them with impunity, on account of their neglect of rules and omens.

‘ *Morlee*.—There is no fear now. They are every where seized and punished with impunity ; there is no resisting your good fortune.

‘ *Durgha*.—The Company’s good fortune is such, that before the sound of your drums, sorcerers, witches and demons take flight, and how can Thuggee stand ? ’

Notwithstanding their recent backsliding, the Thugs are not wanting in gratitude to their divine patroness for all these favours. A choice portion of each spoil is set aside for her, previous to the division, and numerous rites are observed in her honour, of which the following will serve for an example.

‘ *Tupounnee*. A sacrifice of sugar to Bhowanee. This sacrifice is offered at the first convenient place after every murder. One rupee and four annas worth of coarse sugar is purchased and put upon a blanket or sheet spread upon the cleanest place they can select. Near the pile of sugar and on the blanket they place the consecrated pick-axe, and a piece of silver, as a “ Roop Dursun,” or silver offering. The most esteemed leader of the gang, who is supposed to be most in favour with the goddess, and best acquainted with the modes of propitiating her, is placed on the blanket, with his face to the west. As many noted stranglers as it can conveniently contain, sit on each side of this leader, with their faces in the same direction. They must be, including the

leader, an even number. The rest of the gang sit outside the blanket. The leader now makes a hole in the ground, and having put into it a little of the sugar, he lifts his clasped hands and eyes towards heaven, and with his mind fixed upon the goddess, he says, "Great goddess ! as you vouchsafed one lack and sixty-two thousand rupees to Joora Naik, and Koduk Bunwaree* in their need, so we pray thee, fulfil our desires." In this prayer all the Thugs fervently join, repeating the words after the leader. He then sprinkles some water over the pit and pick-axe, and places a little sugar upon the extended hands of every Thug seated upon the blanket with him. One of the gang now gives the signal for strangling in the same manner as if they were going to commit murder, and the Thugs upon the carpet eat their sugar in solemn silence. Not a word is spoken till they have eaten the whole, and drunk some water. The pile of sugar is now distributed, as consecrated food, to the whole of the gang entitled from their rank to partake of it. They eat it all with silent reverence, so that no part may fall to the ground ; and if any fall, it is put into the pit, that it may not be soiled by the foot of any one. The silver is then given back to the person who lent it for the purpose.

'No one but a man who has strangled with his own hands, and is at the same time a free man, is suffered to partake of the sugar thus consecrated. For those who have not yet strangled a victim, or are not free men, sugar is set apart from the pile before consecration, and they eat it at the same time as the others on the signal given. If any thing improper, or indecorous in language, manner, or conduct, takes place during this ceremony, they consider it an evident sign of the displeasure of the deity, and despair of further success during the expedition.

'If any particle of the consecrated sugar should be left on the ground, and eaten by a dog or any other animal, they would, they believe, suffer under the displeasure of the deity for years. If any other human being should taste the sugar, they are persuaded that he would immediately take to the trade of Thuggee, and never be able to leave it off, whatever may have been his rank or condition in life. If they have any young disciple about whose advancement they are very solicitous, they try to get for him a little of the consecrated sugar, assured that he will advance rapidly in his profession after eating it.'

It will now, we think, be apparent, in what the principle of Thuggee consists ; what it was which gave rise to the phenomenon of several thousand persons pursuing murder as a trade,—generation after generation, not one of whom entertained the least suspicion that he was doing wrong. The Thugs are the

* Joora Naik was a celebrated leader of Multan Thugs. He and his slave Khoduk Bunwaree are said to have killed a man who had, in jewels and other articles, property to the value of L.16,000, laden upon a mule. They brought home the booty, assembled all the members of their fraternity within reach, and honestly divided the whole, as if all had been present. Joora Naik, his wife, and slave, were all canonised in consequence.

followers of a deity who delights in blood. Thuggee is by no means the only horror which is patronised by her. Every murderer looks to her as his protectress. She is the goddess of destruction, and of all the Hindu Pantheon, she alone is appeased by human sacrifices. Till lately there was a petty state, called Jaintia, on the eastern frontier of Bengal, the Chiefs of which had long been notorious for kidnapping our subjects and offering them up on her shrine. In 1821, a shepherd boy was rescued from their servants while they were dragging him away from the Sylhet district for this purpose ; and the Raja was then solemnly warned of the consequences which would follow a repetition of the act. After this, in 1831, as three of our subjects were passing along the high-road in our own district of Assam, the Jaintia people rushed out upon them, and carried them up into the hills. They were adorned for sacrifice, and separately conveyed to three temples on the peaks of the hill, where they were left, bound and guarded, to await the appointed hour. Fortunately, a storm arose, in the darkness and confusion caused by which, one of the victims succeeded in untying the cords with which he was bound. He rushed down the hill, and next morning at break of day he reached the nearest British police station more dead than alive, —the sacrificial garments and jewels still upon him. The murder was completed, as regarded the other two victims. After many vain attempts to obtain redress, the Raja and his Chiefs were punished, and the only effectual security was obtained against a recurrence of the practice, by the incorporation of the petty state with the British dominions. This is only one of many similar horrors which we might relate. It is no uncommon thing to hear of persons cutting their own throats, or decapitating their children at the shrine of this bloodthirsty deity.

To the Thugs, therefore, murder is an act of religion, just as much as the practice of charity is to a Christian. When, by according favourable omens, their patroness is supposed to have revealed her will for the sacrifice of travellers, those of the stricter sort dare not disobey.

‘ Q.—How’ (asks Captain Sleeman) ‘ can you murder old men and young children without some emotions of pity—calmly and deliberately as they sit with you and converse with you,—and tell you of their private affairs,—of their hopes and fears,—and of their wives and children whom they are going to meet after years of absence, toil, and suffering ?

‘ A.—From the time that the omens have been favourable, we consider them as victims thrown into our hands by the deity to be killed ; and that we are a mere instrument in her hands to destroy them : that if we do not kill them, she will never be again propitious to us, and we and our families shall be involved in misery and want.

‘ Q.—And you can sleep as soundly by the bodies or over the graves of those you have murdered, and eat your meals with as much appetite as ever ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Just the same ; we sleep and eat just the same, unless we are afraid of being discovered.

‘ Q.—And when you see or hear a bad omen, you think it is the order of the deity not to kill the travellers you have with you, or are in pursuit of ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Yes ; it is the order not to kill them, and we dare not disobey.’

It is, however, still a controverted point of Thug theology, whether, when a traveller falls into their hands under favourable omens, they are bound by their religion to kill him, or are only permitted to do so, if it happens to suit their convenience. The orthodox divines of the south are, as usual, for the unsparing use of the sash. The heretics of the north recommend that mercy should be shown in such cases ; and are, in consequence, looked upon by their brethren of the Deccan in much the same light in which a Baptist is regarded at Oxford.

‘ Q.—When you have a poor traveller with you, or a party of travellers, who appear to have little property about them, and you hear or see a very good omen, do you not let them go, in the hope that the virtue of the omen will guide you to better prey ?

‘ *Durgha Musulman*.—Let them go !—never, never—kubhee nuheen, kubhee nuheen.

‘ *Nasar Musulman, of Telingana*.—How could we let them go ? Is not the good omen the order from Heaven to kill them, and would it not be disobedience to let them go ? If we did not kill them, should we ever get any more travellers ?

‘ *Feringeea Brahmin*.—I have known the experiment tried with good effect.—I have known travellers who promised little let go, and the virtue of the omen brought better.

‘ *Inaent Musulman*.—Yes, the virtue of the omen remains, and the traveller who has little should be let go, for you are sure to get a better.

‘ *Sahib Khan, of Telingana*.—Never ! never ! This is one of your northern heresies. You could never let him go without losing all the fruits of your expedition. You might get property, but it could never do you any good. No success could result from your disobedience.

‘ *Morlee Rajpoot*.—Certainly not ! The travellers who are in our hands when we have a good omen must never be let go, whether they promise little or much ; the omen is unquestionably the order, as Nasir says.

‘ *Nasir*.—The idea of securing the good will of Davey by disobeying her orders is quite monstrous. We Deccan Thugs do not understand how you got hold of it. Our ancestors were never guilty of such folly.

‘ *Feringeea*.—You do not mean to say that we of Murnæ and Sind-cuse were not as well instructed as you of Telingana ?

‘ *Nasir and Sahib Khan*.—We only mean to say that you have clearly

mistaken the nature of a good omen in this case. It is the order of Davey to take what she has put in our way : at least so we, in the Deccan, understand it.'

As the Thugs have a religion of their own, they are regarded among themselves as religious or otherwise according to the degree of strictness with which they observe the rules of their peculiar faith. In England it may appear odd to classify professional murderers as religious or otherwise ; but this distinction is not unknown to the more refined morality of India. ' His father (a noted Thug) used to drink very hard, and in his fits of intoxication he used to neglect his *prayers* and his *days of fast*. All days were the same with him. This lad, Shumsheera (also a Thug) was always sober, and *religiously disposed*, and separated from his father, living always with his uncle Dondee (another Thug) who was a *very worthy and good man*.'

Another consequence of the peculiar religious belief of the Thugs is, that they draw a distinction between Thuggee and murder. In our eyes, all killing is wrong which is not sanctioned by the laws of the country : in the opinion of the Thugs, it is wrong when it is not sanctioned by the municipal law of the country, or the divine law of their patroness Kalee. They add to the cases in which the destruction of human life is permitted, that of travellers who fall into their hands when the omens are favourable.

Q.—And you believe that if you were to murder without the observance of the omens and regulations, you would be punished both in this world and the next like other men ?

Sahib.—Certainly ; no man's family ever survives a murder : it becomes extinct. A Thug who murders in this way loses the children he has, and is never blessed with more.

Q.—In the same manner as if a Thug had murdered a Thug ?

Sahib.—Precisely ; he cannot escape punishment.

Q.—And when you observe the omens and rules, you neither feel a dread of punishment here nor hereafter ?

Sahib.—Never.'

The superiority which the Thugs assume over ordinary murderers is in the highest degree amusing. They even lay claim to the title of public benefactors, on the ground of their having opened the shortest, and, if they are to be trusted, by far the most certain road to heaven.

Q.—Are you never afraid of the spirits of the persons you murder ?

Nasir.—Never ; they cannot trouble us.

Q.—Why ? Do they not trouble other men when they commit murder ?

Nasir.—Of course they do. The man who commits a murder is

always haunted by spirits. He has sometimes fifty at a time upon him, and they drive him mad.

‘ Q.—And how do they not trouble you ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Are not the people we kill, killed by the orders of Davey ?

‘ *Kulecan*.—Yes, it is by the blessing of Davey that we escape that evil.

‘ *Durgha*.—Do not all whom we kill go to Paradise, and why should their spirits stay to trouble us ?’

There is no end to the new and singular results of this distorted state of morals. In every respect in which their peculiar tenets do not clash with the ordinary rules of morality, these professional murderers are not only blameless, but even exemplary in the performance of the various duties of life.

‘ No men,’ remarks Capt. Sleeman, ‘ observe more strictly in domestic life all that is enjoined by their priests or demanded by their respective castes ; nor do any men cultivate with more care the esteem of their neighbours, or court with more assiduity the good-will of all constituted local authorities. In short, to men who do not know them, the principal members of these associations will always appear to be among the most amiable, most respectable, and most intelligent members of the lower, and sometimes the middle and higher classes of native society ; and it is by no means to be inferred that every man who attempts to screen them from justice knows them to be murderers.’

The most hardened Thugs not unfrequently gain the esteem of the European officers employed in seizing them, by the propriety of their conduct and the mild decorum of their manner.

‘ Bhimmee,’ observes Mr Macleod, ‘ is a mild respectable kind of man, who would certainly not appear born for a gallows, and I hope you will let him remain with me. I feel interested, too, for the whole of Laek’s family, among whom I do not think there is naturally any vice ; and shocking as their proceedings would appear at home, very many palliating circumstances evidently exist here, and we must be guided by what is expedient. To Laek the sentence of any of his brothers would be most disheartening. When he heard of their arrest, he repeated with great feeling a Hindostanee verse to this effect : “ I was a pearl once residing in comfort in the ocean. I surrendered myself, believing I should repose in peace in the bosom of some fair damsel—but, alas ! they have pierced me, and passed a string through my body, and have left me to dangle in constant pain as an ornament to her nose.” Another officer, speaking of another Thug, says, “ He has one of the most benevolent countenances that I have ever seen. He looks as though he would rather commit suicide than common and cold-blooded murder.” And a third officer, speaking of another, says, “ He is one of the best men I have ever known ! and I believe that Makeem may be trusted in any relation of life save that between a Thug who has taken the auspices, and a traveller with something worth taking upon him. They all look upon travellers as sportsmen look upon hares and pheasants ; and they

recollect their favourite Beles, or places for murder, as sportsmen recollect their best sporting grounds, and talk of them, when they can, with the same kind of glee."

It is certainly part of the business of a Thug to cultivate a mild and conciliatory deportment, both with a view to inveigle travellers and secure to himself protectors; but we conceive that this is not of itself sufficient to account for the facts before us. In Europe, hardened criminals are seldom distinguished even for having 'benevolent countenances;' and if we examine into the details of their domestic life, the traces of their ferocious occupation become still more apparent. Such persons are by no means remarkable for being good husbands, good fathers, or good neighbours. Neither do they almost invariably abstain from wanton cruelty, or from offering any outrage either to mind or body beyond what is necessary for depriving their victims of life, which is the case with the Thugs. 'No Thug,' Captain Sleeman observes, 'was ever known to offer insult, either in act or in speech, to the women they were to murder. No gang would ever dare to murder a woman with whom one of its members should be suspected of having had connexion.' Whence, then, is this difference? How does it happen that crime has lost its brutalizing influence in the case of the Thugs? The real explanation seems to be this. No man's moral feeling is offended by doing what he does not consider to be wrong. The Thugs are not hardened by the practice of murder, because they do not believe it to be murder in the way in which they commit it. Soldiers fighting in their country's cause could not be less conscious of doing wrong than the Thugs are. Both entertain an implicit belief, that an exception has been made in their favour in the general law for the preservation of human life; and, therefore, both are satisfied that they are doing nothing more than their duty in putting their fellow-creatures to death.

But although conscience may be silenced by false religion, human nature cannot be brought at once to view human suffering with indifference. Children are trained to the practice of Thuggee by a gradual process; and great care is taken not to shock them by too sudden an introduction to scenes of actual murder.

'*Sahib*.—The first expedition they neither see nor hear any thing of murder. They know not our trade;—they get presents, purchased out of their share, and become fond of the wandering life, as they are always mounted upon ponies. Before the end of the journey they know that we rob. The next expedition they suspect that we commit murder, and some of them even know it; and in the third expedition they see all.'

A striking instance is afterwards given of the danger of too abruptly exposing to children the mysteries of this horrid craft.

‘ *Feringeea*.—About twelve years ago my cousin Aman Subahdar took out with us my cousin Kurhara, brother of Omrow approver, a lad of fourteen, for the first time. He was mounted upon a pretty pony, and Hursooka, an adopted son of Aman’s, was appointed to take charge of the boy.

‘ We fell in with five Sikhs, and when we set out before daylight in the morning, Hursooka, who had been already on three expeditions, was ordered to take the bridle and keep the boy in the rear out of sight and hearing. The boy became alarmed, and impatient, got away from Hursooka, and galloped up at the instant the signal for murder was given. He heard the screams of the men, and saw them all strangled. He was seized with a trembling, and fell from his pony ; he became immediately delirious, was dreadfully alarmed at the sight of the turbans of the murdered men, and when any one touched or spoke to him, talked about the murders, and screamed exactly like a boy who talks in his sleep, and trembled violently if any one spoke to him or touched him. We could not get him on ; and after burying the bodies, Aman and I, and a few others, sat by him while the gang went on : we were very fond of him, and tried all we could to tranquillize him, but he never recovered his senses, and before evening he died. I have seen many instances of feelings greatly shocked at the sight of the first murder, but never one so strong as this. Kurhara was a very fine boy, and Hursooka took his death much to heart, and turned Fukeer ; he is now at some temple on the bank of the Nurbudda river.’

Instances also are not wanting of the amiable dispositions of human nature breaking through the restraints which have been placed upon them by a mistaken system, even in the case of the most practised Thugs.

‘ Q.—And you are worse than the Duckun Thugs, for you murder handsome young women as well as the old and ugly ?

‘ *Feringeea*.—Not always. I and my cousin Aman Subahdar were with a gang of one hundred and fifty Thugs on an expedition through Rajpootana about thirteen years ago, when we met a handmaid of the Peshwa, Bajee Row’s, on her way from Poona to Cawnpore. We intended to kill her and her followers, but we found her very beautiful, and after having her and her party three days within our grasp, and knowing that they had a lakh and a half of rupees worth of property in jewels and other things with them, we let her and all her party go : we had talked to her and felt love towards her, for she was very beautiful.

‘ Q.—And how came you to kill the Moghulantee ? She also is said to have been very handsome.

‘ *Feringeea*.—We none of us ventured near her palankeen. The Mussulmans were the only men that approached her before the murder. Madar Buksh approver strangled her.

‘ Q.—What did you get from them ?

‘ *Durgha*.—Six hundred rupees worth of property.

‘ Q.—And was this enough to tempt so large a gang to murder a beautiful young woman ?

Durgha.—We were very averse to it, and often said that we should not get two rupees a-piece, and that she ought to be let go ; but *Feringeea* insisted upon our taking her.

Q.—How did you advise the murder of a young woman like this ?

Feringeea. It was her fate to die by our hands. I had several times tried to shake them off before we met the Musulmans, and when we came to Lalsont, I told her that she must go on, as I had joined some old friends, and should be delayed. She then told me that I must go to her home with her near Agra, or she would get me into trouble ; and being a Brahmun while she was a Musulman, I was afraid that I should be accused of improper intercourse, and turned out of caste.

A singular reason is assigned by the Thugs for their general indifference to the pangs of their victims.

Feringeea —“ We all feel pity sometimes,” observed a Thug leader, “ but the sugar of the Tuponee sacrifice changes our nature. It would change the nature of a horse. Let any man once taste of that sugar, and he will be a Thug though he know all the trades and have all the wealth in the world. I never wanted food ; my mother’s family was opulent, her relations high in office. I have been high in office myself, and became so great a favourite wherever I went, that I was sure of promotion : yet I was always miserable while absent from my gang, and obliged to return to Thuggee. My father made me taste of that fatal sugar when I was yet a mere boy ; and if I were to live a thousand years I should never be able to follow any other trade.”

There can be no doubt that Thugs ‘ become strongly attached to their detestable occupation. They rarely, if ever, abandon it. Those who, narrowly escaping the merited vengeance of the law, are released from prison on security, are seldom able to refrain from resuming their old employment ; and those who, bending under the weight of years and infirmities, are no longer able to bear an active or principal part, continue to aid the cause by keeping watch, procuring intelligence, or dressing the food of their younger confederates.’ This attachment to their profession may, however, be accounted for without attributing any miraculous influence to the ‘ sacred sugar.’ Their calling is, in their esteem, both honourable and holy ;—by a long course of education it has become habitual ; and it is recommended to them both by its lucrativeness and by the intervals of leisure which it affords. Persons who have been accustomed to a life of mixed idleness and adventure are not easily reconciled to quiet and regular habits. It is well known, that scarcely any thing is so difficult to reclaim as a Gipsy, or an American Indian.

Some of the most curious passages in the dialogues are those in which an attempt is made by the Thug approvers to reconcile the supposed divine origin of Thuggee with our success against it. The system is under the special protection of deity, and yet

unbelieving men have made serious inroads upon it. Nay, the more intelligent of the Thugs do not pretend to deny the probability even of its entire subversion. Here then is a problem of which we have the solution afforded us in the following conversations :—

‘ Q.—But if there was such a deity as Bhowanee, and she were your patroness, how could she allow me and others to seize and punish so many Thugs ?

‘ *Nasir*.—I have a hundred times heard my father and other old and wise men say, when we had killed a sweeper, and otherwise infringed their rules, that we should be some day punished for it ; that the European rulers would be made the instruments to chastise us for our disregard of omens, and neglect of the rules laid down for our guidance.’

* * * * *

‘ Q.—You think an institution formed by Davey, the goddess, cannot be suppressed by the hand of man ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Certainly, I think so.

‘ Q.—But you think that no man is killed by man’s killing, “ adme ke marne se koe murta nuheen ;” that all who are strangled, are strangled in effect by God ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Certainly.

‘ Q.—Then by whose killing have all the Thugs who have been hung at Saugor and Jubulpore been killed ?

‘ *Nasir*.—God’s, of course.

‘ Q.—You think that we could never have caught and executed them but by the aid of God ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Certainly not.

‘ Q.—Then you think that so far we have been assisted by God in what we have done ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Yes.

‘ Q.—And you are satisfied that we should not have ventured to do what we have done, unless we were assured that our God was working with us, or rather that we were the mere instruments in his hands ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Yes, I am.

‘ Q.—Then do you not think that we may go on with the same assurance till the work we have in hand is done ; till, in short, the system of Thuggee is suppressed ?

‘ *Nasir*.—God is almighty.

‘ Q.—And there is but one God ?

‘ *Nasir*.—One God above all gods.

‘ Q.—And if that God above all gods supports us, we shall succeed ?

‘ *Nasir*.—Certainly.

‘ Q.—Then we are all satisfied that he is assisting us, and therefore hope to succeed even in the Deccan ?

‘ *Nasir*.—God only knows.’

It is clear that, whatever the event may be, both parties will retain their own opinion to the last.

‘ *Moradun*.—We see God is assisting you, and that Davey has with-

drawn her protection on account of our transgressions. We have sadly neglected her worship. God knows in what it will all end.

‘Q.—True, God only knows : but we hope it will end in the entire suppression of this wicked and foolish system ; and in the conviction on your part, that Davey has really had nothing to do with it.

‘*Nasir*.—That Davey instituted Thuggee, and supported it as long as we attended to her omens, and observed the rules framed by the wisdom of our ancestors, nothing in the world can ever make us doubt.’

The association of Mahomedans with Hindus in the worship of Kalee must have attracted attention. This is the more remarkable, as the rules of the Mahomedan religion are especially directed to maintain, in the minds of its followers, the belief in the unity of the Godhead. No carved image, no painted representation of man or beast, is allowed either in their mosques or houses. The perpetual exclusion of idolatry from their religious system has always been their peculiar boast. Since the fourth century, Christianity has been more or less debased by idol worship ; but, as far as we know, this is the first instance of its introduction into Mahomedanism. The Hindus have, in some respects, particularly in the South of India, adopted the religious practices of the Mahomedans ; but we never before heard that the Mahomedans had fallen into the idolatry of the Hindus. We shall leave the Mahomedan Thugs to furnish their own explanation of this departure from the first doctrine of their faith.

‘Q.—You are a Musulman ?

‘*Sahib*.—Yes, and the greater part of the Thugs of the south are Musulmans.

‘Q.—And you still marry, inherit, pray, eat and drink, according to the Koran ; and your paradise is to be the paradise promised by Mahommud ?

‘*Sahib*.—Yes, all, all.

‘Q.—Has Bhowanee been any where named in the Koran ?

‘*Sahib*.—No where.

‘Here a Musulman Thug from Hindostan interposed, and said, he thought Bhowanee and Fatima, the daughter of Mahommud, and wife of Alee, were one and the same person ; and that it was Fatima who invented the use of the handkerchief to strangle the great demon Rukut-beej-dana ; which led to a discussion between him and some of my Musulman native officers, who did not like to find the amiable Fatima converted into a goddess of Thuggee—an “Iphigenia in Tauris.” The Thug was a sturdy wrangler, and, in the estimation of his associate Thugs, had, I think, the best of the argument.

‘Q.—Then has Bhowanee any thing to do with your paradise ?

‘*Sahib*.—Nothing.

‘Q.—She has no influence upon your future state ?

‘*Sahib*.—None.

‘Q.—Does Mahommud, your prophet, any where sanction crimes like

yours, the murder in cold blood of your fellow-creatures, for the sake of their money ?

‘ *Sahib*.—No.

‘ Q.—Does he not say that such crimes will be punished by God in the next world ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Yes.

‘ Q.—Then do you never feel any dread of punishment hereafter ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Never ; we never murder unless the omens are favourable ; and we consider favourable omens as the mandates of the deity.

‘ Q.—What deity ?

‘ *Sahib*.—Bhowanee.

‘ Q.—But Bhowanee, you say, has no influence upon the welfare, or otherwise, of your soul hereafter ?

‘ *Sahib*.—None, we believe ; but she influences our fates in this world, and what she orders in this world, we believe that God will not punish in the next.’

Deprecatory offerings to Kalee as the goddess of destruction, appear to be very general among the Mahomedans.

‘ *Feringeea*.—‘ Of course,’ observed a Thug leader to Capt. Sleeman, ‘ all men worship at her temples.’

‘ Q.—No.—We *Sahib* log (Europeans) never do.

‘ *Feringeea*.—I mean all Hindus and Musulmans.

‘ Here my Mahomedan officers again interposed, and declared that they never did ; and that it was only the very lowest order of Musulmans that did. But, unfortunately, these keen observers of passing events had seen the wives of some very respectable Musulmans at Jubulpore, during the time that the small-pox was raging, take their children to her temples, and prostrate them before the images of the goddess of Destruction. The officers admitted this to be sometimes the case, but pretended that it was unknown to their husbands.

‘ *Sahib Khan* and *Nasir*.—In the Deccan the greatest Nawabs and Officers of State worship at the temples, and prostrate themselves and their children before the image of the goddess when the small-pox or the cholera morbus rages. We have ourselves seen them do it often.

‘ Q.—And do they believe you Thugs to be under her special protection ?

‘ *Sahib* and *Nasir*.—Some of them do, and though they often try to dissuade us from our trade, they are afraid to punish us. Bura Sahib Jemadar, of Madura, had several hundred followers, and used to make valuable presents to Nawab Dollee Khan, who knew how he got them, and offered him a high post with rent-free lands if he would leave off the trade. He would not.

‘ Q.—What became of him at last ?

‘ *Sahib* and *Nasir*.—There was a great Decoit leader of the same name, who had been committing great ravages, and orders were sent by the Nawab to the local officers to blow him away from a gun as soon as they could seize him. They seized Sahib Khan Thug, and blew him away by mistake, before the Nawab got information of the arrest. In a few hours after his death a message came from the Nawab to say that

he feared there might be a mistake, and when he heard that Sahib Khan Thug had been blown away, he was much grieved, but said that God must have ordained it, and the fault was not his.

It is even asserted that we have ourselves contributed to the general delusion of this impious worship.

‘The Thugs,’ observes Capt. Sleeman, ‘and I understand all other Hindus, believe Kalee to have first appeared upon the earth in Calcutta. They believe also that after she had, through the means of the Thugs created by her for the special purpose, destroyed the great Demon Rukut-beej-dana at Bindachul, on the eastern extremity of the Vindeya range, she carried the body to Calcutta, and there buried it where her temple now stands. That place they consider to be her favourite seat, where she works more miracles than in all the rest of India. They have got a notion that, in Calcutta, even the Christians attend her worship, and make offerings to her temple; and I believe the priests have always actually made offerings to her image on great occasions in the name of the Honourable Company, out of the rents of the land with which Government has endowed the temple. European gentlemen and ladies frequently attend the nautches and feasts of her great days in the Durga Pooja; and as these feasts are part of the religious ceremonies, this innocent curiosity is very liable to be misconstrued by people at a distance from the scene, and should not therefore be indulged. The Hindus have a verse which they often repeat in their invocations. “Kalee! Calcutta walee! tera buchun na jawe khalee.” “Oh Kalee, great goddess of Calcutta, may thy promise never be made in vain.” She is said to delight in the name of Kunkalee, or man-eater, and to be always drinking the blood of men and of demons. They all believe Kalee to have been extremely black, and to have had features so terrifically hideous that no mortal man could dare to look upon them.’

The system of Thuggee is made for secrecy. Acting upon the maxim, ‘dead man tell no tales,’ they never rob without first murdering. They never shed blood. In speaking of matters relating to their profession, they use a slang which is understood only by themselves. They never put their victims to death till they have a safe opportunity, even if it should be necessary to follow them hundreds of miles before they obtain one. There are also circumstances peculiar to India, which enable them to carry on the practice with much greater facility there than would be the case in most other countries. These circumstances are thus summed up by Captain Sleeman:—

‘The practice all over India of sending remittances in the precious metals and jewels, whenever the rate of exchange makes it in the smallest degree profitable to do so, by men on foot and in disguise, without any guard or arms to defend themselves—the necessity of drawing recruits for our armies from distant provinces, and of granting a certain portion of leave to revisit their homes every year during the hot season, when they set out every morning before daylight in order to avoid the

heat of the sun during the day—the custom of travelling on foot or on small ponies, almost universal among those who have occasion to make long journeys, of whatever rank or condition—their mode of providing and dressing their own food under the shade of trees by the wayside, without that communication with the people of the towns through which they pass, which would enable their friends to trace them when they disappear—the long tracts of grass and wood jungle through which all the roads pass—the little appearance of road that is any where to be found, and the consequent facility with which they are led aside by bye-paths into places suited for murder—the number of such places in wood and grass jungles, rivers, ravines, and water-courses by which every road is intersected or bordered—the unreserved manner in which travellers of the same caste mix and communicate, and the facility with which men can feign different castes—the right of search every where assumed by custom-house officers, which obliges travellers to display the nature and value of the property they carry—the paucity of commercial intercourse between towns along any of the great lines of road leading from and to the great seats of our civil and military establishments, in a country where every village produces what its population demands, and consumes almost all that it produces save its raw agricultural produce—the slow rate of transit where all produce is carried upon bullocks, and, consequently, the little chance the assassin has of being overtaken and interrupted in his operations ;—all these and many other circumstances peculiar to the country, favoured the growth of this system, and caused it to spread from one end of India to the other.’

These causes, however, do not lie beneath the surface. If any practice at all approaching in atrocity to that of Thuggee, were to be discovered in England, it would be immediately put down by an united effort of the whole people. Those who heard the shout of exultation which ran from street to street in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey on the evening of the conviction of Bishop and his associates, will be able to form some idea of the way in which a Thug association would be dealt with in England. In India, however, the state of moral feeling is quite different. The Thugs have nothing to fear from public opinion. Instead of being denounced by their neighbours, they are generally the most popular members of society, owing to their conciliatory manners and the freedom with which they spend their money. The native governments, instead of rooting them out, recognised them as a regular profession, protected them, and levied a fixed tax from them. ‘ Into whosoever hands the principal Thug settlement at the junction of the Chumbul and Jumna fell, viz. the Nawab Wazeer, the Rana of Gohud, the Rohilla Chieftains, the Bhudorea Raja, the Raja of Bhurtpoor, and the Gualior State, from time immemorial, has a tax of Rs. 24-8 on every house inhabited by the Thugs been levied, and paid to the respective Amils.’ What would be thought if the Chancellor

of the Exchequer, on opening his next budget, was to announce a poll-tax upon *Burkers* as part of his ways and means! The truth is, that the same religious feeling which leads the Thugs to believe that they are performing a laudable action in murdering travellers who are thrown in their way, while the auspices are favourable, causes them to be regarded without horror by other Hindus. They are supposed only to be doing their duty in that state of life to which God has called them. All Hindus, as well as the Thugs, believe in Kalee; and regarding them as her followers, they respect them, and dread the consequences of being instrumental in their punishment.

Captain Sleeman observes, that 'the want of sympathy between men of different castes, or different places of abode, is, unhappily, the grand characteristic of Indian society; and as long as these assassins forbear to murder in and about the places where they reside, and conciliate or keep in ignorance the local police authorities, they are sure of being cherished as among the dearest members of society.*' This is perfectly true. In India an universal selfishness prevails. There is no mutual dependence,—no disposition to unite for the accomplishment of objects of common advantage. The 'royal law of love' has no prevalence there: nobody thinks of 'doing unto others as he would be done by.' The difference between ourselves and the natives in these respects is a constant theme of admiration to them. Great as our intellectual superiority is, it does not make nearly the same impression upon them as our moral superiority does. In regard to natural powers of mind, the natives and ourselves may be much on a level. Even in point of intellectual acquirements, the majority of the English in India have not much to boast of; but the superiority of our moral qualities,—our veracity, our trustworthiness, our mutual dependence, our disposition to unite for the attainment of objects of public interest, even though we may not be ourselves immediately concerned,—is fully admitted by them. Europeans, on their first arrival in India, are often surprised, and somewhat disappointed, at hearing such frequent praise of what appear to them the commonplace qualities of veracity and public spirit.

* The indifference with which the destruction of human life is regarded in India, when it does not affect a member of the same family or village community, is truly astonishing. 'In Oude,' Capt. Sleeman observes, 'where the fields are almost all irrigated from wells, the bodies were generally thrown into them; and when the cultivators discovered them, they hardly ever thought it worth while to ask how they got there, so accustomed were they to find them.'

He rather expects to hear our eminence in science and the arts, or our proficiency in war or government, made the subject of eulogy. Experience only can teach, that nothing is so truly astonishing to a morally depraved people as the phenomenon of a race of men, in whose word perfect confidence may be placed, and who are often ardent in the pursuit of objects in which their own interest is not directly concerned. The natives are conscious of their inferiority in nothing so much as in this. They require to be taught rectitude of conduct much more than literature and science.

In conclusion, we venture to affirm, that nothing which the missionaries have ever alleged against Hinduism is half so damning as the evidence which this book contains. We have here the extraordinary spectacle of a religion which is professedly directed to promote, not the peace and happiness, but the destruction of the human race. Other religions have had their abuses; but the essence of the religion of Kalee is pure, unmixed evil. She presides over a system of murder; and is represented as having made a grant of half the human race to her votaries the Thugs, to be slaughtered by them according to certain prescribed forms.

We should merely weaken the effect of such a disclosure as that which we have made, were we to go through the long catalogue of Hindu gods or goddesses, and to mention the vices which are under the special patronage of each. To what an extent such a mythology must operate to taint the morals of the people, it is hardly necessary to say. Almost every false religion has paid court to some of the bad passions of mankind. But neither in Greece, in Carthage, nor in Scandinavia, was superstition ever so diametrically opposed to morality as in India, at the present day. If we were to form a graduated scale of religions, that of Christ and that of Kalee would be the opposite extremes.

It must be perfectly obvious, that the application of force can only be a temporary and partial remedy for Thuggee, and the other evils which spring from a false belief. Some are not cognisable by the laws, and those which are, can be kept down only whilst the law is vigorously executed; which cannot be always depended on. If the noxious seed is left in the ground, it will spring up again whenever circumstances are favourable. Happily a more efficacious remedy is not wanting. Some time ago a young Hindu who had received a liberal English education was persecuted by his friends for neglecting idol worship. Having been forced to the shrine of Kalee, he took off his cap, made a low bow to 'Madam Kalee,' and said he 'hoped her ladyship 'was well.' An Indian boy educated as we are, can no more

believe in Kalee than we can ourselves. Minds which have been imbued from childhood with the literature and science of Europe, cannot return to the absurdities which Bishop Heber found the Professors of the Government Sanscrit College at Benares engaged in teaching, in 1824. Since that time, we are happy to say, a salutary change has taken place. The upper and middle classes are now generally anxious for European instruction. Many new seminaries have been opened by the Government at the principal stations; and several thousand youths are actively engaged in the study of English. As an instance of the prevailing taste, we may mention, that when a new College was lately opened at Hoogly, in which means of instruction in Oriental and Western learning were provided in equal proportions, 1100 students flocked to the English, while only 300 applied for admission to the Oriental department. Under such circumstances may we not look forward with confidence to that national regeneration which the gradual infusion of English literature, English science, and English morals into the mass of Indian society, must produce at no distant period?

ART. V.—*Literary Remains of William Hazlitt. With a Notice of his Life, by his Son; and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings.* By E. L. BULWER, Esq. M.P., and Mr Sergeant TALFOURD, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

THIS is a work of which we should be loth to speak with any unnecessary severity of censure. A son who undertakes to do honour to the memory of a father, and to vindicate it from the aspersions which malevolent and misjudging men have so profusely cast upon it, is fulfilling so sacred an office, that he appears to claim an exemption from ordinary criticism. And yet, as we have on former occasions been compelled to observe, it is very seldom that so near a relative is competent to discharge ably and faithfully the duties of a biographer. We cannot, of course, expect from him any impartial strictures on the intellectual or literary merits of his hero; or any dispassionate enquiry into his claims on posthumous distinction. But these we might readily dispense with, could we but secure the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in details of fact, which might serve as a foundation for our own independent judgment. This, unfortunately, it is almost equally vain to seek for, in the pages of such

affectionate historians. They are not only easily seduced into the wilful error of glossing over painful subjects, and keeping as far as possible out of sight all errors and deficiencies; but they are also guilty of suppression and exaggeration with less deliberate intention. They raise comparative trifles into matters of importance, for the sake of associations felt by the writer, and not communicated to his readers. They measure the details of their subjects by the relative dimensions which they bear in their own eyes, and not as they are judged of by less interested observers. In the present instance, there are other and more peculiar circumstances which should, we think, have warned the editor of these 'Remains' to commit to some other hand so delicate a task. The independence and haughtiness of spirit which Hazlitt really possessed, and was rather too solicitous to display, were honourable qualities in themselves, and it is natural that they should have strongly excited the enthusiasm of his child. But, owing to the very excess of these peculiarities, he was constantly at war with the world,—its institutions, its decencies, and too frequently its real as well as conventional morality. He indulged his own passions and caprices with a certain fierce contempt for the judgment of his fellow-men, by whom he conceived himself disparaged and ill-treated. And it is painful to observe a son compelled, by the necessity of his subject, to expose the weaknesses of a father—even those by which the comfort and sanctity of his domestic hearth were utterly ruined;—sometimes hurrying over them with evident impatience, and sometimes attempting a feeble extenuation of what it was not in his power to justify or deny.

Nor are we more disposed to acquiesce in the fashion of prefixing *testimonia illustrium virorum*;—in other words, *puffs* by distinguished cotemporaries, to publications like the present. Mr Bulwer's commendatory Essay is sober, straightforward, and business-like. Mr Sergeant Talfourd's is a fine piece of euphuism, luxuriantly diversified with trope and metaphor, and especially with the favourite figure of hyperbole. Neither the one nor the other is well calculated to effect the only useful object,—that of preparing the reader's taste and judgment for appreciating the peculiarities of a very singular writer; because both are too evidently composed with another intention,—to satisfy the editor's natural wish for praise.

If Mr Hazlitt's reputation has really suffered an unjust depreciation in the eyes of the world, from the peculiarly malignant criticism of which he was so long the object (but true fame, we apprehend, is proof against any such contingency), it cannot

be raised again by dint of encomiums equally unreasonable. It is somewhat amusing to perceive how both the distinguished writers in question are perplexed in the endeavour to perform the task allotted to them, with full satisfaction to their own consciences; and how many of their laudatory paragraphs are clogged with such provisos and exceptions,—most gently insinuated,—as greatly diminish their force. Mr Talfourd makes the foundation of his hero's character to consist in 'as passionate a desire ' for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame.' Yet whole pages are subsequently devoted to show how external circumstances of various kinds converted the truest of all writers, in purpose, into one of the most untrue (to use the word in no harsh sense) in practice;—an author whose speculations, whether in morals, literature, or metaphysics, are so mingled with paradox and equivocal banter, that his other critic, Mr Bulwer, says, 'I suspect that half which the unobservant have taken ' literally, he meant, secretly, in sarcasm.' Each seems to do his best to neutralize by innuendo any mistaken impression which may have been conveyed by the strength of his panegyric; and when the two are compared together, the effect thus produced is a little ludicrous. For it so happens, that the admiration which each has conceived for Hazlitt is very much qualified in those particular points which each believes himself to understand the best. Mr Talfourd is a laurel-crowned dramatist of the high tragic order; and he holds that Hazlitt has been unsuccessful in his critical dealings with Shakspeare's cotemporaries;—that in judging of Shakspeare himself, he has been seldom happy, except in some of his incidental remarks;—and that his best known work, the 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,' is little better than a failure. But, by way of make-weight, he pronounces him a first-rate authority in the literature of 'wit and fashion about town.' 'He revels in the delight of old English comedy; exhibits the ' soul of wit in its town-born graces, and the spirit of gaiety in ' its mirth; detects for us a more delicate flavour in the wit of ' Congreve, and lights up the age of Charles the Second . . . with ' airy and harmless splendour!' Mr Bulwer, on the other hand, has entered with true spirit and gusto into the character of the age of our grandmothers—that odd period of courtesy and coarseness, of prudery and levity, of Richardson and Fielding (see the *Disowned*, Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, &c.)—and *he* seems to regard Mr Hazlitt's adventures into these regions with something of the same fearful feeling with which a man of fashion might watch the movements of a vulgar protégé in a drawingroom. 'I confess,' he says, 'that in the collection

‘ of Essays entitled the *Round Table*, it is with a certain uneasiness that I regard his imitation of the tone and style of the essayists of Queen Anne’s days. His genius, to my taste, does not walk easily in ruffles and a bag-wig; the affectation has not that nameless and courtly polish which distinguished Addison, or even the more reckless vivacity of Steele. The last thing that Hazlitt can really be called is “the wit about town.”’ But, on the other hand, it is the very same work—the ‘*Characters of Shakspeare’s Plays*’—of which Mr Talfourd speaks so slightly, that Mr Bulwer selects for comment and extract, as exhibiting his author in the most favourable of all possible aspects.

After such high, though inconsistent eulogies, by writers whose judgment it may appear presumptuous to controvert, we feel a difficulty in the endeavour to convey our own unbiassed opinion of Hazlitt’s literary character. When the reputation of an author is vehemently cried down by a party of detractors, his friends are tempted to overstep the limits of sober approbation, in their zeal for his defence; and those who join with more of reserve and hesitation in his cause, are suspected of acting an ungenerous part, and lending a covert support to his enemies. But, believing as we do, that Hazlitt had merits able to speak eloquently enough for themselves, when he shall no longer be judged with the obliquity of party criticism, we shall not hesitate to glance at a few of those essential qualities in which both his merits and his defects had their origin.

We know not by what designation to term the most striking characteristic of Hazlitt’s turn of mind, as in our view it is displayed in his writings, except that of a subtle and pervading egotism. It was doubtless part of his original nature; the course of his education contributed to foster it; the whole tenor of his life and occupations furnished it with continual sustenance. He was the son of an Unitarian minister at Wem, in Shropshire,—one of that class and profession which he has himself described as ‘the *Ultima Thule* of all that is sanguine and visionary in politics;’—a disciple of Priestley, who had followed his footsteps even as far as the shores of New England—a man of learning and liberality, but one whose position and circumstances necessarily confined him to a limited society, and, we may add, a limited circle of ideas. Every one conversant with the habits and feelings of small dissenting communities in the country, knows how strongly their moral judgment is influenced by the laws of a little public opinion of their own; and how apt they are to imagine all the wisdom and liberality of the nation concentrated in their own small society. Hazlitt, than whom no man was ever farther re-

moved from intellectual pride,—who was only too painfully conscious of his own weaknesses,—has borne testimony to the partial character of the education which he received.

‘It was my misfortune, perhaps, to be bred up among Dissenters, who look with too jaundiced an eye at others, and set too high a value on their own peculiar pretensions. From being proscribed themselves, they learn to proscribe others, and come in the end to reduce all integrity of principle and soundness of opinion within the pale of their own little communion. Those who were out of it, and did not belong to the class of “Rational Dissenters,” I was led erroneously to look upon as hardly deserving the name of rational beings. Being thus satisfied as to the select few, who are “the salt of the earth,” it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are at the head of them, and to fancy ourselves of more importance in the scale of true desert than all the rest of the world put together, who do not interpret a certain text of Scripture in the manner that we have been taught to do. You will (from the difference of education) be free from this bigotry, and will, I hope, avoid every thing akin to the same exclusive and narrow-minded spirit. Think that the minds of men are various as their faces—that the modes and employments of life are numberless as they are necessary—that there is more than one class of merit—that though others may be wrong in some things, they are not so in all—and that countless races of men have been born, have lived, and died, without ever hearing of any one of those points in which you take a just pride and pleasure—and you will not err on the side of that spiritual pride or intellectual coxcomby, which has been so often the bane of the studious and learned.’—*Remains*, vol. ii. p. 77.

The Essay from which we make this extract, is one peculiarly impressed with the tokens of sincerity and earnestness of purpose. It contains a series of warnings and directions ‘On the conduct of ‘life,’ addressed to some object of interest, on the point of commencing his career in it. Could the disingenuous detractors of Hazlitt have read such a passage as this—and there are many such scattered through his works—and not have felt their own self-conceit abashed before the true-hearted liberality of one whom it was their pleasure to select as the representative of a bigoted and exclusive class—the narrow-minded partisan of a sect—the mole-eyed tenant of a cell of self-constructed prejudices, whose feeble glimpses of the world beyond served him only to misconceive and cavil at it?

But these *palinodes* were the fruit of Hazlitt’s more matured experience. He was of a mould which rendered such an education as he has here described peculiarly dangerous. He was endowed with no common precocity of talent, together with its ordinary accompaniment, too acute and ready a sensibility for happiness. His mental powers must have been developed at an unusually early period—judging from the specimens of his letters, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, which are inserted in the biography before us; and in the narrow circle in which his early

life was passed, such precocity could not fail to attract to him a very pernicious amount of notice and admiration. Mingling little in the ways of youth of his own age,—his vanity uncorrected by competition with others as clever and as eager in the race of distinction as himself,—he seems to have dwelt at this period on his own intellectual superiority as complacently as the sect to which he belonged did on theirs; and to have imagined himself the ornament of the Unitarian congregation at Wem, just as that little congregation imagined itself the ornament of all England. All the ferment of the times, too, at the commencement of the French Revolution, when every thing was new, and wisdom was held by many to be almost in an *inverse ratio* to experience, wrought in the head of the schoolboy, and mingled with his own more trifling effervescence. At the age of fourteen, he gives his father, in a letter, the following outline of an intended ‘Essay on the Political State of Man’ :—‘In treating on the political state of man, I shall, first, endeavour to represent his natural political relations, and to deduce from these his natural political duties, and his natural political rights; and, secondly, to represent his artificial political relations, and to deduce from these his artificial political duties, and his artificial political rights. This I think an excellent plan. I wish I could execute it to my satisfaction. I hope, however, to do it tolerably by Christmas!’

Alas! how general is the error still amongst us, to encourage the ardent and inexperienced mind in those speculations which flatter its young pride of power, and cradle it in the delusion of a fancied superiority, instead of drawing it aside, by gentle compulsion, to abstruser or more unworldly pursuits,—such as satisfy the intellect without calling the passions into play! We smile at the young enthusiast of fourteen, who expects to succeed ‘tolerably by next Christmas’ in solving the whole problem of political philosophy; but with how many of us has life been thus commenced by breaking ground at the wrong end, and our pride and spirit enlisted in the cause of favourite theories before we have even dreamt of beginning the laborious process of induction!

At seventeen the raw and impetuous student was launched into the world. We have no space to follow him in the details of his career; first as an artist, afterwards as a dependent on literature for support as well as distinction; but always, unfortunately for himself, without any fixed and regular occupation to furnish rest to an over-active brain. It is easy to trace the effect of such a life on a mind constituted like his. The first impression produced on the enthusiast, when confronted at once with this bustling world, is one of disappointment. He finds (and no one has depicted this portion of his career more truly than Haz-

litt himself, in several of his Essays) of how little comparative avail are those high intellectual endowments on which he had prided himself—how the quick judgment, the resolute spirit, and the cheerful temperament, are worth more in the affairs of this life than all the qualities which constitute poets and philosophers. If he can either acquire these faculties, or acquiesce in the position for which his own very different accomplishments fit him, it is well. If he can do neither, the irritation thus produced at once frets his temper, and causes his mind to turn inward—to find greater pleasure in reflecting on its own peculiarities, and reading over and over again the favourite volume of its own imaginary autobiography—than in those healthier employments which a less pampered understanding would have found out of itself. Vanity is of two very distinct sorts. There is the vanity of temperament—buoyant, elastic, irrepressible, excited by success, but scarcely depressed by failure—which is a happy quality in itself, and may make its possessor occasionally ludicrous, but never disturbs his sleep or his digestion. There is the vanity of genius, and of dispositions allied to genius,—which is frequently found combined with a strong and morbid sense of deficiencies,—which is constantly either moping or irritable, unhappy at the neglect of the world, and yet ever whispering to itself that the neglect is merited. Such men not only feel most acutely disparagement and contempt, but they are pleased and elevated in their own estimation more than they would willingly allow, by any little token of admiration or respect on the part of the public,—not so much from any value which they attach to the opinion of the public in itself, as from the sort of countenance which it lends them, when oppressed by their own misgivings. They need, as Hazlitt himself says in his *Table-Talk*, ‘a bolster to lean upon—a lining to their poor, shivering, threadbare opinion of themselves.’ Yet they are sensible all the while of their own intellectual eminence, but even more strongly sensible of the worldly advantages of others; and even trying to set up the former, with some ostentation, as a counterpoise against the latter. These two failings are perfectly distinct in character, and, as it were, separate diseases of the mental frame. The one is a disfiguring but harmless freckle, the other an eating sore. The latter was the error of Hazlitt’s mind; and it was aggravated by the character of the society into which he was thrown. In early life he was much in company with Coleridge, and the other luminaries of the ‘young England’ of those democratic times: in later days, with the little coterie of Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and their confederates. Thus, some of his associates were men of high genius,—many of no common talents; but all agreeing in a

deplorable habit of mutual laudation; and in holding up their little clubs as epitomes of the sense and sentiment of literary England. Nor must it be forgotten, that this and other peculiarities of his character were strengthened by the vehement persecution to which he and his friends were at one time subjected, by the coarse and malignant criticism—less biting from wit, than harassing from its merciless iteration,—which attacked not their writings only, but their persons, manners, and lives, and spurned at all the decencies which even satire had imposed on herself before the rise of that new sect of cynics.

It is not as foibles in the character of Hazlitt that we dwell on these peculiarities. Our business is with the writer, not with the man; and we point them out only for the sake of the peculiar poignancy and animation which they gave to his literary compositions. His very egotism forms his best title to admiration. It interweaves itself alike with his feelings and his reasonings. Hence the intense delight which he represents himself as having derived, at a very early period, from the ‘*Confessions of Rousseau*,’—a work which delineates the history of a mind, in more respects than one, the counterpart of his own. In Hazlitt’s best criticisms on art and poetry, the reader cannot fail to observe the repeated recurrence to his own feelings and sentiments as criteria;—how the impression produced on himself is accurately reproduced and analyzed, and general canons laid down, as if by induction, from his own particular experience. Hence those passages and those characters always call forth his highest admiration, and his most searching commentary, which seem to strike on some favourite chord of his own reflections. Every one is apt, in his reveries, to identify himself with some familiar imaginary personage—with Hamlet, for example, in his melancholy and philosophic moods. But who has ever done so more eloquently than Hazlitt?

‘Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings are but the idle coinage of a poet’s brain. What then? are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader’s mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy, through his own mishaps or those of others: whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself “too much i’ th’ sun:” whoever has known the pangs of despised love, the insolence of office, and the scorns which patient merit of the unworthy takes; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady: who has had his hopes blighted, and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things: who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre: whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing: whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his first resource to shove off, to a

second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them—this is the true Hamlet.'

In all the range of subjects of which he treats, including even metaphysical discussion, the same tendency prevails; and it is singular how personal he has contrived to render the most abstruse topics. All his philosophy is controversial. He opposes some established system, and the opposition is immediately converted into a species of duel between himself and an imaginary supporter of it; in which all his reasoning seems drawn from the incompatibility of his own feelings and experience with the principles laid down by his adversary. Mr Talfourd has observed, with truth and acuteness, of his controversial essays, that with much occasional happiness and force of illustration, they are very often *beside the mark*. The reader of these 'Remains' will find additional examples of the truth of the observation; for instance, in the critique on Horne Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' and in that on 'Locke's Essay.' He seems frequently to misunderstand the author whom he would confute, and to waste his copious energy in fighting shadows. The reason is obvious—he is always rather following out a parallel train of thought, conceived in his own individual mind, than closely pursuing the argument of his antagonist; and his reasonings, moreover, are almost always *ab homine* and *ad hominem*. And when he approaches the confines of political and social science, within which his enthusiasm is more easily warmed into action, all his theories are fought with the earnestness of personal quarrels; and from the Bourbons on their throne, down to the Quarterly Reviewer at his desk, all of the opposite array seem challenged into the field as the individual foes of William Hazlitt.

But there is another and very comprehensive class of Hazlitt's Essays which turn wholly or chiefly on subjects of more homely interest—on the working-day philosophy of actual life. Less abstruse in subject, they are both truer and more profound in sentiment, than his more laboured compositions. They furnish a more appropriate field for that discursive egotism which characterised him; and, consequently, they are the most popular, and, to our minds, incomparably the most genuine offspring of his genius. How acute is the repeated, but scarcely conscious analysis of self—by what subtle self-deceit are his own conclusions, modified by his own habits of mind, and drawn from his own experience, laid down as general principles of human action—how singular the unintentional artifice by which the writer's own microcosm is made to stand in the place of this greater world, and reflection clad in the mask of observation! These Essays are all coloured with the passing as well as the abiding sensations of the writer.

They represent not only his deliberate convictions, but his most fleeting notions and fancies. They are full of rapid transitions from melancholy to gaiety; yet there is a fixed sense of disappointment, producing, under all these changeable tints, a permanent hue,—sickly, but not unpleasing,—in certain states of the reader's mind. There is much real independence of spirit; but sometimes it is paraded after too vapouring a fashion. But in all of them it is easy to perceive that the writer's power lay in himself; and that when taken out of his own experience his strength failed him. We are at once reminded of this by the sudden manner in which we are constantly checked, even when most carried along with the writer's vigorous flow of ideas—when we pass from truth and energy to poor banter or wearisome paradox—whenever our guide is stepping off his own ground, and adventuring on subjects alien from the accustomed province of his own mind. Mr Talfourd mentions it as a characteristic of Hazlitt, that in his works ‘the most recondite and subtle truths’ are brought out with the careless air of commonplace.’ We would rather say, that commonplaces of the most trite description are every where mixed with truths so unusual, and paradoxes so startling, that the whole produces rather a bewildering effect upon the reader—as if all together were equally old or equally new.

We might illustrate these few remarks, in which we have endeavoured, very imperfectly, to convey our impressions of this familiar and yet singular author, more fully and more favourably for Hazlitt, by selecting passages from his former works. Even the best of the Essays now before us are somewhat tinctured with the feebleness which sickness and calamity brought upon him in his latter days. But we prefer, for our readers' sake, to draw examples from the volumes under our present inspection; and one at least among these Essays, that on ‘the Shyness of ‘Scholars,’ will perhaps throw light on some of our positions. It is evidently a record of himself—a chapter of his own mental history. And as such we value it higher than his more ambitious and doctrinal attempts. It is a sample, too, of his easiest and most unaffected manner,—except that the reader may here and there perceive traces of that cumulative style, that stringing together of analogous metaphors and illustrations, which Hazlitt borrowed from our early prose writers. Those who are conversant with his former works will recollect the same materials partly wrought out in two of his older essays—on ‘the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority,’ and on ‘the Conversation of Authors.’

‘Scholars lead a contemplative and retired life; both which cir-

cumstances must be supposed to contribute to the effect in question. A life of study is also conversant with high and ideal models, which gives an ambitious turn to the mind; and pride is nearly akin to delicacy of feeling. . . . A student, then, that is, a man who condemns himself to toil for a length of time, and through a number of volumes, in order to arrive at a conclusion, naturally loses that smartness and ease which distinguish the gay and thoughtless rattler. . . . The scholar having to encounter doubts and difficulties on all hands, and indeed to apply by way of preference to those subjects which are most beset with mystery, becomes hesitating, sceptical, irresolute, absent, dull. All the processes of his mind are slow, cautious, circuitous; instead of being prompt, heedless, straightforward. Finding the intricacies of the path increase upon him in every direction, this can hardly be supposed to add to the lightness of his step, the confidence of his brow, as he advances. He does not skim the surface, but dives under it like the mole, to make his way darkling, by imperceptible degrees, and throwing up heaps of dirt and rubbish over his head to track his progress. He is therefore startled at any sudden light, puzzled by any casual question, taken unawares and at a disadvantage in every critical emergency. He must have time given him to collect his thoughts, to consider objections, to make farther enquires, and come to no conclusion at last. . . . The course of his studies has not made him wise, but has taught him the uncertainty of wisdom; and has supplied him with excellent reasons for suspending his judgment, when another would throw the casting weight of his own presumption or interest into the scale. . . .

‘There is another circumstance that tends not a little to perplex the judgment, and add to the difficulties of the retired student, when he comes out into the world. He is like one dropped from the clouds. He has hitherto conversed chiefly with historic personages and abstract propositions, and has no just notion of actual men and things. He does not well know how to reconcile the sweeping conclusions he has been taught to indulge in to the cautious and pliant maxims of the world, nor how to compare himself, an inhabitant of Utopia, with sublunary mortals. He has been habituated all his life to look up to a few great names, handed down by virtue or science as the “Gods of his idolatry,” as the fixed stars in the firmament of reputation, and to have some respect for himself and other learned men as votaries at the shrine, and as appreciating the merits of their idol; but all the rest of the world, who are neither the objects of this sort of homage, nor concerned as a sort of priesthood in collecting and paying it, he looks upon as actually nobody, or as worms crawling upon the face of the earth without intellectual value or pretensions. He is, therefore, a little surprised and shocked to find, when he deigns to mingle with his fellows, those every-day mortals, on ordinary terms, that they are of a height nearly equal to himself, that they have words, ideas, feelings in common with the best, and are not the mere cyphers he had been led to consider them. From having under-rated, he comes to over-rate them. Having dreamt of no such thing, he is more struck with what he finds than perhaps it deserves; magnifies the least glimpse of sense or hu-

mour into sterling wit or wisdom ; is startled by any objection from so unsuspected a quarter ; thinks his own advantages of no avail, because they are not the only ones, and shrinks from an encounter with weapons he has not been used to, and from a struggle by which he feels himself degraded. The Knight of La Mancha, when soundly beaten by the packstaves of the Yanguesian carriers, laid all the blame on his having condescended to fight with plebeians. 'The pride of learning comes in to aid the awkwardness and bashfulness of the inexperienced *novice*, converting his want of success into the shame and mortification of defeat, in what he habitually considers as a contest with inferiors.'

'In one particular, the uneducated man carries it hollow against the man of thought and refinement. The first can shoot in the *long bow*, which the last cannot for the life of him. He who has spent the best part of his time and wasted his best powers in endeavouring to answer the question—"What is truth?" scorns a lie, and every thing making the smallest approach to one. His mind, by habit, has become tenacious of, devoted to the truth. The grossness and vulgarity of falsehood shock the delicacy of his perceptions as much as it would shock the finest artist to be obliged to daub in a sign-post, or scrawl a caricature. He cannot make up his mind to derive any benefit from so pitiful and disgusting a source. Tell me that a man is a metaphysician, and at the same time that he is given to shallow and sordid boasting, and I will not believe you. After striving to raise himself to an equality with truth and nature by patient investigation and refined distinctions (which few can make), whether he succeed or fail, he cannot stoop to acquire a spurious reputation, or to advance himself or lessen others by paltry artifice and idle rhodomontade, which are in every one's power who has never known the value or undergone the labour of discovering a single truth.'
'Philosophy also teaches self-knowledge, and self-knowledge strikes equally at the root of any inordinate opinion of ourselves, or wish to impress others with idle admiration. Mathematicians have been remarked for persons of strict probity, and a conscientious and somewhat literal turn of mind. But are poets and romance writers equally scrupulous and severe judges of themselves, and martyrs to right principle? I cannot acquit them of the charge of vanity, and a wish to aggrandise themselves in the eyes of the world, at the expense of a little false complaisance (what wonder, when the world are so prone to admire, and they are so spoiled by indulgence in self-pleasing fancies?)—but in general they are too much taken up with their *ideal* creations, which have also a truth and keeping of their own, to misrepresent or exaggerate matters of fact, or to trouble their heads about them. The poet's waking thoughts are dreams. The liar has all his wits and senses about him, and thinks only of astonishing his hearers by some worthless assertion, a mixture of impudence and cunning.'

'The worst effect of this depression of spirits, or of the "scholar's melancholy" here spoken of, is when it leads a man, from a distrust of himself, to seek for low company, or to forget it by matching below himself. Gray is to be pitied, whose extreme diffidence or fastidiousness was such as to prevent his associating with his fellow collegians, or mingling with the herd, till at length, like the owl, shutting himself up from

society and daylight; he was hunted and hooted at like the owl whenever he chanced to appear, and was even assailed and disturbed in the haunts in which "he held his solitary reign." He was driven from college to college, and subjected to a persecution, the more harassing to a person of his indolent and retired habits. But he only shrunk the more within himself in consequence—read over his favourite authors—corresponded with his distant friends—was terrified out of his wits at the bare idea of having his portrait prefixed to his works, and probably died from nervous agitation at the publicity into which his name had been forced by his learning, taste, and genius. This monastic seclusion and reserve is, however, better than a career such as Porson's, who, from not liking the restraints, or not possessing the exterior recommendations of good society, addicted himself to the lowest indulgences, spent his days and nights in cider cellars and pot-houses, cared not with whom or where he was, so that he had somebody to talk to and something to drink, "from humble porter to imperial tokay" (*a liquid*, according to his own pun), and fell a martyr in all likelihood to what in the first instance was pure *mauvaise honte*.—Essay 20. (Vol. ii., p. 399, &c.)

But the ill-regulated character of Hazlitt's disposition as well as genius,—the strange manner in which good and perverse feelings were mixed together in his composition,—are too often conspicuous when he ceases to contemplate man as an isolated being, and dwells on the ordinary morality of social life. The Essay 'on the conduct of life,' from which we extracted his account of his early education, is in some respects one of the most pleasing of his compositions. He seems to look back in it on his past career, with sensations of a quiet regret and weariness, not wholly unmingled with pride; and seeks to warn a beloved one against prejudices and illusions to which the adviser himself yet clings with a degree of mournful vanity. There is here, too, a tone of earnestness incompatible with his usual fondness for paradox: he seems to have written it in no mood for trifling, and under the influence of too real feeling to indulge in any tendency to display. Yet this very Essay is deformed by a long and flimsy dissertation on love and marriage, of which the best that can be said is, that its sophistries are so very palpable as to excite amusement rather than disgust. Hazlitt, of all writers possessing sensibility and a perception of moral beauty, had about the least knowledge of the female character: he seldom ventures on the subject, and never successfully. But who could have imagined him capable of such vapid repetition of the bad taste of former times, as appears in the following extract? We had imagined it extinct, along with the Wildbloods and Moreloves of Congreve and his contemporaries. Even stage decency and taste would revolt at it now.

'Love in women (at least) is either vanity, or interest, or fancy. It

is a merely selfish feeling. It has nothing to do (I am sorry to say) with friendship or esteem, or even pity. . . . It is as little to be fostered by reason and good-nature, as it can be controlled by prudence or propriety. It is a mere blind, headstrong impulse. Least of all, flatter yourself that talents or virtue will recommend you to the favour of the sex, in lieu of exterior advantages. Oh no ! Women care nothing about poets, or philosophers, or politicians. They go by a man's looks and manner. Richardson calls them an "eye-judging sex," and I am sure he knew more about them than I can pretend to do. If you run away with a pedantic notion that they care a pin's point about your head or your heart, you will repent it too late. Some blue-stocking may have her vanity flattered by your reputation, or be edified by the solution of a metaphysical problem, or a critical remark, or a dissertation on the state of the nation, and fancy that she has a taste for intellect, and is an epicure in sentiment. No true woman ever regarded any thing but her lover's person and address ! Gravity will answer here all the same purpose, without understanding, gaiety without wit, folly without good-nature, and impudence without any other pretension.'—Vol. ii., p. 102.

In pursuing the subject farther, the writer has acuteness enough to discover what he calls an exception to his theory, and yet fails to perceive that it is in fact no exception but a direct disproof—that if true, his whole doctrine must be utterly untenable. 'The only way in which I ever knew mental qualities or distinction tell was in the clerical character, and women do certainly incline to this with some sort of favourable regard.' Now if this be true—and it is Lord Chesterfield, we believe, who says that he would rather be rivalled in the good graces of a lady by a captain than by a curate—it is of no importance what explanation may be offered of it. Those which Hazlitt suggests are, as may be expected, not complimentary to the understanding of the fair sex. But, adopt which we may, all are equally incompatible with the coarse assertion, that person and address are all that women value in a lover. If such a passage as this is to be regarded only as a specimen of what his eulogists consider a venial sin,—his propensity to banter and sarcasm,—it is not only in vile taste in itself, but peculiarly disagreeable here, where it breaks in on the dramatic truth of the Essay. No man, however convinced of the truth of such a doctrine, would strive to impress it on the mind of a youth in whom he was interested in the shape of advice, which, if followed at all, could only render him a woman-hater and a debauchee.

Although the volumes before us do not furnish any additional specimens of Hazlitt's powers as a critical expositor of old English literature, on which his friends seem most inclined to rest his claims for admiration, we cannot dismiss the subject without a few remarks on this portion of his achievements. If it be true,

as Mr Talfourd appears to be convinced, that the analysis of Hazlitt has opened the eyes of numberless readers to the true beauties of Shakspeare, and taught his less critical admirers to 'give a reason for the faith that is in them,' he could hardly have rendered in his vocation a greater service to his countrymen. And we are inclined to believe that such is the truth,—although not quite to the extent, or in the manner, which his panegyrists seem to imagine. We do not think that his own views of the literature of the Elizabethan age, which he studied with most devotion, were very profound or very genuine. But it was his fortune to associate much in life with stronger and more original minds than his own. Among his intimates, at different periods, were some of the very first among modern critics; and while Lamb was too quaint, and Coleridge too cloudy, and both too indolent, to lay before the public mind in a familiar shape the results of their own powerful conceptions, Hazlitt possessed talents which eminently fitted him for the task of acting as interpreter between those more exquisite wits and the great body of the public. There is something peculiarly familiar, and as it were encouraging to the meanest capacity, in his mode of introducing a subject. His style has the spirit and flow of animated conversation—his diction is pure, manly, and intelligible, though occasionally disfigured by affectation. He is fond, as the most superficial reader will easily observe, of enforcing a sentiment by rhetorical iteration; and sometimes overlays it by bringing too great a body of allusion and metaphor to its support. But this defect, if such it be, seldom leads him, as it does most writers who indulge in it, into obscurity. On the contrary, his meaning seems always more clearly brought out in every additional trope or parallel instance by which it is illustrated. He never appears to speak to the initiated—to the learned few, who might apprehend him at a word. He addresses himself to the mixed multitude,—the theatrical amateur, the newspaper reader, or the man of business,—to whom poems and plays seem only as an occasional stimulus or an occasional relief for the mind. He is, in short, and surely it is no slight praise, amidst the prevalent taste for affected obscurity and mysterious no-meanings—the plainest and clearest of critical writers. All these were attributes which peculiarly qualified him for the task of expounding in written or oral lectures, those principles of taste and critical judgment which we believe him to have adopted rather than discovered.

With these scanty observations we must take our leave, not without regret, of a writer to whom we are indebted for many an hour pleasantly and thoughtfully filled; and to whom our re-

collections cling with more attachment, perhaps, than to others who have graver and more imposing claims on our admiration—a writer with whose reputation fashion has hitherto had little to do—who is even now more read than praised, more imitated than extolled, and whose various productions still interest many who care and know little about the author. This is partly owing to his position, or rather his want of definite position, in the world of letters. Hazlitt remained all his life like Johnson, and others nearly as great as he, a miscellaneous writer by profession. And he cannot be said to have been unsuccessful in his vocation, since, as his son informs us, his receipts derived from that source averaged from £600 to £800 a-year. But such success is indeed a wretched compensation for the toils and disappointments of that most unenviable occupation. This class of dependents on public favour for support—men who have neither *status* nor employment out of literature, and no assignable character in it—who are neither poets nor novelists, historians nor philosophers, but simply writers—is perhaps the peculiar product of an age of much leisure and refinement. France has even a larger proportion of such irregular troops in her literary hosts than England,—partly because the supply in that country may be said to exceed the demand,—the facilities of literary education being such as to overstock the market with labourers; and partly because France is a country in which there is less of life and industry, and furnishes fewer by-ways by which an unattached man of letters, tired of following the rear of the army without procuring occupation in any permanent corps, may slip aside into some more profitable employment. The influence which they exercise on the public mind is great; and some of them attain, in their day, to a splendid although temporary celebrity. But these are but few; the life of the happiest is embittered by a consciousness of wasted talents and unsatisfied ambition; the great body, in addition to these common evils, have to struggle against the daily anxieties of a precarious existence. It is a wearisome lot at best; and the world, by selecting those who embrace it as the legitimate objects of traditional sneer and raillery, does not much contribute to raise their spirits, or soften their discontent. That Hazlitt had talents for no common undertakings, few who are well acquainted with his writings will dispute. But before he had, as it were, taken measure of his powers, and learnt to set his hopes of fame and success patiently on one determined cast, the golden opportunity was already gone by. Ere his judgment had yet matured itself, he was plunged deep in the vicious habits of that idly literary life (if it were not a paradox so to term a condition which is often intensely laborious) which he pursued for the re-

mainder of his days—a moral essayist, with little opportunity for comprehensive observation and knowledge of life—a literary critic, without much depth of literature, except within narrow limits of time and language—a metaphysician, the strong bent of whose mind towards that subtle study was little seconded by habits of close reasoning or patient investigation. To all these various employments he brought one qualification—a light, discursive, active intellect, always capable of making out a plausible case in terse language, and of sometimes hitting on a discovery; but wanting in that force and concentration by which alone great things are effected. He had no leisure to treasure up thoughts for posterity, since he was compelled to commit all, as soon as they were born, to leaves as volatile as those of the Sibyl—*rapidis ludibria ventis*—not those only which flowed spontaneously, but those which, as he often complained, were wrung out with pain and difficulty to meet the exigencies of the hour. Under such disadvantages, the wonder is, not that he has not achieved all which his over-zealous panegyrists appear inclined to attribute to him, but that he has made himself a name in literature at all—a name which will retain a share of its popularity while terse and sententious expression, variety of thought, and vigorous home truths, mixed with the paradoxes and refinements of a subtler philosophy, continue to please and interest the ordinary reader.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Resumo para servir de introdução a Memoria Estatistica, &c.* Por SEBASTIÃO XAVIER BOTELHO. 1834.
 2. *Memoria Estatistica sobre os dominios Portuguezes na Africa Oriental.* Por SEBASTIÃO XAVIER BOTELHO. Par do Reino, Lisboa: 1835.

IN ancient times, colonies were propagated very much in the same manner as polypi. Whenever a state felt inconvenienced by its increase, it dropped the aching or discontented limb, which was no sooner separated from the parent body than it began an independent existence. The intercourse of these rapidly multiplying members of the human family, while each of them confessedly possessed the right not only to exist but to prosper, was naturally regulated by the sound and effective principle of mutual interest. Such was the spirit of Greek colonization. But very different were the spirit and the motives which impelled and guided the nations of Western Europe, when in the

early half of the sixteenth century they spread their colonies far and wide over the shores of the Old and the New World. Gold, and the enrichment of the mother country were then the sole motives. The folly and iniquity of a system of colonization founded on such principles, were, we should have thought, manifest enough to all who had any acquaintance, however slight, with the history of modern Europe. But Portuguese statesmen, it appears (at least such is the inference which may be drawn from the volume now before us), still cling to the dreams of political alchemy. It will not, however, be necessary for us to enter into a formal discussion of our author's abstract doctrines, if indeed he have any. When we shall have shown that his volume is an earthy lump, not containing a single particle of gold, we may leave to the common sense of our readers, his endless celebration of the gold mines of Monomotapa.

That the less cannot comprehend the greater, is a maxim as true in ethics as in mathematics. A man of a naturally contracted understanding and pragmatistical temper, cannot be easily brought to a sense of his own inferiority. He supposes his own intellectual horizon to be that of all mankind; and easily acquires a habitual and obstinate scepticism respecting the 'many things 'twixt heaven and earth which are not revealed to his philosophy.' As the attentive examination of our own minds can alone furnish us with a key to the operations of the minds of others, the unhappy individual who moves in society without having ever been conscious of the resources of knowledge—the reach of sagacity—or the revelations of fine and cultivated sympathies—can never be aware of the keen and penetrating spirit which wakes and watches around him. His shallow ingenuity displays itself in little arts and stratagems, in shifts to do something, and shifts to conceal what he does. The enlightened moralist visits the errors of an individual so constituted with mitigated censure. For how can correctness be expected of one who has never formed habits of mental accuracy; who wraps vague ideas in ambiguous language; and who has no code of morality to guide him, save one of home manufacture, made probably from time to time to meet the calls of political expediency.

Senhor Botelho is certainly one of those who can most justly and prudently plead ignorance in excuse for the quantity of erroneous matter which he has put forward—ignorance not only of the facts connected with the subject which he discusses, but also of the importance which the enlightened portion of mankind attach in all cases to the pure statement of facts. Yet his publications merit our attention for several reasons. In the first place, he occupied the highest official station in the colony which

he describes; and by exhibiting in his proper person the possible ignorance of a public functionary, he throws more light on the mismanagement of the Portuguese possessions, than by his profuse invectives against the conduct of others. Secondly, his volume has excited some attention, and may exercise some influence in Lisbon, where the public mind is not sufficiently serene, nor perhaps enlightened, to be free from credulity. Thirdly, the Memoir announces a plain, indisputable, and instructive fact, which may be studied with advantage,—we mean the decline and ruined condition of the Portuguese colonies. And, finally, in the general character of the work, we find abundant proof of the ignorance of the Portuguese nation respecting its ultra-marine possessions.

Of the two productions now before us, one—the *Resumo*—is but a pamphlet issued beforehand for the purpose of inviting attention to the *Memoria*, which again is nothing more than the *Resumo*, mixed up with a great deal of borrowed and useless matter. The pith and substance of the work were all contained in the preliminary flourish. Our author, before he begins to pour out the effulgence of his own light, passes in review the puny host of preceding writers on Eastern Africa; and very cunningly dismisses with censure, those among them, to whom the world, if it gave him credit for sense and discrimination, might suppose him most indebted. The classical historian Diogo de Couto appears to Senhor Botelho to be little better than a fabulist. The sober-minded and ingenuous friar João dos Santos resided sixteen years in Sofala, and wrote the best account which is extant of that part of Africa; but our author affects to know nothing of that work save its errors, and we see good reason to believe that he does not really know even so much of it. He laments that Fernão Mendes Pinto, though he described at length the affairs of Abyssinia (he really describes only a short journey into Tigré), said nothing of Mozambique; so that there is nothing to be gleaned from the pages of that veracious author. Among later writers, the Abbé Raynal is the chief subject of Senhor Botelho's criticism; but honourable mention is made of Renér (Rennel) and Bronne (Browne who visited Darfur); though the latter, according to our author, directed his attention wholly to the East, and did little for the geography of any other quarter of the earth, 'except in 'so far as he determined exactly the sources of the Nile, and the 'almost strict accuracy of the maps of Ptolemy!' Having thus taken some pains to show himself but little acquainted with the best writers of his own and of other countries, Senhor Botelho proceeds as follows:—

'Yet although we must not rely implicitly on those writers, it is as well to consult them, to compare them, and occasionally to make use

of them. Accordingly I have availed myself of what they have written, as well as of the traditions preserved from the remotest ages by the natives, so as to accumulate all the information which unsparing research, and the aid of experienced persons, could bring together, for the purpose of tracing the origin, and noting the progress and actual state of the Portuguese possessions in this part of Eastern Africa, devoting to this labour the hours which I could steal from the cares of government.'—(*Resumo*, p. 22.)

This heavy task he undertook, in order to obtain a sure basis for the measures of the Colonial Administration. What a picture he draws in the following passage, of his predecessors in office!—evidently to exhibit a contrast between them and himself.

‘I imagined that, in turning over the archives of the Chamber and the Government state papers, I should find a stock of statistical information suitable to my purpose; and a stock indeed I did find, but utterly despicable, like base coin, and not like legal money which one could make use of. I discovered that the preceding colonial governments had been vying with one another to see which could be guilty of the greatest faults, political and administrative. The ignorance, the presumption, and caprice of some rulers made it easier for them to persist in error than to follow good advice. They rested the credit of their administration on the deceitful opinions of hangers-on, instead of strengthening themselves by the counsels of well-instructed experienced persons, devoted to the public good and untainted with base passions and venality.’—(*Ib.* p. 23.)

The search of the archives at Mozambique was not, however, wholly unsuccessful: it brought to light one unique and valuable document, which Senhor Botelho prides himself on having consulted. Here is his own account of it:—

‘Pedro de Saldanha, who governed Mozambique at a time when Africa justly engaged some portion of the attention of the Portuguese Government, ordered a map to be executed, which I have seen and examined, comparing it with the information of persons well acquainted with every locality, and used to cross the country in many directions in their mercantile expeditions. The map in question was executed by a mariner, (*hum piloto*) merely according to the principles and rules of navigation; aided only by a mariner’s compass, which lost its magnetism (*destemperava*) at every step, as is usual in the great heats of the interior, though, to this hour, nobody can tell why; and so, on that account, the latitudes became all affected with errors. As proper instruments for observing triangles and measuring the ground were wanting, many places were marked down out of their true situations. This is the case with Manica, Shingamira, Quiteve, and the districts near Monomotapa, as well as the source of the Zambeze and the two arms into which it is divided.’—(P. 7.)

We cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuousness of our author’s acknowledgment that the latitudes observed with a mariner’s compass were not strictly correct; nor his prudence in saying no-

thing whatever of observations of longitude, which he probably supposed could not be computed quite as strictly by the aid of the same instrument. If the before-mentioned mariner's compass had not so unaccountably gone out of order, the map which Sr. Botelho saw and examined would have been a miracle of Geodesy. Our scientific readers will, we doubt not, more readily pardon the surveyor who misplaces, not merely some points, but whole kingdoms in the aggregate, than the author, who, pretending to have discovered such errors, omits to supply their correction.

But we must proceed to examine more strictly the tangible and appreciable portion of Sr. Botelho's volume. Three-fourths of the *Memoria* consist of a 'geographical description of the Portuguese dependencies in Eastern Africa; and coming, as this description does, from one who has wielded the highest authority in those countries, and who inveighs so bitterly against the ignorance and presumption of his predecessors in office and authorship, one might naturally expect to find it both accurate and complete. But we are sorry to say that we have seldom met with a work so utterly deficient in any thing like adequacy and correctness. Sr. Botelho describes, apparently from autopsy, the coasts of Cafferland and Natal; yet accurately as those coasts are known in this country, we find it difficult to recognise a single feature of his description; and we observe, with surprise, that he does not mention the name of any one of the tribes which occupy those shores. This region, however, lies beyond the limits of the Portuguese dominion, and we must, therefore, overlook our author's slender acquaintance with it; although we think that he ought to have gone to the seat of his government provided at least with our Admiralty charts of the coasts, and John Arrowsmith's maps of Eastern Africa. It is not so easy to refrain from laughter at the following allusion to the newly-discovered interior westward of Natal: 'Barrow, in his *Annals of Voyages*, relates the very recent discovery of a town called Litakow, the capital of the Boussouhanas (Bechuanas), which is situated, according to the observations of Roggwild, (!) in $27^{\circ} 30'$ lat. S., and 25° E. long. 'This town is as large as Cape Town, including the gardens down to Table Bay,' &c.—(P. 49.) Our readers will at once perceive that this *recent* discovery is thirty years old; and that reference is here made to old Litakoo, which has long since disappeared, leaving only its name to a moderately-sized village in a new situation. But in order to appreciate fully the simplicity of the man, who, though morally bound, in virtue of his office, to make himself acquainted with Southern Africa, yet wrote as above in 1835,—adding something respecting 'ru-

mours of a people called Barroloos, dwelling sixty leagues further north,—it must be borne in mind that Campbell's journey to Kurreechane has been long introduced into the popular literature of Portugal. The most ludicrous and characteristic blunder, however, of the above cited passage, is that which transforms the Roggeveldt mountains into an astronomer! It is to Burchell that we are indebted for the true position of Lita-koo; but Sr. Botelho had probably never heard of him—he had certainly never read of him in Barrow's *Annals of Voyages*—so he looked around for a name, and took that of a goodly range of mountains!

With Delagoa bay, where the Portuguese dominion, or claim of dominion, commences, we expected to find the ex-Captain-General somewhat better acquainted. But, no! He is here as much at fault as elsewhere. In one place he tells us that the bay receives three, in another, four great rivers. He exaggerates in every respect the magnitude of the Espirito Santo (for he gives this name, as well as that of Lourenço Marques, to the English river of our charts, though the Portuguese geographers have always uniformly given it to the Manissa, or King George's river),—mistaking for a great river what is in reality only the estuary of three small streams; and to crown all he sharply reprehends (P. 8) the Portuguese historians for their ignorance of the fact, that the Espirito Santo is a branch of the Zambeze; a fact which he seems to forget further on (P. 83), when he comes to describe that river. His description of the coast, proceeding northwards, offers nothing remarkable until we reach the river Save (the Sabia of our maps in lat. 21° S.), which he informs us is also a branch of the Zambeze. (P. 126.)

On glancing over our author's very minute and intricate account of Sofala and the adjacent countries, we thought that we recognised the language of an old acquaintance; so turning to the second volume of Captain Owen's Narrative, and inspecting the Appendix, we confirmed our suspicion that Sr. Botelho owed all his information respecting that part of the world to the MSS. of Sr. Ferão, formerly governor of the Rios de Sena. It is to be lamented that the literary relics of a pains-taking man should have suffered so severely from the negligence and hasty curtailments of the one editor and the incapacity of the other. But why has not Sr. Botelho acknowledged his obligations to Ferão's MSS.? Perhaps we are not far astray in surmising, that if he were to confess all his obligations of this kind, little would remain to himself beyond the credit of writing the least valuable paragraphs in his volume. He not only borrows from 'Mr Farewell's 'Account of Chaka, the King of Natal,' all that is there related

of the customs and superstitions of the Amazula, but, transferring both usages and language a distance of one thousand miles, unscrupulously uses the former to eke out his own account of the natives of Sofala and Monomotapa! But let our readers decide, from the following specimens, whether the account which the ex-Captain-General of Mozambique gives of the native superstitions, &c. in Portuguese Africa be original, or whether it be not matter only a little altered from the appendix to Captain Owen's volumes.

‘ All the Caffres believe in a God, whom they call *Mulungo*, a supreme being, the creator of heaven and earth, and of all things visible, and who governs them by his power. Beyond this they have no idea, either of the immortality of the soul, or of a future life, or of heaven or hell, or of rewards and punishments after death; but they believe in a spirit called *Vagino*, who animates the body, and dies with it.—*Memoria Estatistica*, p. 201.

‘ Like the Indians, they have a variety of castes, which are prevented from mixing together by dread of insult and disparagement. One of their distinctions consists in this, that each of these castes abstains from the flesh of some particular animal which the others eat, not from motives of religion, but of blood and clanship. These sects are of great antiquity among the Caffres; and the families which belong to them, when they meet together at feasts, excuse themselves for not eating the forbidden meats, by the fear that their teeth

‘ The negroes of this coast generally believe in a supreme being, whom they style *Malungo*, who created “the heavens and the earth, and every thing that therein is,” and that by his power they are governed. They have no idea of the rewards and punishments of a future life, nor of the existence of a spirit distinct from matter. They think that man was born to be mortal, and that when he deserves punishment, the Supreme Being causes a famine; that only those who die by this means are punished through a divine agency; but all who die from any other cause are supposed to be sent out of the world through the machinations of evil spirits, whom they call *Vagino*,’ &c.—Owen’s *Narrative*, ii. App. 393.

‘ It is prohibited in many families to eat certain animals’ flesh, such as in some beef, in others elephants’, in others hippopotamus’. It is said that, provided any family transgress this rule, and eat the forbidden flesh, their teeth will drop out, which is termed *Motupo*. The forbidden flesh to all the royal family is the hearts of animals.’—*App. to Owen*, p. 396.

would fall out if they touched them, as they have heard from their ancestors. The forbidden flesh is called *Mutupo*. That forbidden to kings and their families is the heart of any animal.' — *Mem. Est.* p. 211.

We might easily fill pages with similar parallels; but as our object is merely to show how freely Señor Botelho uses the observations of others, we shall rest satisfied with the exposure of his method, without following it closely in its application.

Sr. Botelho places between Sofala and Quilimane the rivers Quizungo and Lurango, which are, in reality, north-eastward of the latter place, between it and Mozambique. Of this kind of confusion his volume affords many examples; the cause of which may probably lie in his forgetting, that while his general method led him from south to north, the authors from whom he borrowed often hold an opposite course. He commences his account of the Zambeze by assuring us that Diogo de Couto describes that great river more as a poet than a historian; and so saying, he goes on to state the itinerary distances on the river almost in the very language of the decried classic, viz. sixty leagues from Quilimane, at the river's mouth, up to Sena; sixty more from the latter place to Tete, and a like distance from Tete to the trading station called Zumbo; beyond which there is nothing known of the course of the Zambeze. He elsewhere tells us more circumstantially, that the river is navigable forty leagues above Tete; that the merchandise is carried twenty-four leagues higher up to a place called Chicova; which place is still ten days' journey distant from Zumbo. But these are discrepancies of little moment. It is of more importance to observe, that Sr. Botelho is evidently quite ignorant of the fact, that only seven or eight years before he became Captain-General of Mozambique and the Rios de Sena, the true position of the town of Sena had been tolerably well ascertained by a British naval officer (Lieutenant Browne); and its distance from Quilimane, following the windings of the river, had been found to be 140 nautical miles, or 42, instead of the commonly-computed 60 Portuguese leagues. The Captain-General ought to have possessed this piece of information, as well as the discernment to reduce in the same ratio of ten to seven, the vulgar calculations of distance above Sena. But no! though indignant that some ill-informed writer should have 'stated that Zumbo is 300 leagues from Quilimane, when the distance is hardly 200, ill measured' (P. 16)—yet, further on, he boldly declares that, bating a few obstacles, 'the river Zambeze

'is navigable the whole year 300 leagues (of 18 to a degree, or '1000 nautical miles), reckoning from Quilimane to Zumbo' (p. 283)—and this he tells us of a river which we know to be fordable with ease a little way above Tete, or about 300 miles from the sea! Nor does this satisfy him: when magnitude is his theme, his powers of magnifying get the better of him, and he soars into the very sublime of absurdity, as in the following sentence—

'The captaincy of Sena, and its territory, lie between the 15th and 20th degrees of southern latitude, and the 46th and 56th of longitude, reckoning from the meridian of the isle of Ferro. It extends 575 leagues, from east to west, from the coast, as far as the country of Chicova. From north to south, as the territory sometimes contracts, the Zambeze being its limit on the north, and as sometimes crossing the river, it spreads out wider, it is not so easy to assign its exact breadth; however, on good grounds, it may be stated to be 328 leagues, the whole territory comprehending 3600 square leagues. But the natives of the country, regardless of strict accuracy, make it 4000 square leagues. On the east it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean,' &c. &c. !—(Pp. 258, 259.)

Now, let our readers observe that the ex-Captain-General first assumes that the captaincy of the Rios de Sena, the most important portion of his late dominion, lies within 5 degrees of latitude, or 90 Portuguese leagues, from north to south; and within 10 degrees of longitude, or less than double that distance from east to west; and then immediately after enlarges his pretensions in such a way as to extend his territory quite across the African continent, and even somewhat further,—for the breadth of the continent in the latitude of Quilimane is only 432 Portuguese leagues; while towards the south he actually reaches the Winterberg, and encroaches in a dangerous manner on our possessions at the Cape of Good Hope. We cannot impute it to an error of the press that he seems to make the Zambeze discharge itself into the Atlantic Ocean; for he also places Delagoa bay on the Atlantic Ocean. Nor is there any misprint in the number 575 (*quinhentas e setenta e cinco legoas*); for it appears also in the *Resumo*, where, however, the breadth of the territory from north to south is left uncertain. That defect is supplied in the *Memoria*; and then we are told that a territory 575 leagues in length, and 328 in breadth, has a surface of 3600 square leagues! Admirable calculation, and extremely exact, no doubt! for the calculation of the natives is held to be inferior to it for want of rigorous method (*sem regularidade*). Sr. Botelho's incapability of distinguishing the true from the false is obvious in every little detail which he touches on. Thus he repeats the old story that the river Chiri, which joins the Zambeze from the north,

about ten leagues below Sena, 'is a branch of the Suabo, a celebrated river on the coast.' Now we defy him, although he resided five years at Mozambique, and ought to have made himself acquainted with the opposite coasts, over which he had a shadow of authority, to point out to us any river, great or small, named the Suabo. Again, he tells us—'From north to south (through Monomotapa) runs a chain of mountains called Lupata, or Spine of the World, so lofty that they reach the clouds, and are always covered with snow.' (P. 312.) This statement is quite groundless, and betrays, in more ways than one, our author's total ignorance of the writings of honest João dos Santos. The hills of Lupata, where the river rushes through a deep ravine, between high precipices, are covered with trees, and snow is unknown in all the countries watered by the Zambeze.

It cannot be expected that one so remarkably ill-informed with respect to the countries over which he was called to preside, should know much of the native kingdoms beyond his jurisdiction. The kingdom of Monomotapa, lying altogether south of the Zambeze, is one of those African states which have been hitherto invariably seen magnified through the medium of ignorance and credulity. The peculiar ability of Sr. Botelho has contrived, in the following paragraph, to magnify it still further, even to distortion:—

'This empire (Monomotapa) is divided into eastern and western, the latter of which portions is the more extensive, and is named Mocaranga. The learned Portuguese, Jose Correa da Serra, affirms that Mocaranga is the proper name of a very extensive country north of Chicova, a distinction of little consequence, as the country in question makes a part of the great empire of Monomotapa.

'The western part, called Mucaranga, embraces eight kingdoms, viz. Corruro-Medra, Mujau, Mococo, Turgeno, Gengir-bomba, Mano-emuges, Ruenga, and Bororo. The eastern part, properly called Monomotapa, comprehends the following eight kingdoms:—Chicova, Sacumbe, Inhazaoé, Munhare, Chirero, Manica, Chingamira, and Sofala. All these kingdoms are tributaries of Monomotapa, except Sofala, of which the Portuguese are the exclusive possessors.'—Pp. 311, 312.

What a rare union of boldness and precision! The south is called the east—the north is called the west. But does the reader wish to know the relative situations of the eight kingdoms of western Mocaranga? Then let him examine some map a century and a half old—one of Sanson's or Delisle's—and he will see the eight kingdoms above-named occupying the whole interior of the African continent, from the vicinity of its eastern to that of its western shores, and from the Zambeze northwards to Abyssinia. Five of the eight names are certainly not authentic, and ought not to be admitted into a modern map;

and we need hardly add that the other three never had any connexion with Monomotapa. Mujao or M'iao slaves are numerous at Mozambique, and they could have readily satisfied Sr. Botelho, had he made the enquiry of them, that they are not Mocarangas. But had Sr. Botelho ever felt the compunctions of sense or modesty, he would not have pretended to confirm the opinions of D'Anville, by adding his own authority to them; and then to commend that great geographer, in an especial manner, for making lake Maravi 300 miles long, *and as many wide*, which D'Anville never did, as all the world knows! The French geographer made that great inland sea, improperly called lake Maravi, three days' journey wide, according to the accounts collected from the natives by Father Luigi Mariano, whose original Report on the subject is, we dare say, in those very archives of Mozambique which Sr. Botelho examined to so little purpose.

The authority which Sr. Botelho's volume might be thought to derive from the station which he filled, and the opportunities he enjoyed, makes it incumbent on us to state very fully and explicitly our reasons for condemning it. A very short space, indeed, in our pages would have sufficed for it, had we measured it by its intrinsic merits, and not by the mischief which it might produce. An instance or two more, however, is all that we can afford to give of this author's hardihood and dulness; nor are we at any loss to find such instances. Thus, he tells us that the world is misinformed respecting Melinda, which retains, forsooth, the name of a kingdom, though it has lost its power and commerce. Now, Sr. Botelho ought to have known from Captain Owen's *Narrative*, that the city of Melinda is no longer an inhabited place; and we may add that its name has almost passed away. He also assures us that there are no traces whatever on the mainland at the present day of the ancient kingdom of Mozambique; the Arabs having driven its inhabitants to the islands. He ought rather to have said that such a kingdom never had really any existence; and that its name was but a space-filling invention of the map-makers. Again, this peer of the kingdom of Portugal congratulates his country that, amidst the general defection of her colonies, she still retains on the coast of Guinea the fort of St George del Mina, Accra, Ardrah, Calabar, and the isle of Fernando Po, besides Angola in Congo, &c. &c.!! That the Portuguese possess the above-named forts, or Fernando Po, is just as true as that Angola is in Congo, or Spain in Portugal.

Of the ex-Captain-General's total ignorance of matters which concerned him most closely in his official capacity, here is a notable example:—‘All the country on the coast, from the bay

‘ of Lourenço Marques to Tungue, situated between cape Delgado and Quiloa, and also the interior, to a greater or less distance from the shore, according to the residences of the chiefs, belong to the Portuguese dominion.’ (P. 53.) Here it appears that he is ignorant of the situation of the place which he supposes to have been the limit of his recent government; for Tonguy is not between cape Delgado and Quiloa (what a vague determination of a boundary!), but is the native name of cape Delgado itself! And still further he shows himself ignorant of the actual northern boundary of the dependencies of Mozambique (northward of which place, by the way, the Portuguese have not a single foot of ground on the mainland); inasmuch as the Arab flag of the Sultan of Muscat has now waved for some years over the fort of Mozimbuy, sixty miles southwards from cape Delgado.

We shall cull one more specimen of this writer’s trustiness. He informs us (pp. 49 and 388), that the Bechuanas and the inhabitants of Delagoa bay all speak a dialect of the Hottentot language, —a mis-statement of so gratuitous a nature, that it could not, under any circumstances, have proceeded from a well-constituted mind. But he fancied himself bound to offer some circumstantial information respecting the languages of the African nations more immediately in contact with Mozambique and its dependencies; and so, after lamenting pompously that the researches of Bowdich, Burckhardt, and Jomard had failed in solving all the problems of ethnography, and stating that the nations adjoining Mozambique all speak cognate languages, which have no grammar, and want the sounds b, f, and v—(a groundless assertion, sufficiently disproved by the frequently recurring names, Butua, Bororo, Fura, Fumo, Maravi, and Moviza, &c.)—he proceeds to lay before us short specimens of vocabularies, exhibiting in comparison the languages of Monomotapa, of the Mujau, and the Macuas. It struck us as remarkable, at the first sight of these vocabularies, that they were not written according to the principles of Portuguese orthography. Thus *Menia*, for instance, the Monomotapa name for water, according to our author’s vocabulary, would be written by a Portuguese, *Menha*. This observation led us at once to Sr. Botelho’s sources. We turned to the vocabularies of three African languages, collected in Brazil by M. Rugendas, and published by Balbi in his *Introduction à l’Atlas Ethnographique du Globe* (p. 226); and found, as we expected, that Sr. Botelho had appropriated them without scruple; that he had turned the vocabulary of the Masanja, a tribe dwelling on the skirts of Angola, into that of Monomotapa; and that he had

converted that of the Choambo, a Macua tribe, into Mujau, while to the Macuas he had given the language of a tribe dwelling near Inhambane!

If a Governor-General of British India, having closed his career of administration, and thinking fit to lay before the public an account of that country, should commence by vaunting his unprecedented industry and critical care in the collection of his materials, and by broadly declaring that all antecedent writers on India are utterly worthless,—that Bernier, Tieffenthaler, Tod, and Malcolm have nothing in them,—that Hamilton and Heber are mere story-tellers, and not fit to be trusted;—that Robinson Crusoe, from whom so much solid information might have been expected, unhappily says but little of the British possessions in the East;—if he were then to inform us that the rivers Indus and Brahmaputra are both branches of the Ganges, which, with a course of two, or of three, or of five thousand and odd leagues, falls into the Persian Gulf; and also, that a discovery had been very recently made of a country in the interior, called Thibet, the position of the capital of which had been astronomically determined by the Astronomer, Himaleh;—if he were to foist on us as an original description of Hindoo manners a chapter abstracted from the adventures of Hadji Baba;—if he were to assure us that the inhabitants of the Carnatic speak Chinese, and present us with false samples of the dialects of Bengal and Delhi, taken from vocabularies of the South Sea Islands,—what should we say of such a man? Should we not say that he was a melancholy example of inflated ignorance; and that his statements and opinions on any subject should be received with the greatest mistrust?

We are sorry to say, that the severe language with which Sr. Botelho depicts the conduct of his predecessors in office, and indeed of all the Colonial authorities at Mozambique, is fully borne out by the report of all the intelligent English travellers who have visited that part of the world. They tell us that gross licentiousness and corruption, tyranny, venality, and malversation are in Mozambique the moving principles of all who have any trust or authority to abuse, from the lowest official up to the captain-general inclusive. Sr. Botelho repeatedly says as much:—‘All these offices, judicial, municipal, and economical, are usually in the hands of ignorant and mercenary characters, who trample on, huckster, and sell rights, without either shame of the world, or fear of God. We may safely assert, that in all the towns of the captaincy of Mozambique there is no act of justice done which does not go for money.’—(P. 299).

But other travellers, in adverting to the low moral condition of

the Portuguese colonies in Eastern Africa, have likewise pointed out the chief causes of such widely-spread depravity. They have observed that the officers of government were all so ill paid that they could not support themselves without peculation, which being well known to be necessary, was of course connived at. They have also called attention to the curious circumstance, that Mozambique is not merely a penal colony, but that persons of notoriously bad character, sent there to expiate their offences, often constitute a large and influential portion of its society, and even fill offices of great trust and importance; nor have they omitted to remark the tendency of a noxious climate and rapid mortality to produce a general recklessness of conduct. They might also have justly enlarged on the demoralizing effects of the slave trade, of which Mozambique was, till lately, a principal emporium; for, whatever may be said of slavery, which undoubtedly may be, and in many countries is, extremely mild, the slave trade is every where a corrupter and hardener of the human heart, inuring it inevitably to profligacy, cruelty, and every kind of crime. Sr. Botelho, however, passes silently over all such considerations. He offers no apology for his countrymen, nor for mankind in general. He makes a sweeping charge against the moral and intellectual character of the colony, but he never investigates the cause of such a lamentable state of things, nor does he propose any specific remedy for it, save the empirical one of sending no captain-general to the pestilential shores of Mozambique, who is not a model of virtue, wisdom, and purity!

The statistical matter of the volume before us lies within a very small compass; but, from its want of perspicuity and its doubtful authenticity, it is not worthy of being extracted. According to our author, the city of Tete, once an important place, has at present only forty-eight, that of Sena only twenty-five free inhabitants. The annual revenue arising to the crown from the lands in the Rios de Sena, a territory estimated by Sr. Botelho at 4000 square leagues (probably tenfold its real extent), falls short of L.1000 sterling. The total exportation of the colony he makes, by a very loose calculation, to amount to L.36,000 sterling. The following reflection is in every way worthy of the calculation which precedes it.

‘ And this is all that is gained from a commerce carried on in a territory extending from north to south 350 good leagues from the Cazembe to Manica inclusively, and 200 leagues from east to west from Quillimane to Zumbo; but as the traders often make purchases beyond the last named place, we are justified in assigning 250 leagues to this second dimension! Thus the trade of the Rios de Sena is carried on over a surface of 87,500 square leagues, the exportation of which amounts

in value to only 900,000 cruzados colonial currency, or, in good Portuguese money, to 360,000 cruzados.'—(P. 280.)

Sr. Botelho is evidently not aware that surfaces are measured by their rectilineal dimensions taken at right angles to each other. What can be more absurd than to multiply the length of the trading country, or 350 leagues (which is at least the triple of the truth), by the exaggerated length of the Zambezi, including all its windings?

We believe that the Portuguese possessions in Eastern Africa are actually in a lower condition than even Sr. Botelho has represented them. He has suppressed all allusion to some important events which took place nearly two years previous to the publication of his volume. To the history of one of these events—we mean the expulsion of the Portuguese garrison from Delagoa bay by the natives—the following passage from the *Memoria* will serve at once as introduction and explanation:—

‘ But the evils alluded to have been at all times carried to a degree of refinement in the factory of Lourenço Marques, where the public functionaries have always persisted in the worst practices. There has been in that place a series of governors, who vied with one another in avarice, ambition, and the unscrupulous arts of illicit gain. Not content with reaping the fruit of the spontaneous dissensions of the Caffres, they designedly sowed dissension among them, and kindled wars that they might then entrap the people and sell them. It would be a long story if we were to relate all that has been done in that and other factories in opposition to justice and humanity. Let it suffice to say, that all this baseness and iniquity is not only unbridled, but even authorized; for when vice is conspicuous in those who govern, it serves for an example and general exculpation.’—(P. 92.)

This confirms what has been already stated in the Report on the Slave Trade in Mauritius—that most of the wars which have agitated South Africa in the course of the present century had their origin in the slave-trading operations at Delagoa bay. The cold-blooded cruelty of that system, however, was at length stopped by an act of savage justice. In the beginning of September 1833, Dingani, King of the Amazula, a warlike tribe extending northwestward from Natal towards the mountains, sent an army to Delagoa bay, with positive injunctions to kill the governor of the Portuguese fort. This man, named Dionizio Antonio Ribeiro, appears to have been one of the worst stamp; and as obnoxious to the Portuguese merchants within the factory as to the natives without it. When the danger became manifest, he was urged to make preparations to defend the fort; but his replies betrayed his irresolution as well as insolence. At length, having secretly prepared a few boats, he embarked on a sudden with his female slaves, his

soldiers, and immediate adherents,—taking with him all the ammunition, and consequently leaving the merchants in the factory without the means either of protection or escape,—and made the best of his way to the island of Shefina, on the western side of the bay. A few days after, the enemy entered the fort, but hurt neither the persons nor the property of those whom they found there. The merchants having represented to the Zula general that, in the midst of such a number of armed natives, they could not help feeling alarmed for their safety, he assigned them a guard of ten men. In the mean time the scouts who had been sent to watch the movements of Antonio Ribeiro ascertained that he had visited the mainland, and was prevented from returning to Shefina by the state of the weather. Their numbers were therefore increased; and he was at length hunted down, and brought to the fort on the 12th October, or five days after it had been in the occupation of the natives. On the 13th he was brought to trial, accused by several natives of various acts of cruelty and injustice, and with much formality convicted and condemned. The unhappy man was immediately speared, and his heart taken out while life was yet hardly extinct. A week afterwards, the natives withdrew,—a guard of them, however, remaining for some months in the service of the Portuguese merchants. In the history of this affair, the gleams of civilisation or of order which appear in the conduct of the natives, are as well calculated to increase the certainty of their revenge, as to diminish the horror of it. A short time subsequent to this event, the governor of Inhambane, with all the forces he could collect, Portuguese and native, amounting, it is said, to about 800 men, marched south-westwards along the coast to attack the natives in the vicinity of the Rio d'Ouro, but sustained so total a defeat, that the extinction of the settlement at Inhambane may be almost regarded as the necessary result of the war.

The demonstration of the weakness of the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, thus afforded by the loss of two most important factories, has not been once alluded to by Sr. Botelho; who has, moreover, struck out of his *Memoria* a fact revealed in the *Resumo*—that the Macua Chiefs of Sanculo and Matibani on the mainland opposite to Mozambique, ‘the faithful and obedient allies of the Portuguese,’ have more than once menaced that settlement with destruction. We might easily indicate many other points where the dominion of the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, which is in the mean time pervaded by disunion and disaffection, is visibly crumbling to ruin. Yet this self-sufficient author, overlooking the inherent and deeply-rooted causes of decay operating on that colony, ventures to hint that Mo-

zambique is the victim of the commercial policy of the English ; who, he says, abusing their influence with Radama, King of the Sacalaves in Madagascar, encouraged that piratical nation to attack the Portuguese possessions. But we must tell the ex-Captain-General of Mozambique, that there is no nation on earth less likely to encourage piracy, or more interested in its suppression than the English ; and also that Radama was King not of the Sacalaves, but of the Hovahs, and was particularly urged by the English to curb the piratical activity of the former people. Is not Sr. Botelho aware that the Captains-General of Mozambique have always expected, and often experienced the aid and protection of the British ships of war cruising in the neighbouring seas ? We can hardly suppose him ignorant of the fact, that at the close of the year 1822, the colony which he governed only ten years later, was saved from a mutinous revolt which threatened the worst consequences, by the timely arrival of the *Andromache* frigate ; and while we now write, the intelligence has just reached us that the same colony has owed its preservation from a like calamity, to the prompt aid afforded to the constituted authorities by the *Leveret* sloop of war. In both cases the fortresses were already in the hands of the insurgents.

But to conclude,—what is to be done to restore the Portuguese colonies in Eastern Africa to their former comparative splendour ? In our opinion, whatever prosperity those possessions enjoyed, was transient in its nature. The Portuguese people may pride themselves on the recollection of the former greatness of their Indian and African dominion ; but let their statesmen bear in mind that that dominion was no sooner acquired than it began to decline. We do not conceive it possible by any political devices to render those colonies otherwise than burdensome. The British dominion in India is, like our national debt, admirable for its magnitude, but it is costly also ; and whatever advantages are derived from it by this country, are such as an industrious and manufacturing nation alone could expect. We reap our profit, not as the Lords of India, but as merchants and manufacturers. While the Portuguese colonies are so degraded in moral character, it would be impossible to calculate on the result of any measures relating to them ; but to make them more respectable would be also to make them more expensive ; and what resources are there in the commerce of Portugal to repay such expense ? It is, in short, an unnatural, and must be an unsuccessful effort on the part of a nation situated as Portugal is, to attempt to obtain wealth through colonies, or to endeavour to raise into a cause what is properly a consequence.

Let Portuguese statesmen, therefore, aim at promoting the

wealth and prosperity of their country, not by propping up worthless ultramarine possessions, but by internal improvements. Let them maintain credit at home and abroad, encourage industry, and preserve social order; and then when, in the natural course of things, the population, the capital, and enterprise of the country shall have increased, they may indulge in the luxury of a few colonies. But the character of these must always depend on the character of the government at home. While Portuguese ministers depend wholly on the support of bands of greedy partisans, and while popular commotion is the ready instrument of self-seeking intriguers, the colonies can never be secure from the grasp of venality and corruption.

ART. VII.—*The Mysteries of Providence, and the Triumphs of Grace.* 12mo. London: 1835.

PERSONS who appropriate to themselves, as *par excellence*, a title which others claim a similar right to enjoy, or profess a similar desire to merit, must expect their pretensions to be subjected to a somewhat rigid scrutiny; nor are they even entitled to complain if they incur a certain degree of obloquy and invective. Such we conceive to be the case as respects those, who, in the present day, are pleased to assume to themselves the title of *Evangelical*;—or even other designations more flattering to themselves and disparaging to the rest of the Christian world,—such as saints, people of God, and the like. We have said that such persons lay themselves open to some degree of obloquy and invective; and this not as bespeaking a justification for ourselves, as if it were our present intention to exemplify such a mode of treatment towards them; but because they generally evince a considerable aptitude in discovering that they are objects of persecution, and in availing themselves of whatever presumption is thence to be drawn of the genuineness of their pretensions;—not seeming to recollect that though the people of God are taught to expect persecutions, all persecuted people, or all who conceive themselves persecuted, are not necessarily people of God. We would advise the persons of whom we speak well to consider whether the hostility of which they complain, or rather of which they boast, is not the natural return for those terms of contempt and reprobation which they are in the habit of so freely bestowing on all beyond their own *clique*; and (since we are not aware that, in this age or country, religion

is ever visited with obloquy *as such*) whether it is by the maintenance of religious truth or religious duty that reproach is incurred, and not rather by dogmatical absurdities or superstitious observances. Most sincerely, at all events, do we disclaim any intention of holding up the persons in question to aversion or contempt,—even on account of what we consider their errors and inconsistencies, still less on account of the real piety by which we believe not a few of them are distinguished. But conceiving that many of the peculiar views and observances which they so actively promote, are calculated to have injurious effects, we must be permitted freely to state our objections to their system of religious teaching.

And we cannot help observing, in the outset, that we are always inclined to view with suspicion any doctrine which may be said to be, in the peculiar meaning of the expression, *the fashion*, at a particular time ;—as believing it not to possess any more intrinsic recommendation than matters of mere fashion generally possess. More especially upon a subject such as the Christian religion, when a peculiar set of views are seen to arrive at a sudden and violent growth—a set of views not for the first time promulgated, but only re-appearing, as it were, in the revolution of a cycle—not professing to be the result of recent improvements in Scriptural criticism, or in Natural Theology or Ethics, but deriving their birth from a period when comparatively little light was sought or obtained from these sources,—a set of views which, during a long space, distinguished by some of the most illustrious names in divinity ever known in the world, had become all but exploded—which, in their present spread, have made their progress not downwards from the enlightened and reflecting, but upwards from the rash and ignorant, by pertinacity and conceit operating on timidity or love of popularity—in all this we think we discover the presumptions of unsoundness and delusion. We are not, however, under the necessity, in the present instance, of insisting much upon mere presumptions.

We mean to consider a few of the points, in the enforcement and illustration of which evangelical preaching is chiefly occupied, and in respect of the maintenance of which it may be presumed to arrogate its title—and this for the purpose of showing that in the sense in which such points are really true, they are duly taught by Christian preachers in general, from whom the Evangelical affect to be distinguished ;* and that, *vice versa*, whatever

* As extreme opinions are to be found, on the one side, which we

sense, on the points in question, is conveyed by Evangelical preachers, different from the ordinary sense, is a false sense. In general we shall endeavour to show that the distinctive peculiarities of the Evangelical school resolve mainly into a sheer abuse of words ; or into an arbitrary and unfounded preference of some, over other parts of a complex system of truths ; by which means propositions essentially true, being separated from those adjuncts which modify and explain their meaning, come to be, in effect, no better than falsehoods. Our readers need not fear either a polemical or a metaphysical discussion. It is not our purpose at present to test the peculiar doctrines of the evangelical school, by their conformity either with Scripture, or with particular ethical theories. We shall content ourselves with showing their inconsistency with one another, and with principles on which their supporters profess to defend them, or which, at all events, we suppose they would admit.

The topic which forms the starting point of all evangelical preaching, and one of those the most frequently declaimed upon, is that of *human depravity*. Now it is difficult to imagine what stronger notions evangelical divines could entertain of human wickedness (with any thing like a regard to known fact) than is to be heard from every pulpit of every sect—nay, to be found in the pages of any heathen moralist. Certainly, however, their representations on this head go beyond any thing elsewhere to be met with ; for they insist that every thing whatever that man does (at least in his natural state) is evil, and altogether evil ; that he not only never seeks to do good, but that he is continually and wholly intent upon wickedness ; that his every thought and every act is wickedness, and only wickedness.* Now if these assertions were mere figures of speech, we should not quarrel with them. We war not against tropes and hyperboles. But if they are literally meant, nothing else can possibly be said of them, but that they are utterly nonsensical. Surely some at least of the thoughts and actions of men are directed

should think it idle to argue against, and, on the other, which we should not seek to defend, we may be understood in general to treat the question as lying between the evangelical and the remaining portion of the established churches of Britain.

* In the declamations made with such peculiar zest and complacency by the evangelical party on the depravity of human nature, we are apt to view them as merely indulging in feelings of deep humility, until it is recollected that, of this depravity, they themselves (at least by their own account) have ceased to be partakers. The depravity, then, which they so ingenuously confess, is the depravity of all mankind—except themselves.

to procure food and clothes for themselves and their children. Is there wickedness in this? Suppose we allow there may be nothing morally good in it, is there, we ask again, wickedness in it? Sometimes we are told that every action is sinful which does not proceed exclusively from a regard to the divine commands. People may, if they choose, define wickedness to consist in having a stomach or a brain; but where are the grounds? Is it a dictate of conscience, that every action not springing exclusively from a regard to God's will is sinful? Is it a doctrine of Scripture? Again we are told that we are blind to sin until our eyes are opened by the Holy Spirit;—that what we do not perceive to be sin, is yet sin in the sight of God. Now there is no doubt that the pure and all-seeing eye of the Divinity will note sins, and note them with serious displeasure, which man disregards; but the idea that sin with God is one thing, with man another, of course makes an end of all arguing on this subject. If we do not know what sin is, how can we tell whether we have sin or not? But indeed to say that man commits sins which he does not know to be sins, is a contradiction in terms. If sin is not known to be sin, it is, for that very reason (as a subject of responsibility at least), not sin.

So far, then, as their meaning can be distinguished from that of other divines or moralists, evangelical preachers hold nothing peculiar to themselves on the subject of human depravity, or they hold what is absurd.

How much hypocrisy and delusion is generated by their exaggerated representations on this subject, it is almost needless to observe. We say *hypocrisy*; for the person who brands himself as an abandoned sinner, without the direct consciousness of specific definite sins, is a hypocrite almost in an equal degree with him who pretends to virtues which he does not possess. What can be more offensive to sound religious feeling than to see some silly creature impressed with the necessity of seeing his 'lost and perishing state by nature'*—as the phrase is—

* A word or two on this very favourite expression of evangelical preachers. We confess we do not very clearly apprehend what it means; nor, we suspect, do those who use it so much know either. Does it mean that our nature subjects us to perdition? Then, assuredly, we are subjected to perdition for no fault of our own—unless it be said that we made our own nature. Is this consistent with divine justice? If it means the state of liability to condemnation in which we should have existed, if atonement had not been made for our sins, then we were never in this lost and perishing state; for the atonement had been made before we were born. If it means our liability to condemnation if we

forthwith working himself artificially into a frenzy—tasking himself with sins which neither he nor any other body could specify—then suddenly passing from a depressed to an excited state of spirits, finding himself saved—a saint—one of God's people; and, on the strength of these morbid raptures, looking down on persons who all their life, or all their responsible life, have *only* been making, or attempting to make, a gradual progress in holiness and virtue!

This leads us to the subject of *regeneration* or *conversion*; and, first, let us ask—Is there any Christian preacher who fails to inculcate the necessity of repentance and amendment, in every respect in which a man's life has not been in conformity with the divine law,* as that without which there can be no salvation—any preacher who holds out the hope of salvation to the man who wilfully continues in the practice of any sin, in the neglect of any duty—to the man who does not, in short, make the law of God the paramount rule of his life? We do not think that any preacher requires *less* than this, as entitling any man to nourish the hope of salvation—we do not know that evangelical preachers can possibly require any thing more. In insisting, then, on the necessity of regeneration as an *effect*, there is no ground for the exclusive pretensions of the latter. We shall try, then, what the grounds are, as regards the *manner* of regeneration.

Now, the impression which evangelical preachers constantly convey on this head, is to the effect that every man must, at a particular assignable period of his life, have made a *change* altogether different, in kind and degree, from any step in moral or spiritual improvement made either before or after—a change so great, that the part of his life immediately preceding it, as compared with that which immediately succeeds it, may, in the most literal and proper terms, be denominated a state of utter and desperate wickedness, recklessness, and blindness;—the first step in

follow all the appetites of our *nature* without moral and religious restraint, then we are in a lost and perishing state by nature, just in the sense in which we are under sentence of transportation to Botany Bay by law, *i. e.* if we break the law. If it means the state of vice and wickedness into which we should have fallen if left to the power of *nature* without moral or religious culture, then we never were in this state. If it means none of these things, what does it mean? Surely those who have perceived their 'lost and perishing state by nature' can tell.

* We do not here enter into the question whether *regeneration*—*conversion*—*being born again*—ever bears at all, in Scripture, the evangelical meaning. This meaning, even if not scriptural, is at least intelligible and allowable.

the change, indeed, being a sensation of the deepest horror at the consciousness, then first awakened, of a condition so utterly depraved; and the transition from that to its opposite being accompanied with a like transition from the apprehension of tremendous danger to the enjoyment of security and hope.

We have said that the impression conveyed by evangelical preachers is to the effect now described, namely, of regeneration's being always a *single distinguishable event* in a man's life. We believe, however, that they neither do nor can maintain this explicitly. For, let us see the consequence. Every man who is not regenerated, is still in the state of the *natural man*. Now, will they say that every person in the world, of whatever sect or religion, who cannot lay his finger on that part of his life in which the great change, as a single event, took place (from the way in which it is described, it could neither be mistaken nor forgotten)—is sunk in the deepest corruption—alienated from God, and averse to every spiritual thing—intent upon evil continually, and upon evil only—every thing, in short, which they themselves constantly represent as the character of the natural man? If evangelical preachers do not maintain all this, we ask what they do maintain different from the common doctrine? And, if they cannot maintain any thing different, we ask whether they can be acquitted of seeking, in this instance, the distinction of *evangelical*, at the expense of conveying false impressions—impressions of what, when explicitly stated, they dare not defend?

So far as to the manner and effect of regeneration—next as to the *agency* by which it takes place.

On this head, we have never known any Christian preacher who did not assiduously seek to impress his hearers with a sense of the deeply arduous nature of the Christian course, and of the difficulties, and dangers, and temptations, with which it is beset—uniformly calling their attention, at the same time, to the promises of divine assistance which Scripture affords, and earnestly urging them to seek that assistance, as that which could alone effectually enlighten, and strengthen, and purify them.

All this, however, will not satisfy evangelical preachers: for they never cease maintaining that man can do *nothing* for himself, and that regeneration is *altogether and entirely* the work of the spirit. Every case in which a person contracts religious impressions, or enters upon a religious course of life, is spoken of as a plain instance of divine interposition—as showing ‘the power of God;’ and appeals are frequently made to individuals of their own ‘experience of the saving power of Christ’—of the ‘working of the Holy Spirit,’ and the like.

Such expressions as these obviously mean that when one man

has come into a state of salvation, another has not; this is not by the first person doing something which the other failed of doing, but by a supernatural intervention being made in behalf of the former, which was not made in behalf of the latter;—in other words, that a man's salvation has not been made to depend upon himself—has not been put into his own power. If this is not the meaning of evangelical preachers, what is their meaning as distinct from that which we have described as the common one? If it is their meaning, what, we beg to know, is the object of all the hortatory parts of evangelical discourses? Surely evangelical preachers often advise, and persuade, and entreat their hearers to do something, and threaten them with eternal destruction if they fail to do it. What kind of sense is this, to urge a man to do something, and tell him, in the same breath, he can do nothing?

But, say the evangelical preachers, we do not recognise man's own power to do what we urge; and our persuasions or threats are merely the means by which the influence of the Holy Spirit is to be conveyed to him. Well; but how do these means operate? Is their use commanded without any reference to their adaptation to the end? Can they operate otherwise than through man's sense of being able to make a choice—able to use some effort or exertion? Supposing the means not to succeed, would it be admitted to be quite rational and allowable for a man to say—the Holy Spirit has not yet moved me—I must be damned in consequence, but I cannot help it? Or, on the other hand, supposing the means to succeed, the persuasion or threats to take effect, in that case, will the man have done nothing? Will he have remained purely passive? Or will he not have made some effort,—some active choice, at least? If a man does this, he does something for himself in any sense in which the generality of men understand the expression; and therefore to say that, in the work of conversion, he can do nothing, must inevitably mean to him that he cannot, and therefore he need not, attempt to employ a choice or an effort. If, then, evangelical divines are not prepared to say that man, in the affair of regeneration, is purely passive, their dogma that man can do nothing of himself conveys a preposterous and false idea.

If it be said—the choice, though apparently the man's own act, is really not his own, but the work of the Spirit in him; we answer, it may be so: it may be that we are not the same men we were yesterday; that our recollection of the past, and our perceptions of the present, are altogether fallacious; but this we shall say, that, if there be any one thing which we are sure of, it is, that our volitions or acts of choice are our own, and not

those of another being, and that we are wholly responsible for them. Influence over our choice, even to the extent of leaving us no choice—supplying us with strength to act on our choice—are quite different things; but the choice itself must be our own. But we can afford to waive all this as regards the practical question; for even if it were the Spirit that acted in us, and not we ourselves, still, if we are conscious of the power of choice, the Spirit acts, or does not act, just as we choose to act in this or that way; so that, still, our salvation, in any practical meaning, would rest with ourselves.

But besides, not to be saved is to be damned, not to be damned is to be saved. It follows that, if a man can do nothing to save himself, he is damned for not doing what he cannot do. Is this consistent with the Divine justice? To evade this consideration, we shall be presented with fine-spun distinctions between a natural and a moral inability;—in regard to all which we content ourselves with putting this plain question—In any case where an agent is justly punished, must there not be a sense in which he could have acted otherwise than so as to incur the punishment—a sense in which he is to blame—in which it is his own fault? Now, if a man can do something for his own salvation in the sense that he is justly punished—is to blame—if he does not do it, is it not a flagrant abuse of words to say absolutely that he can do nothing?

Thus it appears that, in any sense in which evangelical divines would maintain the doctrine that man can do nothing for himself, different from the sense in which it is maintained by the generality of divines, such a doctrine is false and dangerous. Will they say that, to any practical intent, they desire to convey a different meaning from what we have described as the common one on this subject? If not, all the distinction that the evangelical mode of statement can claim, is that of disguising a plain and intelligible truth under the form of a silly paradox; and this at the risk, to say no more, of conveying a most erroneous impression.

But what, we beg to ask—if it is not desired that men should stand still and make no attempt to improve their spiritual condition—what is the aim or object of so continually asserting that a man can do nothing for himself? Are men usually too active in this respect; or, if it is merely meant to advise a man not to trust to himself, but to seek divine assistance, does any man insist upon trusting to himself alone? does any man refuse the proffered aid? does any one fail frequently to implore it, who possesses any wish to follow a religious and virtuous course? And to any one who has no wish of this kind, of what use will the doctrine be?

What is the specific case of fault or error which is conceived to require such frequent and urgent assertions of this doctrine?—Let such case be pointed out and instanced.

The question, let it be observed, has not hitherto been, whether a man can attain a state of salvation without Divine *aid*; but whether that aid is not given to all who seek it—whether its being made available to any man, or the contrary, does not depend upon the man himself. But we would now ask whether it is for the credit of Christianity, as a system fitted for the acceptance of a rational being—whether it is consistent with the supposition of man's being a rational being, to say, on the one hand, that revelation has not sufficient evidence to procure his belief, does not present considerations sufficient to move his conduct; or, on the other, that he is incapable of being moved by such evidence and such considerations, without a supernatural interference? What shall we say of the complete sacrifice of all worldly ease and pleasure, of the dreadful privations and tortures often incurred by the Hindoo, with a view to secure his welfare in a future world? Yet we believe supernatural interference will not be pleaded in such an instance as this. Is the Christian's belief then formed on less sure grounds? Is the conduct required of him less rational, less practical? Is the Christian himself less rational, less sensible of the wisdom of sacrificing all worldly good for the sake of his everlasting happiness? * Evangelical divines

* If it is not alleged that, in such cases, the Divine interference is manifest to our perceptions, or that the effect is inexplicable from the operation of known motives on the human mind, the fact of such interference must be rested on the authority of Scripture. But what shall we say when these very instances, as they are termed, of Divine power, are produced as proofs of the truth of Scripture; *i. e.* the miracle first proved by Scripture—then Scripture by the miracle! But waiving this, scriptural usage, in one sense, ascribes *every thing* to God, in respect that every faculty we possess is given by him, and cannot be exercised independently of him; in another more particular sense, it ascribes to him all the effects produced by the promises and threatenings contained in revelation. None of the texts seeming to bear that a Divine intervention is necessary to enable a man to adopt and pursue the way of salvation, need be explained otherwise than after one of these modes. This is no denial that Divine *aid is given*. But it is one thing to admit this—to admit that, without such aid, spiritual perfection cannot be attained;—quite another thing to apply the terms descriptive of a *miracle* to cases where the natural powers which God has given us seem adequate to produce all the effects that are *visible*;—quite another thing still to represent such cases (as evangelical people do) as the effects of a special intervention in behalf of some particular persons above others.

are in the practice of drawing distinctions between a *historical* and a *saving* faith—admitting that the former may be a natural act of the mind, but not the latter. But let them define what they mean by a saving faith, and then tell us whether as great a devotion to religious duty in a Christian as a Hindoo or a Mahometan sometimes exhibits, would not be a saving faith.

Much of the favour which evangelical doctrines enjoy among the weak and ignorant, is owing to the exclusion which these doctrines make of ordinary human agency in the business of religion, and the gratification which they afford to the appetite for the supernatural; besides which, nothing, it is obvious, can be more flattering to the ‘pride of the human heart’ (to borrow a favourite evangelical phrase) than the idea of being the object of special Divine interference and favour, as supposed to be manifested in every case of regeneration. In referring to such occasions as these, too, let it be observed, evangelical preachers are in the habit of expressing themselves as if Divine influences and communications may be *sensibly felt*; and not in regard to such occasions only. We have heard some of those preachers allude slightly and incidentally—in their prayers, for instance—to the assurances which some believers had received of the Divine acceptance of their sacramental devotions—of the want of such assurance, or even intimation of the reverse, by others—just as coolly, and as much in the way of a thing of course, as they would talk of a communication between one man and another. Yet the same persons refrain from directly and explicitly stating, as matter of doctrine, the substance of the impressions thus conveyed; or, at most, do not go beyond the bare and vague assertion of it. Here then, we think, they cannot escape this dilemma:—If they are in a condition advisedly to maintain the occurrence of such sensible influences and direct communications—to maintain that the operations of the Holy Spirit, in the work of regeneration or otherwise, are usually distinguishable, in the consciousness of the individual, from the operations of his own mind, what excuse can they possibly have for not sometimes directly and specifically treating of a point of such importance?—proving the fact from Scripture or experience, and showing whether there is any or what danger of mistaking it. On the other supposition, how can they feel warranted, merely in order to pamper the vulgar love of wonder and mystery, or led away by such a love themselves, to utter what is at most but a crude and unauthorized fancy; thus recklessly scattering the seeds of presumptuousness and delusion?

The idea of man's being wholly passive in the work of spiritual improvement,—the mere subject of a change impressed upon him by a power external to himself—seems to be fast producing the persuasion, that if any thing can be done for salvation at all, it can only be done by the use of what are called religious ordinances,—that is by hearing sermons, praying, reading. Judging from appearances, we might pronounce evangelical preachers anxious to foster this notion. They have coined the phrase 'means of grace,' which is perpetually in their mouths, and invariably used so as to convey the impression that these are the *only* means by which salvation is to be sought or obtained. Religious services they seem to think cannot by possibility be too many or too long: a 'church-going people' is the designation they affectedly employ to intimate the most flourishing state of religion in a community. Under their auspices, prayer-meetings abound, preachings are thronged, preachers run after. Observance of the Sabbath, punctual attendance on public worship, are the most common, and treated as the most important, subjects of inculcation. Do we impute it as a fault to Christian preachers that they diligently enjoin the observance of the outward ordinances of religion? Truly not. The objection is only to the excessive,—the disproportionate, the almost exclusive importance attached to such observances. We complain of the encouragement thereby given to the idea that the duties of religion mainly consist in the use of ordinances; as if a punctual discharge of all this class of duties were not known to be consistent with an almost entire want of real religion.

We come now to the important question of faith and works; and here we are prepared to maintain, in spite of all the efforts of evangelical preachers to make the contrary appear, that some of their most common representations must have the effect (if they have any effect at all), of relieving men from the duties of morality, of making morality utterly useless as regards salvation; and, of course, of removing all motives to the practice of moral virtue that may be drawn from that source.

Every body knows that no topic is a more constant and favourite one with the evangelical preachers than the inefficacy of *works*, as a means of obtaining salvation;—nothing the object of more frequent denunciation than the placing of any dependence on our works, or the using of any attempts, or entertaining any hopes, to procure salvation in this way; nor do they ever omit to reprobate, as an error of the most fatal kind, the idea that our works can, even in part, and together with the atonement of

Christ, contribute to the procuring of our salvation. Will any man who is acquainted with the meaning of language say, that from representations of this kind it is not the first and most natural inference, that we cannot benefit ourselves by practising moral virtue;—that we need not therefore seek to practise it; that the practice of moral virtue is useless? For, if good works do not contribute to our salvation, what motive is there (founded on a regard to salvation) for the performance of them? Why should a man who is tempted to do evil, or disinclined to do good, put any constraint on his inclinations? To this it is answered, salvation is obtained through faith alone; but a saving faith must necessarily produce good works: good works must therefore be practised as *proofs* of faith.

Now, in regard to this statement, we, in the first place, not merely deny that faith will produce good works (taking the idea or definition of a saving faith, which evangelical divines themselves furnish), but assert the very contrary. The completeness or perfection of faith can only have regard to two things—the number of the objects, or points of belief, which it embraces—the intensity or steadiness of the belief. Now the only points of belief that are comprehended by the faith, which, according to the evangelical divines, can save us (*i. e.* a saving faith) are, that we are saved wholly and entirely by Christ's sacrifice, and not in the smallest degree by any thing which we do, or can do, ourselves. Will a belief then that our works can in no degree or way contribute to our salvation, produce works? Will it not produce, if it produce any thing at all, the very reverse? The fact is, that the evangelical professors here unconsciously borrow a leaf out of the ordinary system. That faith will, according to its degree, produce good works, is a true proposition, when faith means a belief not merely in Christ as our Saviour, but a belief in all that Christ has told us,—one of these things being that we shall be saved if we practise good works according to his commands, not saved otherwise. But the proposition that faith will necessarily produce good works, in the evangelical idea of faith, *i. e.* faith involving the belief that our works can in no degree help to procure salvation for us, is an absurdity but just one step removed from a contradiction in terms. Instead of proving that we wholly and entirely trusted in Christ, our performance of works would prove just the contrary. It would show that we did not fully and exclusively trust in him. Surely the obvious and natural way of proving

that we trust altogether to Christ, and not at all to works, is not to perform these works.*

But, in the next place, supposing that faith necessarily did produce good works—so that where no good works appeared there could be no faith—still, if works, as works, were not means of salvation, there could be no motive for the performance of them. The want of works would indeed prove the want of faith; and, with that, the impossibility of salvation. But what then? If the faith is not there, the performance of works will not make it to be so, and therefore cannot mend the matter. The notion of proving faith by works (in the way supposed) contains just the same sort of absurdity as would that of proving one to have an appetite, by eating, or that one is sleepy, by going to bed. A man that has an appetite will eat; a man that is sleepy will go to bed; but if he has not been hungry, or sleepy, his eating, or going to bed, in the two cases respectively, will not make him to have been so.

But now, waiving all these objections to the manner in which evangelical divines rebut the charge of making good works, or moral virtue, unnecessary to salvation—since they acknowledge, in point of fact, however inconsistently—that good works cannot be dispensed with, what, we desire to know, becomes of their assertion, so often, so absolutely insisted upon, that we are saved by faith alone, without good works—and that all that is necessary for us is to believe in Christ? To say to a man, you are saved by faith without works, but you must give the works too, or else you cannot be reckoned to have the faith—what is this but a pitiful sophism?† Does God Almighty thus trifle with the

* This is the exact counterpart of St Paul's reasoning (Gal. v. 2—6). He urges on the Jewish converts that if they still resort to circumcision, and the other rites of the ceremonial law, Christ's sacrifice can profit them nothing; because this would indicate a want of reliance on that sacrifice. From which we draw this inference—and beg the earnest attention of evangelical divines to it—that if, in those texts where St Paul speaks of faith as the exclusive means of salvation, as opposed to works, he had spoken with a view to *moral* works, he would have prohibited these works on the same ground as he prohibited circumcision. Did St Paul prohibit moral works?

† We have now and then heard evangelical discourses constructed on this plan:—In the *first* head, the preacher would maintain, in the most express and unequivocal terms, that we are saved by faith alone, without works: the *second* he would commence by asking—Do I then say we can be saved without works?—absurd—ridiculous—a vile calumny—and what not:—never seeming to observe that the supposition thus indignantly disclaimed in the *second* head, is, to the letter, the very

understanding of his creatures? and is revelation really a thing of riddles and conundrums for men to exercise their wits withal?*

But now, seeing that the preachers calling themselves evangelical, do, in a certain way, own, that without good works there can be no salvation, let us enquire what are the specific pretensions left them on this head, to be exclusively distinguished by the title in question.

The great body of Protestants maintain that all men are sinners, and liable to punishment; and that no man can, by any works, moral or ceremonial, make atonement for his sins: in this sense they maintain that works cannot contribute to salvation† in

proposition maintained in the *first*! Still, if the poison and the antidote were always thus exhibited together, there would be less room for complaint; but speaking against works is the rule—for them the exception.

* Here we cannot help alluding to the manner in which evangelical preachers manage to get over the numerous plain declarations of Scripture, that we shall be judged according to our *actions*. If a text says that a man who obeys the Divine laws will be rewarded with future happiness—yes, they say, if he does keep the Divine laws *to the letter*—as if God would mock his creatures with promises of a reward, which he knew they could never—without his merciful allowance—act so as to obtain. Why that allowance is made, is another question. So also they say, that, by the good works to which reward is promised, we must understand merely the righteousness of Christ, imputed to the *believer*. Thus a text declaring that our salvation depends on our works, is made to declare that it does *not* depend on our works, but on our faith. Sterne contented himself with saying, on the text—‘it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting’—*that I deny*. Sterne was a bungler. We have seen as good feats performed as making this text *mean*, that it is better to go to the house of feasting, than to the house of mourning.

† It is never in any other meaning than this that the New Testament writers represent salvation as obtainable without works. And, though their proposition (in this meaning) holds equally true both as to moral and ceremonial works, it was in respect of the latter *solely*, that the occasion for maintaining the proposition existed. There is not, we believe, *one* text to be found, to the effect that faith alone without works can procure salvation, which has not, by the context, a *direct and visible* reference to the case mentioned in Acts xv. 1. The occasion for the doctrine was peculiar to the times and circumstances, and its meaning must have been evident to the persons addressed. Preaching against seeking salvation by works *now*, in the way that St Paul found it necessary to preach it, is among the greatest absurdities that ever entered the human brain. Why do not evangelical preachers exert themselves in reprobation of the practice of eating meat offered to idols—or even take some pains to put down the worship of Baal? There is an oversight here.

any manner or degree. All necessary atonement for the sins of men they hold to have been made by Christ, and believe that, by the Divine goodness and mercy, every man may, on account of this atonement, obtain forgiveness of his sins, by merely asking and accepting it—of course, with faith or belief that he can thereby obtain it. In this sense, and merely in opposition to the notion of making atonement by works, they hold that salvation, or pardon of sin, is by faith alone. But, as forgiveness of the past does not imply a dispensation for the future, and as a pardon for the past would be a nullity where the transgression was not abandoned, and where fresh guilt was to be incurred, it is also held that there can be no pardon without repentance and amendment; and therefore that works are, in this sense, necessary to salvation.

Now we desire to know what are the grounds on which those who claim to be the sole depositaries of evangelical truth rest their pretensions, in regard to this doctrine. In what does the statement now given fall short of being evangelical—or wherein consists that ‘trusting to works’—that ‘self-righteousness’*—that ‘pride of the human heart’—which evangelical professors never cease inveighing against as the damnable error into which all but themselves have fallen? Who trusts to his works, in any other sense than that just explained? What is the case, then, against which their denunciations are directed—or what possible aim or object can they propose to themselves by their eternal warnings against seeking salvation by works? Are men too moral? Is too great an attention to moral duty the prevailing error of our times? Or do they themselves say that a man can be saved who is without good works, who lives in the practice of sin? Surely if it be true that we cannot be saved without good works, this is at least a sense in which we must trust to good works for salvation. Is there any sense in which good works are *not* the means of salvation, but merely this, that our works would never entitle us to salvation? but, in this sense, we again ask who does trust to his works for salvation?

The constitution of nature by which the herb rises from the seed, to afford sustenance to man, was not, certainly, ordained in respect of any thing that man had done, or could do, as the procur-

* The ‘self-righteousness’ which we find the most severely condemned in Scripture, is that of the persons who ‘trusted that they were ‘righteous, and despised others.’ Whether the evangelical party are distinguished by an extraordinary exemption from this fault, we shall not pretend to say. The other kind of self-righteousness was that of the Jews, who insisted upon *circumcision*. We have not heard of *this* error being, at present, very rampant.

ing cause why this bounty was given. It was given solely by the goodness of the Creator; nor can it be said, in any just sense, that the fruits of the earth are brought into existence jointly by the Divine power and by human labour. We know that the united labour and ingenuity of all mankind could not make a single blade to spring; nor can we perceive any connexion whatever between the human means employed, and the effect produced. But would any man in his senses, therefore, go to a farmer and say to him—your ploughing, and sowing, and harrowing, are all in vain; you are quite mistaken in supposing that a crop can be raised by any thing you can do; nay, even that your efforts can contribute in part to the raising of it? Yet this would be to the full as true as that works cannot be instrumental in procuring salvation; and might be quite as rational, though we fear—as regards the practical application—less effectively urged.

On the whole we may now challenge evangelical preachers to say whether they mean to convey any other doctrine than what we have represented as the common one on this subject. If so, we appeal to every one that has listened to them, whether they do, or do not, limit and explain their representations, so as actually to convey that meaning. Do they not, on the contrary, maintain, at all times, as an absolute and general truth, that which is true only in a specific and individual sense, namely, that we are saved by faith alone and not by works; and are they not, therefore, in this respect, chargeable with conveying, or, at all events, wilfully running the risk of conveying, a false and most dangerous meaning?

In order to justify their absurd and dangerous depreciation of morality, we have heard evangelical preachers sometimes have recourse to this very disingenuous artifice:—they would triumphantly ask whether outward acts of virtue, as abstracted from the principle and intention from which the acts are performed, would be of any value; and they would declaim on this topic as if the question of the instrumentality of works, resolved into one between act and motive; and as if those who maintained such instrumentality meant by works only the outward act. Here, rather than lose their paradox, they will change the meaning of words. Who ever taught that works in this sense—works unaccompanied with the exercise of a moral and religious principle—could have any efficacy? or what but the consciousness of a weak cause or an utter inability to comprehend the merits of the dispute, could make any one resort to such a misrepresentation? On the other hand, if evangelical teachers include, in their idea of faith, the principle of moral virtue---a regard to moral and

religious obligation—where will their doctrine differ from that of all other Christian teachers? and what will their dogma of salvation by faith alone amount to, but a mere verbal juggle?

The points we have now been considering, namely, man's natural depravity and inability to do any thing for himself—the new birth by the spirit—salvation by faith alone—are not so properly the principle, as the whole topics of evangelical preaching; indeed, it would seem that a fitness for heaven was supposed to consist altogether in the possession of right scientific apprehensions on these points—as if the last judgment were to be of the nature, not of a court of justice for enquiring into a man's conduct, but rather of a board of examination for testing his opinions and his knowledge. We have now, however, endeavoured to show, that, in their eternal combating for these points, evangelical divines labour to no purpose at all, or to a mischievous purpose; inso-much as in any sense in which the doctrines taught are true, they are taught by the great body of Christian divines, and believed by the great body of Christian people—from whom the title of *evangelical* is thus arrogantly withheld; and that any sense which the evangelical statements would convey, different from that usually recognised, would be—even, as we think, in the view of the evangelical teachers themselves—a false sense.

But while they thus constantly occupy themselves in asserting points which (in the sense in which they are true) nobody denies—nobody can well be ignorant of, or forget—they utterly neglect a large and most important class of topics, on which most men have more or less need to be informed, which all men have constant occasion to have pressed on their attention. Indeed, were we called upon to characterise evangelical preaching, we should say it was the reverse of *practical*. It is almost wholly conversant about truths relating—if to man at all—to man, not as an agent, but as an instrument or subject;—not to human conduct, but to human condition and destiny. It fails to display, otherwise than partially and generally, the considerations by which pious and virtuous dispositions are most likely to be nourished. It is not so properly suited to make us love religion and virtue, as to be afraid of the penalties of irreligion and vice—as if the religion which is founded only on the dread of hell were any better than the honesty which consists in the fear of the treadmill. No attempts are ever made to excite feelings of gratitude towards the Deity, by the display of his innumerable acts of benevolence towards us and all living creatures, in the frame of our bodies and minds, and in the provision made for our sustenance and gratification, in the constitution of the external world. No sentiments of reverence are ever sought to be excited,

by pointing the view to the wisdom and power so strikingly exhibited in every thing we behold around us. No endeavour is ever made to evince, what is so easily evinced, the perfect reasonableness of the Divine commands—to show that all of them have their foundation (which they undoubtedly have) in the Divine regard for the happiness of the very beings to whom those commands are given; and whose interest it would be to observe them, even independently of any consequences positively attached to obedience or disobedience. It is difficult, from evangelical representations, to form any other idea of the Deity, than that of a gloomy tyrant, placing his creatures under an uncontrollable destiny, and then punishing them for walking according to that destiny. With singular inconsistency, though representing man's departure from moral righteousness as that which subjects him to the Divine displeasure—his restoration to a state of moral righteousness as (along with the remission of punishment) the object of the most striking of the Divine dispensations, these teachers never point out wherein consists the intrinsic excellence of moral good—the intrinsic hatefulness of moral evil; what makes the one the object of Divine favour—the other of Divine aversion. No one is ever led to suppose that moral good is essentially better than moral evil, or has any thing more to recommend it to the choice of rational beings. Then there is an utter and entire neglect of giving instructions as to the various duties required of man, or the modes of succeeding in the fulfilment of them. It is by no means true, as is sometimes said, that men do not require to be informed of their duty. But even if they do not err from pure ignorance or forgetfulness, which they undoubtedly often do, it is undeniable that they are constantly apt to be misled by the suggestions of selfishness and passion. What can possibly be a more imperious duty on a Christian minister, than that of describing the various insidious forms in which temptation presents itself—of exposing the pretexts under which men reconcile themselves to breaches of the laws of morality—of showing the hollowness of the enjoyments which vice yields, and the miseries it entails—of smoothing the path to virtue by reducing apparent difficulties to their real size, and by pointing out the aids to be employed, and the encouragements to be found in following a virtuous course? Who ever hears instruction on these topics from an evangelical pulpit? What have we instead? Minute systematic arrangements of articles of faith—building up of paradoxes, to be pulled down by explanations—elaborate proofs of mere truisms, where the conclusions are just as easily admitted as the premises—consolations of factitious griefs—solutions of imaginary difficulties—removal of fears which nobody ever felt—warning against

dangers which nobody ever fell into---fitting of allegories---discoveries of hidden meanings, and new applications of texts. A man shall be informed, to the most minute particulars, in what respects Christ executed the functions of a prophet, those of a priest, those of a king; and never hear a word about his own duties as a master, a servant, a neighbour, a citizen. The respective offices performed by the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, in the work of salvation, are defined with metaphysical precision---what a man is to do in it himself, he is never intelligibly told; or rather, he is led to understand that he has nothing at all to do in the matter. He whose difficulties in embracing a religious life are how to brave ridicule, how to forsake vicious habits, how to combat infidel arguments, how to break from worldly entanglements, shall be left without encouragement, help, or direction; but should any one chance to find himself obstructed by suspicions as to how far God's veracity may be safely trusted, or how far Christ is in all points rightly qualified, or fully empowered, or sufficiently disposed to be a Saviour (or any other such *likely* or *reasonable* scruples), shall have ample testimonials produced for his satisfaction. And this is spiritual preaching!--truly if we take spiritual as opposed in meaning to substantial or solid, such instruction is spiritual indeed. And we have spiritual preachers wondering at the immorality of their flocks---wondering, namely, that they cannot gather figs of thorns, or grapes of thistles!*

Looking to the peculiar doctrinal views of evangelical preachers, we need not be surprised that their sermons have so little of a practical bearing. Man, as they hold, can do nothing: he is

* We are very far from wishing to say that all the sermons of evangelical preachers are of a profitless character---still less that there is any thing belonging to piety and virtue that they are not, *in heart*, desirous to promote. Evangelical *preachers* do not always preach evangelical or spiritual *sermons*. It is only the sort of preaching more exclusively characterized by these designations that our strictures refer to. Discourses are to be heard, at times, from preachers of every sect and every opinion, which no Christian whatever could fail to approve and to profit by. But the misfortune is, that when an evangelical preacher does furnish a really useful sermon, its effect is quite neutralized by the views offered at another time. Separate portions of their services are admirable; but one thing is always fighting with another. Powerfully influenced as we may be this day by their persuasions to embrace a religious life, the distinct assurance that this is not a matter that depends on ourselves, comes the next, to throw us all aback. A most judicious and impressive argument, in the forenoon, on some point of virtuous practice, shall be fairly knocked on the head in the afternoon, by a tirade against *good works* in whole!

the mere subject of influences and impulses externally impressed upon him; which influences are only to be obtained in the use of the 'means of grace.' Preaching, therefore, as preaching, and without reference to its aptitude for specific purposes of conviction or persuasion, is supposed to work after the manner of a charm or incantation.*

Their favourite paradox that salvation is to be obtained by faith alone, still farther condemns their discourses to be of an objectless, aimless character. We have heard we know not how many evangelical sermons on the subject of the question put by the jailer at Philippi, and the answer given to him.† It never seems to be considered that the jailer at Philippi was a heathen, who had not, at the time of his question, believed in Christ before. Because this was a proper answer to a heathen, does it follow that it is equally proper to a congregation of professing Christians? Surely human absurdity cannot go beyond this. If the members of such a congregation did not believe, what should have brought them there? or, if believing were all that is necessary, what need should they have of coming there again? or allowing that there are any who do not believe, surely means ought to be taken to convince them, by removing doubts—by clearing up difficulties—by meeting objections—by dissipating prejudices. Do evangelical discourses ever contain any thing of this kind?

But people may believe, they tell us, without believing savingly. Do evangelical teachers, then, ever inform their hearers what believing savingly means, as distinct from that sort of belief which they already possess? Behold the kind of tests furnished of a saving faith—Do they receive Christ (they are asked) in all his characters and offices? Do they feel, indeed, that he is their Saviour? Have they laid down their burden at the foot of his cross? Are they fully assured of his suitableness, and suffi-

* We could sometimes almost persuade ourselves that evangelical preachers act under an impression of this kind, also, in the selection of their scriptural lessons, which are often the most unintelligible, the least applicable to the present circumstances of Christians, that can possibly be found. It would really seem that passages of the deepest obscurity are supposed, on that account, the most likely to possess a mysterious and supernatural virtue. The abstrusest portions in Hebrews, Romans, Galatians,—all relating to temporary and local subjects of discussion, and which, to the great majority of a congregation, cannot convey the shadow of an idea—appear to receive a marked preference over the affecting narratives, the inspiring devotional strains, and the wise and humane precepts, with which the Scriptures abound.

† Acts xvi. 30, 31.

ciency, as a Saviour? and the like—thus, after the evangelical fashion, explaining the literal by the figurative, the clear by the obscure. Is it possible to form any definite idea of the preacher's meaning? Has he any definite idea of it himself? Really it must be confessed the situation of a hearer of evangelical sermons is sufficiently puzzling, when he sets himself to discover what is required of him. Is it to act virtuously? This is seeking salvation by works. Is it to believe?—He believes already, as far as he knows what believing means. Is it to use the means of grace?—Behold him there, reverently listening. Still he is exhorted, and entreated, and terrified, and besought, and warned.—In the name of common sense, what are well meaning men to do?

The fatal defect of the evangelical system—when representing salvation as obtained by faith alone—obviously lies in the narrow signification they so unwarrantably attach to the term faith or belief; making it to denote certain mystical and undefined feelings in regard to the atonement only (notions, by the way, for which Scripture does not afford the shadow of a warrant),—instead of a general persuasion of the reality of Christ's authority, and consequent reception of his instructions, and submission to his commands. This it is which keeps them constantly on the strain to discover, in the term faith, or belief, some extraordinary and mysterious import; it being undeniable, that, in the ordinary sense of the word, their hearers believe already; and, therefore, according to the evangelical doctrine, have done every thing that is needful.

In formerly considering what motives existed, on the evangelical system, for the practice of moral virtue, we proved that moral works, so far from being proofs of faith (their only use according to that system), would rather prove a want of faith. Are there not grounds for suspecting that an impression of this kind, even unknown to themselves, possesses the minds of evangelical preachers? Do they not discover an evident shyness of approaching to the subject of moral conduct, as if it were dangerous ground to tread upon? Do they not appear to think caution necessary in recommending the performance of moral duties? Does not moral virtue indeed seem to be considered by them as, at most, one of those sorts of becoming tastes, which, though innocent in themselves, are apt to lead away the mind from more important objects; and the cultivation of which, therefore, is on the whole not advisable? Can their hearers fail to take away an impression from this, that any great care about their moral conduct is unnecessary, if not unsafe? Plain people turn away from nice distinctions, and neglect occasional exceptions and reservations. They are led by the general scope and intent of a

preacher. Now, setting aside the actual sneers with which ‘morality’ is sometimes mentioned—setting aside the warnings against seeking salvation by works—looking not to what evangelical preachers do, but to what they do not do—will any one say, that their studious avoidance of moral subjects—their evident disinclination even to read the moral parts of Scripture—their hunting about, even in the most unpromising directions, for any thing to speak rather than morality, must, in the minds of their hearers, disjoin the idea of morality from that of religion?

Now, if evangelical preachers would fairly admit that the practice of moral virtue is, on their system, not necessary for salvation, we should say they were merely consistent. But not admitting this, how can they possibly answer for the almost entire neglect of moral instruction in their preaching? It will not avail them here to say that faith will produce good works; so that to create faith by preaching, is all that is necessary; for the very reason which they themselves give why we should perform good works is to prove our faith. The notion we have shown to be absurd; but it is their own notion; and, as against them, we have a right to argue from it. If this notion means any thing at all, it means that a man, merely in respect of wanting works, may want faith; and, *vice versa*, that, by performing works, he may have faith. Even then, on evangelical showing, faith hangs upon works, as truly as works hang upon faith. Is there not, by consequence, good reason for preaching with a view to the promotion of morality specifically?

But there are other respects, in which, even on their own principles, the neglect of moral instruction by evangelical preachers is altogether indefensible. Though, as they tell us, we are saved entirely by faith, yet do they not also teach that, before there is room for the exercise of faith, we must be brought to the conviction that we are sinners? But how can this conviction be produced, otherwise than by specific moral instruction, by showing men what sin is and how they have sinned? What avails the parrot-like use of a few stock phrases of ‘desperate wickedness’—‘deep corruption’—‘inveterate depravity,’ and the like; or the frequently repeated assertions of the enormous wickedness of mankind in general, which, like their morality, every body owns? To what end quote texts of Scripture to prove such wickedness? Will a man ever be made sensible of his sin and imperfection to any good purpose merely as an article of faith? Yet it is only in a general authoritative way that evangelical divines ever treat of human depravity. We never find them (as we may often find those to whom they deny the title of evangelical) comparing ordinary human conduct, in detail, with what is required by the Divine law, and pointing out wherein consists the deficiency;—

never appealing to the consciences of their hearers in general, or of particular classes of them, as to specific vices of which they may be supposed to be guilty ;—never unmasking the delusions of self-love, and vanity, and pride, and passion, which veil a man's imperfections from himself ;—never, in short, convincing men of sin : all is mere useless assertion and denunciation—as if a man could see his depravity by simply resolving to do so, any more than he can add a cubit to his stature by taking thought.

But, farther—though evangelical divines generally maintain that salvation is obtained by believing alone, yet, at other times, they insist upon the necessity of our being born again ; but this includes sanctification, which is something more than mere believing. It is true they tell us that sanctification always follows faith ; but does it follow as matter of course ? Sanctification, we are taught, is a gift of the spirit ; and we may presume that, like other gifts of the spirit, it is only to be obtained in the employment of the ' means of grace.' But is not morality, in its narrowest sense, a part of sanctification ? In its largest sense, the whole of it ? * If preaching on subjects of faith, then, is a means which the spirit employs to produce faith, why should not preaching on subjects of morality be a means which the spirit may employ in producing sanctification ? Here we have the evangelical preachers in another inconsistency. Although they never instruct us specifically in the obligations of justice, humanity, truth, temperance, piety—although we have no practical discourses on these subjects—yet we have many practical discourses on the subject of going to balls, or to theatres—of walking, or of reading books on worldly subjects, on Sunday—of not giving support to religious societies, and the like. Now, if faith produces the observance of other duties, why not of these also—or, if we require specific admonitions on these heads, why not on the other duties of life ?

And here—having chanced to allude to certain evangelical austerities—we cannot forbear offering a remark or two. By drawing the line that separates religion and irreligion too far on the side of the former, they place a great many persons beyond the pale, who, though near the boundary, might have been kept within it, and gradually engaged in a course of improvement but who, once excluded, will proceed to throw off all restraint. It can never be too earnestly kept in view, that every difficulty

* Morality comprehends *duty* in general—to God, as well as to man. It is really more correct to say that religion is a part of morality, than morality of religion.

we add to religion, is a persuasive to irreligion. Next—if religious persons refuse to countenance what are generally reckoned innocent amusements, these amusements will not be therefore abstained from; but being thus left entirely in the hands of the worthless, will acquire a dangerous character, from which they might otherwise have been kept free. It is a great error to suppose, that whatever is not relished by a man of confirmed religious feeling, is wrong, and ought to be prohibited. You will not make a child love Greek and mathematics by taking away his tops and balls. But as he comes to relish those, these will be forsaken. Increase just religious feeling, and leave frivolous unprofitable amusements to the fate that may befall them in consequence; but do not imagine that you will promote religion by prohibiting them.

From the review we have now taken of evangelical preaching, it will easily appear that its general tendency is to elevate matters of opinion above matters of conduct; to nourish superstitious ideas of sensible supernatural influences and communications; and to place religion more in the performance of ordinances of worship than in the regulation of the heart and conduct:—to promote, in short, the abuses, instead of the uses of religion,—those abuses into which human folly, and human wickedness, have ever been most apt to run, and which it has always been among the chief objects of men of real sense and piety to counteract.

Objections made to the evangelical system are sometimes met by a reference to the exemplary conduct of its supporters; and it is asked whether a system that produces such fruits can be bad. We may admit the fact, as alleged, in regard to many of the supporters of those opinions; we can even admit that evangelical preaching may have been the means of bringing to a religious life persons for whom soberer views would have had no attractions; but to all this we say, if our objections to the evangelical system are unsound, let them be exposed; otherwise we cannot allow of even good results being brought about by false representations of religion. We believe, however, that the becoming practical conduct of persons professing evangelical opinions, has generally arisen not from the opinions in question (so far as these opinions are peculiar), but in spite of them; or, rather, that the assumption of such opinions has oftener been the issue, than the commencement, of a pious and virtuous character. Persons of such a character, when not thinking for themselves (the case of the great majority of mankind), are usually ready to adopt, on credit, the set of opinions most in vogue—having most pretensions—wearing the best name—such as orthodox, or evangelical. Bring an evangelical preacher to a parish, and the greater number of well-disposed persons in it will become evangelical too.

We believe that a few years ago there began to arise, in this country, a somewhat greater degree of zeal in regard to religion, than had existed in the period immediately preceding: we shall not deny that there may have been need of the change;—this, at all events, we shall say, that real religion—the religion not of creeds, and articles, and ordinances, but of disposition and conduct—can never increase too much. But it often happens, that when the minds of men are once set a-going in a particular course, they think they cannot go too far; and, in their anxiety to make progress—every one striving to outrun his neighbour—do not always take sufficient heed as to the road in which the progress is made. People, in their eagerness to magnify religion, sometimes give it the semblance that will magnify it in their own silly apprehensions and vicious taste;—they then place its excellence in the semblance thus given, which they make the cause—instead of the effect of their religious zeal. Thus it has happened in the present case. We regard evangelical opinions, then, as having sprung out of an increase of religious feeling, rather than as having produced it; and an attention to facts will, if we mistake not, be found to confirm this judgment.

In the estimation, however, usually made of evangelical practice, there is a fallacy or two to be pointed out. The evangelical party claim a greater zeal for religion, in respect of their more frequent attendance on religious ordinances—stricter observance of the Sabbath—abstinence from many amusements—greater activity in promoting missions, forming of societies, circulating tracts, and the like. Now the alleged comparative supineness of the non-evangelical in these particulars, arises not from their having less zeal for the promotion of religion, but from their disbelief of the obligation of certain observances, or of the efficacy of certain means. A Roman Catholic is not a more religious man than a Protestant, because the latter does not, like the former, do penance or perform pilgrimages. A man may not be without religious principle though he does not run headlong into every project having a religious name. At all events, so little is religious zeal an indication of sound religious tenets, that nowhere, as every body knows, is more zeal, or greater regard to devotional duties, to be found, than under the greatest corruption of doctrine.

The folly may have its day, but common sense will ultimately prevail; and all that we have aimed at, in the preceeding observations, is to contribute what little assistance we can to bring about so desirable a result.

ART. VIII.—*Jocelyn. Episode. Journal, trouvé chez un Curé de Village.* Par ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Paris: 2 vols. 8vo: 1836.

WHEN we last noticed Lamartine's *Meditations*, it was in conjunction with the *Messeniennes* of Delavigne, and the *Songs* of Beranger. We then viewed him as the representative in poetry of the aristocratic and religious feeling of the country, as his companions might be considered the organs of its military and democratic spirit. Since that time Lamartine has become more decidedly entitled to that distinction,—not indeed from any material change in his own mind, but from the gradual decline and almost complete disappearance from French literature of those feelings and habits which formed the inspiration of his poetry. Chateaubriand in prose, and Lamartine in verse, seem now to be left sole heirs of that less stimulating but purer poesy which dwells on the recollections of the past, rather than the interests of the present; which, avoiding the turbulent and the passionate, seeks habitually scenes and images of serenity and peace; and by an innate disposition, and without an effort, interweaves the ideas and hopes of religion and the rites and solemnities of the Church, with all its pictures of society or solitude. For such men

‘There is a consecrating power in Time,
And what is grey with years to them is godlike.’

And it is a strong presumption in favour of their genius, that the earnestness and sincerity of their convictions, and the grace which their imaginations lend to their pictures of the past, or the ideal atmosphere with which they contrive to invest the present, can produce a strong effect, in a period so uncongenial, and among a people whose whole course of thought or feeling seems to have so little in harmony with theirs.

It is undoubtedly not a little singular, that in France, at this moment, Lamartine, the representative of religious and aristocratic feeling, occupies, by general consent, the highest rank in serious poetry. For, highly as the creative powers of Victor Hugo in Romance must be estimated by all, and brilliant and striking as not a few of his Lyrics have been, we are not aware that it has been seriously maintained,—at least certainly not, except by very young and enthusiastic critics,—that he is entitled to take rank with the poet of the *Harmonies* and the *Meditations*. And, laying Hugo aside, though the French muster-roll of poetry may at the present moment produce several pleasing, and not a few clever and sufficiently daring artists, it would be altogether

out of the question seriously to place the best of their productions beside the more thoughtful, polished, and elevated productions of Lamartine. This position, which would have been altogether denied six years ago, and questioned even at a considerably later date, is now, in as far as we can perceive, generally conceded; and in this general admission, we think is embodied a lesson which may be of advantage not only to the present day, but to many a future adventurer in the field of poetry.

For though Lamartine's elevated rank in French poetry seems to us, in the actual situation of matters, not undeserved, we may say, at once, that we are far indeed from regarding him as a poet of any great originality of mind; or one who, in an age of true poetry, would have made his voice at all heard and listened to among his fellows. He is no creator; he never opens to us any new or unexpected recesses of our nature; he seldom even presents old feelings with any striking novelty of combination or imagery. Of passion he has little or none: where scenes of passion are introduced in his works, they are merely narrated, and absolutely without interest or dramatic effect; almost his whole power lies in description. Add to the qualities above mentioned, a considerable mastery of versification,—which, in his hands, preserves a happy medium between the old rule of terminating, in every case, the sense with the line, and the modern practice of artificial and elaborate ruggedness, by which the pauses are adjusted upon the exactly opposite principle,—and we have the main characteristics of Lamartine's poetry. It is evident that these constitute no very high ideal of a poet; that if Lamartine, therefore, be viewed as a *great* poet, his greatness must be relative, and derived from the poetical errors or insignificance of the rivals by whom he is surrounded. 'He were no lion, 'were not Romans hinds.' And such is, in truth, the key to the popularity of Lamartine. Guided by good sense, poetical tact, and a pure heart, he has wisely kept the beaten highway of ordinary, or at least virtuous sentiment, when others have wandered off in devious tracks in pursuit of novelty, and either lost themselves and their readers in an absolute haze of 'no-meaning,' or sunk into the slough of coarse excitement and sensuality. Whilst some were endeavouring to galvanize into a semblance of life the dead and buried caprices of Hoffmann;—some 'moralizing into a thousand similes' the instructive legend of Don Juan; others manufacturing feeble imitations of Faust; others building the lofty rhyme into a prodigious epic temple, to be inhabited by the Wandering Jew; and almost all, by preference, dealing with the exceptionable, the morally offensive, the physically revolting, the grotesque, the extraordinary, and flattering themselves that they were thus in the straight way to

attain 'originality;'—he, with a wiser estimate of his own powers, and a juster appreciation of the ultimate principle of right feeling and ordinary sentiments in poetry, pursued the path which he had marked out to himself from the first—the delineation of 'the common thoughts of mother Earth, her simple mirth and tears.' Madame de Staël has truly observed, that although we may feel a momentary attraction to gaze on the eccentric and irregular, the mind can only repose permanently on order and regularity; and the truth of the observation is well illustrated by the continued, if not increasing, popularity of Lamartine, as contrasted with the speedy oblivion which has already overtaken most of the productions of this modern school—productions which, it has been justly said, are addressed not so much to the head or heart as to the nerves and the kidneys. Once read, the latter are consigned to the shelf; while Lamartine, notwithstanding an occasional impression of feebleness, and not unfrequently of tediousness in description, may be resumed with new pleasure,—and many of his pictures of domestic happiness, of the consolations of religion, of the sweet enjoyments of a country life, of the magnificence of Alpine solitudes, of the simple and active benevolence of village pastors, of the sacrifices exacted by religion or duty, and the mental satisfaction and consolation which they bestow, imprint themselves deeper and deeper on the memory.

We have already said that we do not regard Lamartine as a poet, the structure of whose mind is at all of an original character. He has fancy and feeling, but he has not imagination; and probably a consciousness of the want of this substantive and independent quality of mind—that quality round which, like a central pillar, the other gifts and ornaments of the poetical character should be entwined—has disposed him to receive with readiness, and retain with tenacity, strong impulses from the genius of many other poets or writers of congenial character. That his mind received its first poetical impressions from the 'Paul and Virginia' of St Pierre is extremely probable, as M. de St Beuve observes.* It is still more plain that the works of Chateaubriand exercised at a later period a very strong influence on his views. He never, indeed, imbibed the fire of Chateaubriand's enthusiasm, nor that originality of view, by which, amidst many errors of taste, and, as most English readers will always feel, of sentiment too, the works of that writer are undoubtedly distinguished. Nay, even in that particular where

* *Nouveaux Portraits Littéraires.*

Chateaubriand might have been imitated with most safety, namely, in the glowing warmth of his descriptions of natural scenery, we greatly doubt whether Lamartine, in his verses, has ever equalled the effect of Chateaubriand's prose. We have certainly met with no pictures of natural scenery in Lamartine, fondly as he dilates on the glory and grandeur of nature, which equal Chateaubriand's prose sketches of a tropical night on the coast of Virginia at sea, or the rising of the moon in the deep solitudes of an American forest. The latter, in particular, appears to us to convey the same perfect impression of still beauty of which we are conscious in perusing the moonlight scenes at Belmont; while, like these, it ends by elevating the mind from the beauties of the scene itself to the Divine source from which they have proceeded. 'One evening,' says he, 'I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the Falls of Niagara. The day soon expired around me, and I tasted in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.'

'An hour after sunset the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the east, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course; sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.'

'The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet alternately lost itself in the woods, and reappeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while, in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, died away at length in the endless solitude of the forest.'

'The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can

'be expressed by no human tongue;—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.'

There are many passages in Lamartine, descriptive of similar scenes, which are of great beauty, but none, so far as we recollect, so steeped in the tranquil spirit of such an hour or scene. Lamartine's have too often a kind of Ossianic vagueness,—an anxiety to magnify and swell out every object into romantic proportions, or, on the other hand, a laborious accumulation of particulars, where a stronger effect would have been produced by the judicious selection of a few prominent and characteristic traits. Our own Wordsworth, too, has not been without his influence in modifying the genius of Lamartine, and teaching him to clothe impressions, which might otherwise have been vague, in the garb of wide and profound philosophical truths; but we confess, we look in vain in Lamartine for that brief and pregnant expression, which so often in reading Wordsworth produces an effect like a spell. From Byron he seems to have borrowed little, though powerfully impressed by his genius. There was an inherent opposition in their views and natures, which rendered it impossible for Lamartine to mould to his own purposes the ideas of Byron, as he had so successfully done those of other minds. He contented himself with addressing to him a long and sorrowful expostulation, and betook himself to the converse of more congenial spirits.

No man of any eminence in France, at the present moment, can write a work, in which the design of advocating some great political or social scheme,—some reform or revolution in morals,—is not instantly detected by the eyes of ingenious observers. In a tale which paints the feelings of a prisoner between his trial and execution, it is discovered that the author intended a pleading against the punishment of death: every novel in which a marriage terminates in misery or in adultery, is a pleading, in favour of a law of unlimited divorce; lurking under the unsuspecting garb of a poem, prying eyes detect the St Simonian principle of a community of labour, of property, of female intercourse—in short, every one of the parties into which France is divided, is on the alert to find, or, where it cannot find, to make materials for its own purposes out of every work of art which appears. In some cases the authors have had the weakness to accept the equivocal compliment—to sanction the inter-

pretation, and to ascribe to forethought and intention what in all probability owed its origin entirely to chance, and to the over-acuteness of those whose views the work might be supposed, however remotely and indistinctly, to favour.

Lamartine has acted differently. A political and religious motive has been imputed to him in the composition of *Jocelyn*, which he at once disclaims. Some persons seem to have hailed in him a second La Mennais, carrying over the weight of his talent and influence as a Catholic, to second the efforts of those by whom the Christian religion, as it now exists, is regarded as an outworn form,—suited indeed to an earlier phase of society, but altogether unfit for the new wants of the present or the new hopes of the future. Some, it appears, have regarded it as a covert attack on religion in general, others as a poetical argument against the celibacy of the priesthood. Lamartine protests, and we believe with perfect truth, against either supposition.

‘The reader would deceive himself if he saw in this subject any thing but its poetical side. There is in it no concealed intention, no system, no controversy for or against any particular religious faith, but only the moral and religious sentiment taken at that elevation when all that raises itself towards the Deity meets in union, and not at that lower region where specialties, systems, and controversies divide hearts and intelligences.’*

‘As to the celibacy of the priesthood, whatever may be the opinions of the author on this head—opinions which would not even be heretical, since the Romish Church recognises the marriage of Catholic priests in the East—the idea of converting a poem into a controversy in verse for or against a particular point of discipline has never entered into his imagination.

‘As to an attack against Catholic Christianity, it would be equally to mistake the instinct of the poet and the moral tact of the man, to imagine any intention of polemical hostility in a work of pure poetry, the sole merit of which, if it has any, consists in that moral and religious sentiment with which every verse is imbued. . . . The author has had but one intention in its composition—to inspire the adoration of God, the love of man, and the relish for the beautiful and the good, in all those who feel within themselves these noble and divine instincts.’†

Jocelyn, as the author informs us, is not a poem, but an episode—the mere fragment of an *Epopée Humanitaire*;—an immense work, of which he has executed portions at different periods of his life. This, it must be admitted, is rather a startling announcement. What, indeed, must be the extent of the epic,

* *Avertissement*, t. i. p. 17.

† *Postscriptum*, t. i. p. 22, 23.

of which a tale in two volumes octavo, containing some seven or eight thousand verses, constitutes one of the episodes? What, in fact, is the meaning of this vague and truly French expression, *Épopée humaine*? Every epic is in one sense a picture of humanity, but, of course, of a portion or section of it, not of the whole. In this sense, M. Lamartine's epic would have in it nothing new; in any other sense, we are at a loss to conceive how the term epic could be applied to such a composition, or how any composition could pretend to embrace, in one view and on one canvas, what even the greatest poets that ever existed have only attempted to present in partial aspects, and in insulated portions.

Of this we are certain, that if every other episode in this 'epic of humanity' is to be treated with the same fullness of development as this of *Jocelyn*, the epic must lose itself, as its author frequently does, 'in the infinite.' The feelings which this episode depicts,—the short and simple annals of the Catholic pastor's life which it represents,—constitute a wonderfully small portion of the 'destiny of humanity;' and if to each a portion is to be assigned corresponding to its interest and importance, the line would lengthen 'to the crack of doom.' To say the truth, Lamartine's poem would have suffered nothing from being laid before the world by itself, unconnected with any problematical epic, and read 'in the same spirit that the author writ,' as 'un rêve d'un cœur de seize ans.'

The episode, he assures us, is 'not an invention,' but in a great measure 'an actual narrative.' The priest who, under the name of *Jocelyn*, is the hero of the poetical novel, he represents as having had a real existence; and the poet himself is shadowed out under the form of the botanist who, in his visit to the residence of the deceased pastor, finds the scattered fragments of verses which depict his life of resignation, suffering, and duty. How far, however, the whole incidents are to be taken as literally true, or how far at least the sentiments have been coloured by that Claude-Lorraine magnifier, through which all objects are viewed by Lamartine, the reader is left to conjecture. We shall only say for our own part that we have seldom seen any thing which looked *less* like an actual narrative, or more like pure invention, than great part of the sentiments, and, generally speaking, the tone of feeling attributed to the hero. We give Lamartine every credit for the good feeling and good sense which has induced him so carefully to avoid those delineations of turbulent and evil passions so much in vogue at the present time; but still, in his pictures of the gentler feelings and more elevated emotions, the weakness of humanity need not be so overlooked,

sentiment so kept on the stretch, resignation, devotion, grief, and penitence all decked out with such elaborate phrase—even the natural scenery in the background got up with such an artificial and dioramic eye to the effect. In one word, there is a total want of relief in this poem. Lamartine cannot descend from the empyrean. He cannot venture to be natural.

Of plot, the poem (which is divided somewhat fantastically into nine epochs) has not much, and that little not of the most probable kind.

Jocelyn is a youth of sixteen. He lives with his family in the neighbourhood of Grenoble; they are respectable, but in humble circumstances. He has not any natural vocation to the priesthood. On the contrary, at the opening of the tale, he is full of youthful hope and enthusiasm; the world lies before him bright and tempting, and in the gay fêtes which sometimes break the even tenor of the village life, his youthful heart has often indulged in bright visions of the future. The following passage, which describes his feelings on one of those occasions, is, in our opinion, the most pleasing of the whole poem. It is long, for Lamartine, as we have already said, is utterly without the power of condensation; he operates *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*; but there is less of that strained elevation about it, of which we are in general made painfully sensible in most of his descriptions.

‘ How calm that morn above the valley breaks : *
 Each roof to light beneath its light awakes ;
 The lattice bolts, with earliest day withdrawn,
 Let in, like some familiar friend, the dawn :
 Slow rising through the air in azure piles,
 The smoke from every humble cottage coils ;
 And, bounding through the valleys, runs the knell
 Light-floating, jocund, of the pious bell.
 Roused by the peal, the village maidens peep
 Through their half opened casements, half-asleep ;
 Each unto each some kindly greeting sending,
 While some are seen from high balconies bending,

* Que ce jour s'est levé serein sur le vallon,
 Chaque toit semblait vivre à son premier
 rayon,
 Chaque volet ouvert à l'aube près d'éclorre
 Semblait comme un ami solliciter l'Aurore ;
 On voyait la fumée en colonnes d'azur
 De chaque humble foyer monter dans un
 ciel pur ;
 Du pieux carillon les légères volées

Couraient en bondissant à travers les val-
 lées ;
 Les filles du village à ce refrain joyeux
 Entr'ouvraient leur fenêtre en le frottant
 les yeux,
 Se saluaient de loin du sourire ou du
 geste,
 Et sur les hauts balcons penchant leur front
 modeste,

Combing their tresses, like a shower descending ;
 Then with bare feet, and robe that round them swims
 Transparent, such as clasps a statue's limbs,
 Down tripping glide, to cull with rosy fingers
 The flower on which the morning's moisture lingers ;
 Whose dewdrops trickling down their necks of snow,
 Like pearls escaping from a necklace show.
 Each flowery path that from the wood leads down,
 With steps, with sounds, with voices of its own
 Resounds ; straw hats are mingling with the green ;
 And crimson stays round slender waists are seen ;
 And hurrying groups, that hour on hour glide past,
 Till round the village-elm all meet at last.
 What scenes of kind embrace and happy greeting !
 Gray hairs the brows of youthful maidens meeting—
 Old feelings all revived, old friends regained,
 And stranger guests to rustic feasts constrained,
 The virgins kneeling round the chapel walls,
 The pious groups the pealing bell recalls
 Chaplet in hand, and brows devoutly bent,
 To dedicate to God the day he lent.

‘ How gay with growing eve the dances grew !
 And still the more, the more the day withdrew
 His jealous light ; as if to snatch the treasure
 Which time with every moment stole from pleasure.
 Each orchard with its woodland choir was graced,
 Its little band on blocks of timber placed ;

Peignaient leur longs cheveux que pendaient
 en dehors,
 Comme des écheveaux dont on lisse les
 bords,
 Puis elles descendaient nu-pieds, demivêtues,
 De ces plis transparens qui collent aux sta-
 tues,
 Et cuiellaient sur la haie ou dans l'étroit
 jardin
 L'oeillet ou le lilas tout baignés du matin ;
 Et les gouttes des fleurs sur leur seins dé-
 coulées,
 Y roulaient comme autant de perles défilées.
 Tous les sentiers fleuris qui descendent du
 bois,
 Retentissaient de pas, de murmures, de voix,
 On y voyait courir les blonds chapeaux de
 paille,
 Et les corsets de pourpre enlacés à la
 taille ;
 Tous ces sentiers versaient d'heure en heure
 au hameau

Les groupes variés confondus sous l'or-
 meau ;
 Là les embrassemens, les scènes de famille ;
 Les cheveux blancs touchant des fronts de
 jeunes filles,
 Des amis retrouvés, des souvenirs loin-
 tains,
 Des hôtes entraînés aux rustiques festins,
 Des vierges à genoux autour de la cha-
 pelle,
 Et les groupes pieux que la cloche rappelle,
 Leur chapelet en main et le front incliné,
 Allant offrir à Dieu le jour qu'il a donné.
 Que de danses le soir égayaient la pelouse,
 Plus le jour retirait sa lumière jalouse,
 Plus elles s'animaient, comme pour res-
 saisir
 Ce que l'heure fuyante enviait au plaisir.
 Chaque arbre du verger avoit son choeur
 champêtre,
 Son orchestre élevé sur de vieux troncs de
 hêtre,

The fife's shrill note, the hautboy's softer tone,
 The pipe slow breathing out its airy groan ;
 Lively the one, the other plaintive—blending
 In melody or deep accord, and sending
 Together, or by turns, in varying strains,
 The thrill of pleasure through the throbbing veins.
 Eyes seek each other, hands each other press,
 Answering the notes with timid, fond caress.
 Love, like a whirlwind, in his restless sway,
 Bears, two by two, the loving pairs away.
 Feet, hands, and hearts, touched by the spell of love,
 Obedient to the common madness move ;
 They meet, they part, but meet as soon as parted :
 So when the summer eve his beams has darted
 Upon the sultry sand that lines the shore,
 A crowd of glittering specks are seen to soar ;
 To rise, to sink, now meeting, now divided,
 By some invisible attraction guided,
 A flickering fiery column high uprearing,
 And in the sunbeam's radiant sphere careering.

' Then later, when the fife and hautboy's voice
 Began to languish like a failing voice,
 And moistened ringlets by the dance unstrung,
 Close to the cheek in drooping tresses clung,
 And wearied groups along the darkening green
 Gliding, in converse soft and low, were seen,

Le fife aux cris aigus, le hautbois au son
 clair,
 La musette vidant son outre pleine d'air,
 L'un sautillant et gai, l'autre plaintive et
 tendre,
 S'accordant, s'excitant, s'unissant pour re-
 pandre
 Ensemble ou tour a tour, dans leur divers
 accens
 Le delire ou l'ivresse à nos cœurs bon-
 dissans.
 Tous les yeux se cherchaient, toutes les
 mains pressées
 Fremissaient de répondre aux notes cadén-
 cées.
 Un tourbillon d'amour emportait, deux à
 deux,
 Dans sa sphere de bruit les couples amoureux :
 Les pieds, les yeux, les cœurs, qu'un meme
 instinct attire
 S'envolaient soulevés par le commun delire,
 S'enchaînaient, se brisaient, pour s'enchaîner
 encor.

Tel quand un soir d'été darde ses rayons
 d'or
 Dans le sable échauffé qui brille sur la
 grève,
 On voit les tourbillons et atomes qu'il
 soulève ;
 Monter, descendre, errer, s'enlacer tour à
 tour,
 Comme a l'attrait caché d'un invisible
 amour,
 Dresser en tournoyant leur brillante colonne,
 Et danser dans la sphere ou le soleil rayonne.
 Et plus tard quand l'archet, le fife, le
 hautbois
 Commençaient à languir comme épuisés
 de voix,
 Quand les cheveux mouillés que la sueur
 denoue,
 Tombaient en tresse lisse et collaient à la
 joue,
 Et que sur les gazons les groupes indolens
 S'en allaient en causant a voix basse, à pas
 lents,

What sounds enchanting to the ear are muttered !
 Adieus, regrets, the kiss, the word half uttered—
 My soul was stirred ; my ear with sweet sounds rife
 Drank languidly the luscious draught of life ;
 I followed with my step, my heart, my eye,
 Each maiden that with wearied eyes went by,
 Thrilled at the rustle of each silken dress,
 And felt that each that passed still left a joy the less.
 At last the dance is hushed, the din at rest,
 The moon is risen above the mountain's crest ;
 Only some lover, heedless of the hour,
 Wends homeward, dreaming, to his distant bower ;
 Or, where the village-paths divide, there stand
 Some loitering couples, lingering hand in hand,
 Who start to hear the clock's unwelcome knell,
 Then dive and vanish in the forest dell.

‘ And now I am at home, alone. ’Tis night.
 All still within the house, no fire, no light.
 Let me, too, sleep. Alas ! no sleep is there !
 Pray then !—My spirit will not hear my prayer,
 My ear is still with dancing measures ringing,
 Echoes which memory back to sense is bringing ;
 I close my eyes—before my inward glance
 Still swims the fête, still whirls the giddy dance ;
 The graceful phantoms of the vanished ball
 Come flitting by in beauty each and all ;

De quels bruits enchanteurs l'oreille était
 frappée ;

Adieux, regrets, baisers, parole entrecoupée :
 Mon ame s'en troublait, mon oreille ravie,
 Buvait languissamment ces premisses de vie
 Je suivais des regards, et des pas, et du cœur
 Les danseuses passant l'œil chargé de
 langueur.

Je révois au doux bruit de leurs robes de
 soie

Chacune en s'en allant m'emportait une
 joie,

Puis enfin danse et bruit tout avait disparu,
 Sur la crête des monts la lune avait couru ;
 A peine quelque amant, trop oublieux de
 l'heure

Regagnait en rêvant sa lointaine demeure ;
 Ou, long temps arrêté, au coude du chemin
 Quelques couples tardis une main dans
 une main

Laisaient sonner deux fois l'heure avancée
 et sombre

Et sous les chataigniers disparaissaient dans
 l'ombre.

Maintenant je suis seul dans ma chambre. Il
 est nuit

Tout dort dans la maison : plus de feux,
 plus de bruit.

Dormons ! mais je ne puis assoupir ma
 paupière.

Prions ! mais mon esprit n'entend par ma
 prière,

Mon oreille est encore pleine des airs
 dansans

Que les echos du jour rapportent à mes
 sens :

Je ferme en vain mes yeux : je vois toujours
 la fête

La valse aux bonds rêveurs tourne encore
 dans ma tête,

Du bal, hélas ! fini, fantômes gracieux

Mille ombres de beautés dansent devant
 mes yeux,

A glance still haunts my couch ; a soft hand seems
 To press my hand, that trembles in my dreams,
 Fair tresses in the dance's flight brought nigh,
 Just touch my cheek, and like the wind flow by,
 I see from maiden brows the roses falling,
 I hear beloved lips my name recalling—
 Anne, Lucy, Blanche !—Where am I—What is this ?
 What must love be, when even love's dream is bliss !'

Even in this picture it is not difficult to trace that tendency to exaggeration of which we have spoken ; though here the nature of the subject has in some measure formed a check upon Lamartine's magnifying and dilating turn. Once among the scenery of the Alps, and describing the struggles of feeling in his hero between love and religion, he seems to take leave of moderation entirely ; and overwhelms us with the gorgeousness or grandeur of his landscapes, and the agonies or mystic beatitude of his actors.

Jocelyn had observed that, at the fête which he has so particularly described, his sister appeared melancholy. Curiosity to discover the cause induces him to place himself at her window, where he overhears a conversation between her and her mother. The sister is in love ; but the object of her attachment is the son of a wealthy father ; and, with the slender share of the small family fortune which falls to her, there is no chance of their union. Jocelyn, after a struggle, determines to sacrifice his own happiness to that of his sister, by entering the church, and thus transferring to her his portion of the inheritance. He enters a seminary ; the Revolution breaks out ; the inmates of the seminary are scattered ; and Jocelyn seeks a refuge from the fate which threatens all ecclesiastics among the solitudes of the Alps of Dauphine. He conceals himself in an almost inaccessible spot, called the *Grotte des Aigles*, where he is supported by the bread which is deposited for him in the hollow of the rock by a shepherd of the neighbourhood.

His solitude is broken by an unexpected event. He discovers two human beings flying in the direction of his cave, an old man and a boy, and closely pursued by two soldiers. The

Je vois luire un regard dans la nuit ; il me
 semble

Sentir de douces mains pressée ma main,
 qui tremble.

De blonds cheveux jetés par le cercle mou-
 vant,

Sur ma peau qui fremit, glissent comme un
 doux vent,

Je vois tomber des fronts mille roses fle-
 tries,

J'entends mon nom redit par des levres
 cheries,

Anna ! Blanche ! Lucie !—Oh ! que me
 voulez vous ?

Qu'est-ce-donc que l'amour, si son rêve
 est si doux ?

fugitives reach the brink of the torrent which protects Jocelyn's place of retreat; and he directs them by signs and cries to the narrow natural bridge which leads across the gulf. The old man consigns the boy to the hand of Jocelyn, just as the soldiers appear on the opposite side; but perceiving escape for himself to be impossible, he wheels round, and, levelling his gun at the same moment with the soldiers, all three fall dead by the discharge. Jocelyn reverently consigns the body to the grave, and conducts the boy home to share with him the protection, and to cheer the solitude of the *Grotte des Aigles*.

The sentiment of protection on the one side, and of gratitude and dependence on the other, soon creates a strong bond of attachment between the pair; and M. Lamartine has lavished all his invention in grouping round them summer and winter scenes on the grandest scale, and furnishing them in profusion with dews, mists, brilliant sunrises and sunsets, glittering glaciers, tremendous torrents, and the whole other features of Alpine landscape. Take any one of these by itself, and the reader would probably call it beautiful—it has at least a great deal of the look of good poetry; but the constant recurrence of these descriptions becomes at last extremely monotonous. We really wish that some of our descriptive writers of the present day would imitate Mr Puff's practice in this particular, the good sense of which we have always admired. 'I open with
' a clock striking; it marks the time, which is four o'clock in the
' morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a
' great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere.' With Lamartine, on the contrary, as with Mrs Radcliffe's heroines, the sun is never suffered to rise or set in peace; and smooth and sometimes striking as are the strains with which his advent or departure are greeted, we could in most cases dispense with the tribute.

On one of those lovely days in the spring season, when the heart, sympathizing with nature again bursting into life, seems to yield with delight to every soft emotion, Jocelyn and his protégé are seated near their retreat, seeing the snows give way beneath the sun, the verdure of the grass again appearing, and hearing the song of the birds about them, who are hailing the departure of winter, and the arrival of spring. Laurence (for that is the name of the orphan youth) gives vent to his feelings of pensive and brooding delight in these stanzas:—

' See, in her nest, the nightingale's mute mate
Hatching her young, her patient vigil hold.
See how with love her fostering wings dilate,
As if to screen her nurslings from the cold.

Her neck alone, in restlessness upraised,
O'ertops the nest in which her brood reposes,
And her bright eye, with weary watching glazed,
Closing to sleep, with every sound uncloses.
Care for her callow young consumes her rest,
My very voice her downy bosom shakes,
And her heart pants beneath its plummy vest,
And the nest trembles with each breath she takes.
What spell enchains her to this gentle care?
Her mate's sweet melody the groves among,
Who, from some branching oak, high poised in air,
Sends down the flowing river of his song.
Hark! dost thou hear him, drop by drop distilling
The sighs that sweetest after transport be,
Then suddenly the vault above us filling
With foaming cataracts of harmony?
What spell enchains him in his turn—what makes
His very being thus in languor melt?
But that his voice a living echo wakes,
His lay within one loving heart is felt.
And ravish'd by the note, his mate still holds
Her watch attentive through the weary time;
The season comes, the bursting shell unfolds,
And life is music all, and love and prime.'

With all the intimacy which subsists between Jocelyn and Laurence, there is yet felt to be a want of entire community between them; and there is occasionally a warmth, a vehemence in the feelings of Laurence, which almost alarms the religious Jocelyn. The existence of his protégé appears bound up in his. The vague presentiment of some approaching change begins to haunt him, which is indeed speedily realized; for, on returning to the cave after a storm, he finds it deserted; he sallies forth in despair to seek his companion, whom, after a long search, he finds at the bottom of a ravine, wounded and insensible. He carries him home, places him on his couch, and, uncovering his breast to dress his wounds, he finds that the companion of his solitude is—a woman.

Love, amidst struggles which are described with all the author's usual fullness of exposition, takes place between the pair as a matter of course; indeed, in the breast of Laurence, it had existed long before. Jocelyn, the intended priest, is involved in a labyrinth of mental perplexity. His struggles are brought to a crisis by a summons secretly brought to him to attend the dying scene of the Bishop of Grenoble, who is about to close his career like his brethren, and to seal his faith on the scaffold. He goes, wavering

between love and the sense of duty; he pleads his case to the bishop, who sternly rebukes him for his weakness—threatens him with the vengeance of heaven and his own curse, if he be false to the great destiny to which he had devoted himself, and insists on his receiving consecration at his hands. Scarcely conscious of what he does, Jocelyn submits, and he returns to the *Grotte des Aigles* a consecrated priest.

All ties are now severed between him and the object of his attachment. After a scene of violent excitement, she leaves the cave, never to return to it again alive; and Jocelyn enters on the laborious and humble duties of his Christian profession. Years pass in these occupations, but the recollection of his first feeling remains ineffaceable. He is destined to behold Laurence once again. Duty brings him to Paris, and he sees her the object of admiration to giddy and admiring lovers. She had been married against her wishes, and unhappily;—had become a widow at twenty, and is now indemnifying herself for her days of early suffering in a round of dissipation and idle coquetry. Shocked and overpowered by the sight, Jocelyn hurries from Paris to seek once more the shelter of his mountains, the salutary and consoling influence of religion, and of the active duties which, in his lonely residence, are imposed on him.

Some time afterwards he is summoned to attend the funeral couch of a female who is expiring at a neighbouring village on her road to Italy.

‘ We write not for that simple maid
To whom it must in terms be said’

that the patient is Laurence. The pastor goes; hears her story; reveals himself; receives her last breath—and her will—under which he finds himself to be the sole inheritor.

He brings the body to the cave which had sheltered them in youth; and here again is a scene of description of a gloomy kind, which, though containing nothing of any great originality, is pleasing. Jocelyn finds that the winter snows and summer suns have effaced all trace of himself and his companion from the neighbourhood.

‘ Wild vegetation, like a sea of green,
O’ermantling all with crawling waves was seen :
Tall weeds and briars every step o’ergrew,
The grass I trod, no more my footstep knew,
The leaves that in the lake had found a grave
Sail’d with the wind along its sluggish wave ;
No object on its tarnish’d mirror shone,
And yellow on the brink the foam had grown ;

The oaks that with their roots our cave had shaded
 Were now but mournful ruins fallen and faded,
 Their trunks now low on earth were black and dead,
 The lizard on their very hearts had fed,
 One only stood erect, though tempest-riven,
 Stretching its dark and leafless arms to Heaven,
 Like posts, in winter planted, tall and black,
 T' o'ertop the snow and point the traveller's track.'

Here, beside the bones of her father, the body of Laurence is placed; and here too, some years afterwards, the compassionate villagers, to whom his story has become known, place the remains of Jocelyn himself. The poem closes with these lines, supposed to be written by that botanical friend who had been accustomed to visit the pastor in his lonely retreat, and by whom the scattered fragments of his journal are supposed to be collected in their present form.

' Depuis ce jour au mois où l'on coupe les seigles
 Je monte tous les ans la montagne des Aigles,
 Et de mon pauvre ami le récit à la main
 De la grotte en lisant je refais le chemin,
 Du drame de ses jours j'explore le théâtre.
 Et j'y trouve souvent son vieil ami le pâtre
 Qui laissant ruminer à l'ombre son troupeau,
 Rêve des deux amans assis sur leur tombeau,
 Car, malgré le mystère et malgré la distance,
 Jocelyn dort aussi près du corps de Laurence :
 Lorsque dans la montagne on su par mes discours
 Le secret divulgué de ces saintes amours
 Les pauvres paroissiens, par pitié pour son âme
 Rapportèrent sa cendre au tombeau de la Dame,
 Et depuis sept printemps, ils sont couchés tous trois
 Aux lieux qu'ils ont aimés, et sous la même croix.'

That such a story as this should be not an invention, but '*presque un récit*,' seems to us passing strange; but sure we are, that, if true, Lamartine, has by no means contrived to render it probable. Some of his French critics have gone the length of saying that its air of truthfulness in its pictures of the solitary life in the cave actually reminded them of similar scenes in Robinson Crusoe. Now we think no recollection could be more unfortunate. The English novelist has by the vividness, the simplicity, the inartificial nature of his details, certainly imparted an air of reality, never before attained, to a pure creation of imagination: the French poet, dealing with what he tells us is a reality, has wrapped it in such a haze of fine words and splendid sentiment, whilst he has been at so little pains to

divest it of difficulties and objections, that no one could even for a moment look upon it as any thing else than a canvas for the display of the author's pictorial skill. In conclusion, we think the best advice we can give M. Lamartine, is to drop the notion of his great Epic,—to select some other episode a little nearer to real life and the actual interests of humanity,—to endeavour for a time to ‘*sink*’ the ideal and treat his subject with simplicity,—and at the same time to try to attain a little more clearness of thought and sequence of ideas—instead of throwing out every idea as it arises from his brain, certainly not ‘full armed’ in the most appropriate words, but, on the contrary, too often wrapt in a flimsy raiment of metaphorical patch-work, or amplified beyond all due bounds by a stiff vestment of words—a world too wide for the thought it covers.

ART. IX.—*Principles of Political Economy considered with a view to their Practical Application.* By the Rev. T. R. MALTHUS, F.R.S. Second Edition. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author's Life. 8vo. London: 1836.

MR MALTHUS first published his ‘*Principles of Political Economy*’ in the year 1820. The book was soon out of print: and, although he continued to occupy himself more or less with its revision, the present volume was left a posthumous, and, in some degree, an unfinished work. On comparing the two editions together, the difference in their contents does not appear considerable enough to account for the number of years interposed between them. The two first chapters indeed are entirely rewritten; and a great variety of fresh matter is every where introduced. But there is no change in the principles, except in the assumption that labour is a constant measure of value, and of this he had given the public notice as far back as 1823. The arguments, on which this new proposition was grounded, are, we think, the least satisfactory part of all Mr Malthus's writings. This is to be attributed mostly to the subject itself, and partly to his mode of viewing it. It certainly arose by no means from want of attaching sufficient importance to it, or of taking sufficient pains about it, as all his friends, learned and unlearned, can bear witness. Until some permanent measure of value had been agreed upon, Mr Malthus considered that the very corner stone of a great portion of the science of political economy must be necessarily loose. The last letters which he received from Mr Ricardo contain a

masterly criticism on his pamphlet of 1823. The objections stated in them appear to us to be conclusive. Mr Malthus himself frequently observed, that in political economy we must be content for the most part with approximations. And we should refer to the case in question, as an example of the truth of the general observation. There are but few things in life of which we have a perfect measure. Where we have not, we shall only aggravate our disadvantages by acting or reasoning as if we had.

Mr Ricardo and Mr Malthus lived together on the most friendly terms. Although, whenever they met or wrote, they appeared to meet and write only to discuss their differences, yet their friendship never suffered the slightest diminution on that account. On the contrary, like emulous alchymists, working by different processes, they found equal pleasure and profit in throwing their materials into each other's crucible; while their hearts were gradually and firmly knit by the discovery of those moral excellencies, which professed searchers after controverted truths are unfortunately seen to have more frequent opportunity than disposition to display. We have no intention of reviving, on this occasion, the discussion of the questions on which these eminent writers were at issue. But it may be of use to coarser natures to see a specimen or two of the manner in which great minds can differ and communicate their differences. On the original publication of the '*Principles of Political Economy*,' Mr Ricardo wrote as follows:—

'I have read your book with great attention. I need not say that there are many parts of it in which I quite agree with you. I am particularly pleased with your observations on the state of the poor—it cannot be too often stated to them, that the most effectual remedy for the inadequacy of their wages is in their own hands. I wish you could succeed in ridding us of all the obstacles to the better system which might be established. I am sure I do not undervalue the importance of improvements in agriculture to landlords, though I may not have stated it so strongly as I ought to have done. You appear to me to overvalue them. I differ as much as I ever have done with you, in your chapter on the effects of the accumulation of capital.'—(*Letter, May 4*). 'I have been reading your book a second time with great attention, but my difference with you remains as firmly rooted as ever. Some of the objections you make to me are merely verbal; no principle is involved in them. The great and leading point in which I think you fundamentally wrong is, that which Say has attacked in his Letters. On this I feel no sort of doubt.'—(*Sept. 4*). 'I am quite sure that you are the last man who would mistake an adversary knowingly; yet I find in your book some allusions to opinions which you represent as mine, and which I do not really hold. In one or two cases you, I think, furnish the proof that you have misapprehended me; for you represent my doctrine one way in one place, and another way in another. After all, the difference

between us does not depend on these points, and they are very secondary considerations. I have made notes on every passage in your book which I dispute, and have supposed myself about publishing a new edition of your work, and at liberty to mark the passage, with a reference to a note at the bottom of the page. I have in fact quoted three or four words of a sentence, noting the page, and then added my comment. The part of your book to which I most object is the last. I can see no soundness in the reasons you give for the usefulness of demand on the part of unproductive consumers. How their consuming without reproducing can be beneficial to a country, in any possible state of it, I confess I cannot discover.—(*November 24th, 1820*).

Mr Malthus possessed in their utmost perfection the two great philosophical qualities of single-mindedness and patience. He could not contemplate any subject in the spirit of a partisan; and his opinions were usually formed with a deliberation, and expressed with a reserve which left him next to nothing afterwards to undo. But in political economy he took more than his ordinary security against error. The boundaries of a new and extensive science were not likely to be extended, and its controversial chaos reduced to order by the partial incursions of amateurs. From the time that he first entered upon the study of it, he therefore made it the business of his life; the one object on which the powers of his mind were steadily and systematically put forth. And he had his reward. The two great discoveries which have been made in it since the days of Adam Smith—those relating to population and rent—are identified with his name. During the whole interval between the two editions of his *Political Economy*, Mr Malthus was going over its principles and details, week after week, in his lecture-room and his study. If his opinions, meanwhile, underwent but little change, this was not owing to any unbecoming confidence in himself. No man's reason was ever less swayed by vanity or passion; and the candid and equitable consideration for the understanding of others, which was general in him, was heightened with regard to Mr Ricardo, into sincere admiration and affection. The feelings under which the preparations for the second edition proceeded so slowly, were (we have no doubt) in great measure the same which had previously delayed the publication of the first. The following passage from one of Mr Ricardo's letters will probably explain their nature. 'By what you tell me in your letter, you have respected my authority much too highly; and I do not consent that you should attribute to that respect the little activity you have displayed in getting your work finished.'—(*Sept. 21, 1819.*)—This friendly correspondence was closed only by death. Apparently it left both parties equally unconvinced. Mr Malthus had appreciated, however, so fully the philosophical talents of Mr Ricardo and the advantages

which he had enjoyed from the interchange of criticisms with so kind and uncompromising an opponent, that the influence of his former deference in part remained with him, after the contest had passed into less favourable hands. The periodical press, in the meantime, showed that he had all along active adversaries in the field, who would expect from him, on his reappearance, additional matter of greater novelty than he had it in his power honestly or usefully to produce. On being reproached for his procrastination a little before his death, he replied, ‘ My views are before the public. If I am to alter any thing, I can do little more than alter the language : and I don’t know that I should alter it for the better.’ We have, therefore, this satisfaction. The present edition is to be considered as unfinished only in point of composition. In substance and in doctrine it contains the principles of Political Economy taught by Mr Malthus—the most original and successful of all its cultivators during a period when many have been distinguished ; and whom the importance of his discoveries has placed in the rank of its benefactors, next to Adam Smith.

A most interesting addition to the present volume is a Memoir of the Author, by the Bishop of Chichester. The office of a biographer requires, above all others, a friendly and congenial nature. Whether its duties are principally those of a testimony or a tribute they can seldom indeed have been so appropriately performed as in the present instance—by a Christian philosopher, the friend of the author for half a century, and worthy of his friendship.

This is a suitable opportunity for saying a few words on the nature of the services and character of Mr Malthus. Justice to his memory imperatively demands it. While intemperate opponents rashly misrepresented him, and extravagant admirers as rashly misunderstood or caricatured him ; while he was abused by the vulgar, who knew not what they did, and neglected by the powerful, who had no such excuse, he himself was calm and silent. But now that he is gone, what was highmindedness in him, would be baseness in the friends who survive him. Injuries of this kind are among the things which are rightly held *contemnenda in nobis, non negligenda in nostris*. But in doing justice to Mr Malthus more is concerned than the feelings of friendship, the sacredness of truth, or the grateful office of transmitting to posterity the light of a great and good example. Disgraceful personalities have been prolonged for the purposes of public mischief. Political economy—the science of civilisation—is sought to be discredited by the help* of private

* What do Mr Coleridge’s literary executors expect that they are earning for themselves or for their author, by circulating posthumous

slander and the name of one of the best of men is made an ignominious by-word for inflaming the passions of the poor, against, by far, the most sensible measure the English legislature ever passed for the independence and relief of the classes that live by labour. It is true, questions of this order ought to be discussed on their own merits, independent of the merits of individuals. But human nature it seems does not admit of so much reason. Political economy is charged with hardness of heart. The science can appear and call witnesses to character only in the persons of its professors. We remember Sir James Mackintosh saying, that he had known Adam Smith slightly, Ricardo well, Malthus intimately. He added, 'Is it not something to say for a science, that its three great masters were about the three best men I ever knew?' The Poor Law Amendment bill is denounced as a conspiracy on the part of the wealthier orders of society against their poorer brethren. For the principles upon which this bill has been constructed, the character of Mr Malthus, their veteran advocate, is undoubtedly responsible. Now of this we are confident. First: that there were no limits to the personal humanity of Mr Malthus, but what were imposed by his judgment, in order that mere feeling might not do that which unenlightened feelings,

poisoned slaver against the name of Mr Malthus? Against a man, remarkable with all who knew him for the faithful discharge of every duty of private life: Of whom it is saying little to say that he was at least a good husband and a good father. And under what authority is this book-making outrage perpetrated? The authority of one of those unlucky slaves to imagination and indulgence who dread the sight of a duty, and whose lives and habits, even without the contrast of a comparison thus shamelessly provoked, push Christian forbearance to its utmost limits. '*Malthusianism*. Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvellous—that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom! Such an essential lie in morals—such a practical lie in fact, as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies and sects, and factions, which the ignorance, and the weakness, and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet.'—(P. 88.) 'The entire tendency of the modern or Malthusian political economy is to denationalize.' (P. 327. Table-Talk). 'Finally, behold this mighty nation, its rulers and its wise men listening—to Paley and—to Malthus! It is mournful, mournful.'—(Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, p. 328). The representatives of Mr Coleridge seem to be bent on doing their best towards destroying the value of his opinion on any subject. Admiring much of his literary criticism and all of his idolatry of Shakspeare, we are sorry for it.

as well as unenlightened consciences, are so often doing to defeat its own object. Next: that from the year 1798, when he first appeared before the public as an author, to the day of his death, there never fell a word relating to poor laws from his pen or from his lips, which, fairly construed, do not entitle him to be considered the advocate of the poor.

In his letter to Mr Whitbread, published in 1807, Mr Malthus expressly admits (p. 6, 13) that he did not wish, had he the power, to press his general poor law principles into practice in England, to the abolition, but only to the improvement, of our particular system. He declares, moreover, that, abstractedly, he would be an advocate for poor laws on principle (p. 11, 27, 30), the moment a poor law was proposed, which should not have the effect of lowering the rate of independent wages below the maintenance of an average family, and by increasing the proportion of dependent poor, leave them ultimately in a worse state than that from which it took them. ‘To those who know me personally, I feel that I have no occasion to defend my character from the imputation of hardness of heart; and to those who do not, I can only express my confidence, that when they have attended to the subject as much as I have, they will be convinced that I have not admitted a single proposition which appears to detract from the present comforts and gratifications of the poor, without very strong grounds for believing that it would be more than compensated to them by the general and permanent improvement of their condition. The moral obligation of private, active, and discriminate charity, I have endeavoured to enforce in the strongest language of which I was capable; and if I have denied the *natural right* of the poor to support, it is solely, to use the language of Sir F. M. Eden, after his able and laborious Inquiry into the State of the Poor, because it may be doubted whether any right, the gratification of which seems to be impracticable, can be said to exist.’—‘I should indeed think that the whole, or a much greater sum, was well applied, if it merely relieved the comparatively few that would be in want, if there were no public provision for them, without the fatal and unavoidable consequence of continually increasing their number, and depressing the condition of those who were struggling to maintain themselves in independence. Were it possible to fix the number of the poor, and to avoid the further depression of the independent labourer, I should be the first to propose that those who were actually in want should be most liberally relieved, and that they should receive it as a right and not as a bounty.’ Yet there are hundreds of declaimers, like Mr Poulett Scrope, who seem either not to know or not to care

for a word of this, but who tread and talk irreverently over a wise man's grave.

Mr Malthus was born in 1776. He enjoyed the inestimable blessing of having a clever and affectionate father. But he was still more fortunate. For, he was born with one of those temperate and discriminating natures, the possessor of which can profit not only by the excellencies but also by the defects and mistakes of those he loves. The father, Mr Daniel Malthus, was so intimate a friend of Rousseau's, that he was one of his executors. Their friendship is said to have been cemented by a similarity of tastes. There are symptoms in their characters of a more painful resemblance—something of that perilous union of strength and weakness, good sense and paradox, for which Rousseau was so remarkable. The following passage, in a letter from the father, gives us a glimpse of what the son must in the main have owed him. The author of the most sensible chapters in the *Emilie* could not have taken a wiser view of life, or have addressed his pupil in language more affectionately judicious :—

‘ You must make your way to us over bricks and tiles, and meet with five in a bed, and some of us under hedges; but every body says, they will make room for Robert. Every thing I have heard of you has given me the most heartfelt satisfaction. I have always wished, my dear boy, that you should have a love of letters; that you should be made independent of mean and trifling amusements, and feel a better support than that of the next man who is idle enough to offer you his company. I have no doubt that you will be able to procure any distinction from them you please. I am far from repressing your ambition; but I shall content myself with their adding to your happiness. Every kind of knowledge, every acquaintance with nature and art, will amuse and strengthen your mind, and I am perfectly pleased that cricket should do the same by your legs and arms. I love to see you excel in exercises of the body, and I think myself that the better half, and much the most agreeable one, of the pleasures of the mind, is best enjoyed while one is upon one's legs. This is pretty well for me to say, who have little else but my bed and my arm-chair. May you long enjoy all the delights of youth and youthful spirits, of an improving mind, and of a healthful body—but ever and above all, my dear boy, with virtue and its best affections in your heart.’

On the other hand, it is clear that the parental interposition was not always as reasonable in itself, nor the manner equally well calculated to win confidence and respect. The following letter represents their family relationship in rather a reversed position. It appears to have been written when Mr Malthus obtained his college fellowship. By the touching retrospect which it opens, it proves how early and insensibly in their intercourse the father had felt the superiority of the mild intelligence of his son :—

‘ I heartily congratulate you upon your success ; it gives me a sort of pleasure which arises from my own regrets. The things which I have missed in life, I should the more sensibly wish for you. Alas ! my dear Bob, I have no right to talk to you of idleness ; but when I wrote that letter to you with which you were displeased, I was deeply impressed with my own broken purposes and imperfect pursuits. I thought I foresaw in you, from the memory of my own youth, the same tendency to lose the steps you had gained, with the same disposition to self-reproach, and I wished to make my unfortunate experience of some use to you. It was, indeed, but little that you wanted it, which made me the more eager to give it you, and I wrote to you with more tenderness of heart than I would in general pretend to, and committed myself in a certain manner which made your answer a rough disappointment to me, and it drove me back into myself. You have, as you say, worn out that impression, and you have a good right to have done it ; for I have seen in you the most unexceptionable character, the sweetest manners, the most sensible and the kindest conduct, always above *throwing little stones into my garden*, which you know I don’t easily forgive, and uniformly making everybody easy and amused about you. Nothing can have been wanting to what, if I were the most fretful and fastidious, I could have required in a companion ; and nothing even to my wishes for your happiness, but where they were either whimsical, or unreasonable, or most likely mistaken. I have often been on the point of taking hold of your hand and bursting into tears at the time that I was refusing you my affections ; my approbation I was precipitate to give you.’

The admirers of Rousseau will doubt whether he was manly enough to have written such a letter even to such a son. But yet how humiliating was the necessity ! What a lesson to characters that give undue precedence in the heraldry of our nature to impulse and imagination—that suppose a passionate susceptibility can come in any form but what is poor and apologetic before the presence of majestic reason ! In a case of this kind, unless they are well regulated, the greater the powers the greater the disorder. But all regulation proceeds upon proportion. It is probable that the irregularities which Mr Malthus cannot have observed without much uneasiness in his father’s ill-adjusted mind, early directed his attention to this fundamental truth. It was a truth he was constantly repeating in different ways. The dependence of wealth upon proportion is the main doctrine of the latter part of his *Principles of Political Economy*. He believed in the universal prevalence of a law resembling the law *de maximis et minimis* in fluxions. And he has added a note (*Principles*, p. 376), for the express purpose of reminding the reader that it is not in political economy alone that so much depends upon proportions, but throughout the whole range of nature and art. The lesson

which he sought to impress on others, he faithfully applied to himself; and so successfully, that few characters have ever existed of more perfect symmetry and order.

Some of the peculiarities of Mr Daniel Malthus were likely to reappear in the persons of those whom he took into partnership with him in the education of his son. It is difficult to guess what was the principle of selection which carried the young pupil, from between the age of nine or ten and his entrance at Cambridge, under the successive roofs of Richard Graves, the Warrington Academy, and Gilbert Wakefield. The influence, however, of these instructors was evidently confined to the general encouragement and mechanical direction of his studies. The real formation of his moral and intellectual nature was in wiser hands. In this higher department, he appears throughout to have been so much his own great schoolmaster, that neither upon the surface of his mind nor in its depths was there any thing to be perceived that could be traced to the schools in which he had been brought up—nothing either of the wayward father or the eccentric novelist, of the scrupulous nonconformist or the presumptuous polemic. Difficulties which would be ruinous to an ordinary disposition, may accordingly have been serviceable in the strengthening and perfecting of his. The early habit of having to think and decide for himself, would force on him a steadiness beyond his years. While the necessity, in which he was often placed, of differing from those whom he otherwise regarded with affection and esteem, doubtless contributed essentially to that combination of universal kindness towards others, with strict personal self-respect, which met so happily in his character. For this purpose his temperament had indeed been excellently well commingled from the first, qualifying him to enter into and come out of all encounters with goodwill and honour. The account sent home by Mr Graves of his juvenile prowess is a picture of the spirit with which he was ready to the last to carry on the literary battles in which his after life involved him. ‘Don Roberto, though most peaceably inclined, and seeming even to give up his just rights rather than to dispute with any man, yet, paradox as it may seem, loves fighting for fighting’s sake, and delights in bruising; he has but barely recovered his eyesight, and yet I have much ado to keep him from trying again the chance of war; and yet he and his antagonist are the best friends in the world, learn together, assist each other, and, I believe, love each other better than any two boys in the school.’ This reads like an apt prelude to the correspondence with Mr Ricardo—all contention and all affection. Should there be any among his later adversaries with whom the analogy does not an-

swer in all its parts, they may be assured that they have had only themselves to blame.

At the University, the principle *esse magis quam videri*, which Mr Malthus made the motto of his life, led him to distribute his attention generally among the different studies of the place—a mode of proceeding he entirely reversed as soon as his general education might be considered to be completed. We have already remarked that he embraced political economy as his intellectual profession. From that time he gave up other subjects, except occasionally. In his views of life and in his management of himself, he was a utilitarian of the right sort. Under this conviction, he had set about learning to make himself useful from an early age. His quarrel with the followers of Bentham was only in their narrow conception of utility, and in their apparent ignorance of human nature. Otherwise, he was as stout a utilitarian in faith and practice, as ever mounted that cockade. While at the University, he observes of himself, in answer to an injudicious interference which his father had sought to make with the course of his reading:—‘I am by no means inclined to get forward without wishing to see the use and application of what I read. On the contrary, I am rather remarked in college for talking of what actually exists in nature, or may be put to real practical use.’ From the turn of mind which he thus mentions as a characteristic of his academical habits, he never departed. He had no notion of theory being any thing but science grounded upon and amenable to experience. Mr Ricardo and Mr Malthus had both minds eminently philosophical. But they differed chiefly in this, that, in looking at their subjects philosophically, the man of business delighted to dwell among and follow out abstract principles, while the professor was constantly enquiring after practical results. Mr Malthus entitled his work, ‘Principles of Political Economy, considered with a view to their practical application.’ Mr Ricardo, observing upon the criticisms on himself which his friend had introduced, notices this distinction in their points of view:—‘After the frequent debates between us, you will not be surprised at my saying that I am not convinced by your arguments on those subjects on which we have long differed. Our differences may, in some respects, I think, be ascribed to your considering my book as more practical than I intended it to be. My object was to elucidate principles, and to do this I imagined strong cases that I might show the operation of those principles.’ This latter mode of writing gives a much more masterly air to its speculations; and a species of inventive logic may be applied in it of a higher order. But there is a previous point for consideration. It should be first

settled whether political economy approaches most nearly to the conditions of mathematical or moral science. For upon this must depend the choice of the mode of proceeding and of reasoning which may be most successfully employed in the development of its truths. In all things appertaining to politics and morals, extreme cases alter the whole question. Whatever depends upon proportion must necessarily be always matter of degree.

At the age of thirty, Mr Malthus felt prepared to enter the lists. He began with politics—the politics of 1796. The pamphlet still exists in MS., but was never printed. It was to have been called ‘The Crisis, a View of the Present Interesting State of Great Britain, by a Friend to the Constitution.’ His first object was, as a friend of freedom, to protest against Mr Pitt’s administration. His second, as the friend of order and moderation, to arbitrate between extreme parties. The allies whom he looked to in this patriotic cause, were to come from the camp of penitent country gentlemen; the means which he recommended were the redress of grievances. On the one hand, he says—‘The corresponding society is, I fear, little calculated to answer any useful purposes of reform.’ On the other, ‘In the country gentleman of 1796, it is impossible to recognise that old and noble character, the jealous guardian of British freedom.’ He goes on therefore to state—

‘It appears to me that nothing can save the Constitution but the revival of the true Whig principles in a body of the community sufficiently numerous and powerful to snatch the object of contention from the opposing factions. In the Portland party, it is in vain to look for a revival, fettered with blue ribbands, secretaryships and military commands: freedom of action may be as soon expected from prisoners in chains. Where then are we to look for the principles that may save us? The only hope that Great Britain has, is in the returning sense and reason of the country gentleman, and middle classes of society, which may influence the legislature to adopt the safe and enlightened policy, of removing the weight of the objections to our constitution by diminishing the truth of them.’

If Mr Malthus had any predilections which it may be thought that he was disposed to extend further than reason would strictly justify, they would seem to be his views, whether in politics or in political economy, concerning what is called the landed interest. We see here what he expected from the squires in 1796. Unknown to himself, these partialities may have helped to bias a little the balancing powers of his mind, when, after the peace, he attempted to weigh in a scale of the greatest nicety the advantages and disadvantages of corn laws. At a later period, in his investigation of the question, whether the nation would be

richer if the law of primogeniture were abolished, he could not help adding—

‘ In all cases of this kind there are higher considerations to be attended to than those which relate to mere wealth. It is an historical truth which cannot for a moment be disputed, that the first formation, and subsequent preservation and improvement of our present constitution, and of the liberties and privileges which have so long distinguished Englishmen, are mainly due to a landed aristocracy. And we are certainly not yet warranted by any experience to conclude that without an aristocracy, which cannot certainly be supported in an effective state but by the law of primogeniture, the constitution so established can be in future maintained. If then we set a value upon the British Constitution, if we think that, whatever may be its theoretical imperfections, it has practically given a better government, and more liberty to a greater mass of people for a longer time than any which history records, it would be most unwise to venture upon any such change as would risk the whole structure, and throw us upon a wide sea of experiment, when the chances are so dreadfully against our attaining the object of our search.’

Mr Malthus was a reformer long before reform became the fashion. But, always moderate and always consistent, it seems that it was not without an effort that he admitted the necessity of the Reform Bill of Lord Grey. The course of his conversion on this question coincided with that of Sir James Mackintosh, and of most other thinking men who were really at heart reformers. The following note to the above passage shows the mixed feelings of hope and fear with which his cautious judgment accepted the Reform Bill in the first instance. We think that we may now congratulate our countrymen that the conditions, upon which the philosopher suspended his unqualified approbation, have been substantially fulfilled.

‘ This was written in 1820. Imperious circumstances have since brought on a reform of a more sudden and extensive nature than prudence would have perhaps suggested, if the time and the circumstances could have been commanded. Yet it must be allowed, that all which has been done, is to bring the practical working of the constitution nearer to its theory. And there is every reason to believe, that a great majority of the middle classes of society, among whom the elective franchise has been principally extended, must soon see that their own interests, and the interests and happiness of those who are dependent upon them, will be most essentially injured by any proceedings which tend to encourage turbulence, and shake the security of property. If they become adequately sensible of this most unquestionable truth, and act accordingly, there is no doubt that the removal of those unsightly blots, of those handles, which, with a fair show of reason, might at any time be laid hold of to excite discontents and to stir up the people, will place the British Constitution upon a much broader and more solid base than ever.’

Particular trades have particular diseases. So different professions are exposed to different moral dangers. Mr Malthus was a clergyman—a most conscientious one, pure and pious. We never knew one of this description so entirely free from the vices of his caste. Among the remedies which the youthful politician proposed in the *Crisis*, there was one the wisdom of which his personal acquaintance with the nonconformists authorized him to enforce. He lived to witness at last the partial application of his mild prescription, and to rejoice in its success. When will the principle of Paley's chapter on Religious Establishments be allowed to bring peace to Ireland? If men of the spirit of Malthus and Paley had represented the class of churchmen from which, during the last fifty years, English bishops had been recruited, dissenters would by this time be quietly studying at the English universities, and their church itself would be comparatively at rest. In church reform, a more equal distribution of its revenues is by no means an advantage of as much unmixed good as would follow from an extensive infusion of a more liberal spirit among its members. A generation or two of real Whig bishops would make the general temper of the Church of England quite a different thing. Mr Malthus is writing in 1796 on the policy of religious exclusions :

‘ An instance of the evil effects of this kind of policy occurs in the present state of the Dissenters in England. As a body, though there are certainly many individual exceptions, they may now almost be considered as professed enemies to the State as well as the Church ; yet at the revolution of 88, when the constitution was fixed in its present state, the nation was greatly indebted to them for their assistance ; and since that time, till of late, they have been among the firmest friends of the constitution. If during this period, the tests that related to them had been removed, and they had been admitted to equal privileges with the rest of the community ; we should never have seen the present violent opposition from them to the established government. And perhaps if the mother church prompted by an universal charity, had extended her pale to admit a set of men, separated by such slight shades of difference in their religious tenets, such a conduct, so far from endangering the holy building, I must ever think would have added strength and safety both to the Church and the State. Admitted to equal advantages, and separated by no distinct interests, they could have no motives peculiar to themselves for dislike to the government. And as neither religious nor political principles are born with men, the next generation, educated at the same seminaries, and mixing indiscriminately in other society, would quickly be lost and undistinguished in the great mass of the community. An observation on this subject which is given to Mr Courteney, though it has at first the air of one of his usual witticisms, is founded on the justest reasoning, and a knowledge of mankind. “ For my part, I hate

the Dissenters, and I vote for a repeal of the tests that I may hear of them no more.”

But as for hating, Mr Malthus could hate nobody—which, considering the strength of his feelings, public and private, and the provocations which for forty years he was perpetually receiving, was almost as wonderful a circumstance, as that any body could be found capable of hating him.

The object of our present notice is not so much to make a statement or offer proof in behalf of Mr Malthus's talents, as to bring before the public, in a connected form, the means of judging of his character. It is with this view that we have extracted the above political passages from his unpublished pamphlet. His later writings were almost purely scientific, and his nature was utterly averse from all display, political as well as otherwise. It is probable, therefore, that the public may not generally have been aware of the largeness of his popular sympathies, and the sterling liberality of his political opinions.

The part of the *Crisis*, which, with reference to Mr Malthus's literary history is the most curious—that is, its political economy—remains to be mentioned. In the course of his argument, he enters at large into the distresses and the dissatisfactions of the labouring classes of 1796, and discusses the nature of the relief which he conceives poor laws might and should supply. Many persons have been desirous of tracing the source and current of Mr Malthus's doctrines. A passage in this essay contains the earliest intimation which exists, of his having already begun to think upon the principle of population. But, from all the observations, by which the passage is surrounded, concerning the condition of the poor and the means by which poverty may be most effectually alleviated, it is evident that as yet he was only at the threshold. At this time he was as little aware, as any other writer who had stumbled upon the principle before him, of the immense importance of the practical applications which it involved. ‘On ‘the subject of population,’ he observes, ‘I cannot agree with ‘Archdeacon Paley, who says, that the quantity of happiness in ‘any country is best measured by the number of people. In- ‘creasing population is the most certain possible sign of the hap- ‘piness and prosperity of a state; but the actual population may ‘be only a sign of the happiness that is past.’

Mr Malthus owed the discovery, which will immortalize his name, mainly to his benevolence. Instead of his speculations on population having hardened his heart against the interests of the poor, it was the earnestness and the perseverance with which he set himself to work in behalf of those very interests, that first fixed

his attention upon these particular speculations. In the same manner, his progressive conviction of the extent to which the interests of the lower orders were comprised in them, alone gave them, in his sight, the value which he so justly set upon them. The consideration of the several schemes for reducing the hardships of the poor within the smallest compass, was the task which he originally undertook. He brought to it a resolute purpose and a philosophical mind; and he never quitted it, until, by degrees, the whole subject of population in all its relations and consequences had spread itself out before him. The consequence was, that his views as to the means by which the pains of poverty might be most effectually relieved were completely reversed. It was not that his humanity became narrowed, but that his knowledge became enlarged. If popular declaimers ever put themselves in the way of learning humility and charity, it might do something towards teaching them these virtues, to be informed, that when Mr Malthus first entered upon the enquiries, among which he passed the remainder of a retired and thoughtful life, he entertained most of the erroneous opinions in which they are immersed at present. He had to do what they refuse to do—to unlearn false knowledge, and to master the prejudices of his age and country. This made him frequently remark that there was no science in which first impressions were so generally wrong as in political economy. We have repeatedly heard him say that the two converts of whom he was most proud, were Dr Paley and Mr Pitt. It will be seen, however, that he had had to begin with himself—the great victory of all.

No contemporary volume produced so powerful an effect upon the age in which it was written as the *Essay on Population*. It has this distinction too. Popular fictions drop like May flies into the stream. Even many truths, now thought much of, will lose their value with posterity. But the importance of the truths announced in the *Essay on Population* must last for ever. Any one who has taken the trouble to enquire into this subject, will learn what was the state in which Mr Malthus found it. A swarm of inconsistencies—light and darkness mixed together, even in minds like those of Montesquieu and Süßmilch. The real ignorance, in which the little knowledge that was possessed upon the matter was held suspended, and was in consequence rendered worse than useless, cannot be better shown than by Mr Malthus's notice of the writer, from whose publications more than from those of any other person he picked up the hints which directed him to the truth.

‘I own that I felt myself obliged to draw a very opposite conclusion from the facts advanced in Dr Price's two volumes. *I had for some*

time been aware, that population and food increased in different ratios ; and a vague opinion had been floating in my mind, that they could only be kept equal by some species of misery or vice ; but the perusal of Dr Price's two volumes of *Observations*, after that opinion had been conceived, raised it at once to conviction. With so many facts in his view, to prove the extraordinary rapidity with which population increases when unchecked ; and with such a body of evidence before him, to elucidate even the manner by which the general laws of nature repress a redundant population ; it is perfectly inconceivable to me how he could write* the passage that I have quoted. He was a strenuous advocate for early marriages, as the best preservative against vicious manners. He had no fanciful conceptions about the extinction of the passion between the sexes, like Mr Godwin, nor did he even think of eluding the difficulty in the ways hinted at by M. Condorcet. He frequently talks of giving the prolific powers of nature room to exert themselves. Yet with these ideas, that his understanding could escape from the obvious and necessary inference, that an unchecked population would increase, beyond comparison, faster than the earth, by the best directed exertions of man, could produce food for its support, appears to me as astonishing, as if he had resisted the conclusion of one of the plainest propositions of Euclid.—(Edition of 1798.)

It is always interesting to trace the degrees by which great truths have ripened, and the circumstances under which they are safely harvested at last. In this instance Mr Malthus has enabled us to do so. In 1796 he had seen so little of his way, that he was a warm advocate of Mr Pitt's Poor Law Bill, and of the *jus trium liberorum*. Between 1796 and 1798, the truth was forced upon him (as he has mentioned in the last extract) by the evidence which Dr Price had brought forward in the controversy with Mr Howlett, concerning the increase or decrease of the population of England since the Revolution. About that time he happened to have an eventful conversation with his father upon the prospects opened to society by a paper in Godwin's *Enquirer*. The father, as might be expected, took flight, and floated along with the visions of human perfectibility. The son opposed the law of population as a fatal obstacle in the way. The zeal of this family discussion, and the temporary excitement of the rhapsodists to whose serious refutation it was addressed, made an author

* The passage alluded to expresses an opinion that if we would only live in the country, and lead natural lives, diseases would disappear, and death come upon us as a sleep, by imperceptible decay. Dr Price believed that the intrinsic prolific powers of the human species decreased with civilisation. Mr Godwin could not say whether the human race began with a pair, but he thought from appearances that, it was very likely, it would end with one.

of Mr Malthus on this occasion rather before his time. The Essay of 1798 establishes that he had then got at the principle, but little more. By 1803 he had collected his evidence, arranged his argument, and verified its permanent connexion with the happiness of mankind. Whether he saw originally the extent to which moral restraint may operate as a check on population, is comparatively indifferent. It is probable that he did not. It was incidentally and strikingly alluded to,* but not formally enumerated among the checks in his first Essay. Operate as extensively as it may, it can never operate so universally as to prevent the pressure of population from lowering the standard of human happiness below the expectations of Condorcet and Godwin. Therefore it can never affect the substance of that limited argument. But the Essay of 1803 was a new, matured, and comprehensive work. This, therefore, is the year in which Mr Malthus may be said to have taken out the patent for his discovery. He now for the first time claimed his own. In doing so, he notices the previous authors who had treated on the subject; and points out what they had done already—what they had left for him to do—and what he should leave to be done by others. After naming them—

‘Much, however, (he states) remained yet to be done. Independently of the comparison between the increase of population and food, which had not perhaps been stated with sufficient force and precision, some of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject had been either wholly omitted or treated very slightly. Though it had been stated distinctly, that population must always be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence; yet *few inquiries had been made into the various modes by which this level is effected; and the principle had never been sufficiently pursued to its consequences, and those practical inferences drawn from it, which a strict examination of its effects on society appears to suggest.*”

This is what Mr Malthus has done himself. He adds, in 1806—

‘The chief object of my work was to enquire what effects these laws, which I considered established in the first six pages, had produced, and were likely to produce on society; a subject not very readily exhausted. The principal fault of my details is, that they are not sufficiently particular; but this was a fault which it was not in my power to remedy. It would be *a most curious, and to every philosophical mind a most interesting piece of information, to know the exact share of the full power of increase which each existing check prevents; but at present I see no mode of obtaining such information.*’

* As there is no index to the volume, that class of readers is referred to the passages, p. 217–276.

This is Mr Malthus's legacy for his successors. So completely had Mr Malthus at this time proved his case, that, on this part of his argument, he neither added nor altered any thing of much importance during the course of thirty years. Yet he was not only open to conviction but grateful for criticism. For example, he weeded out, from time to time, a few obnoxious metaphorical expressions which had given offence to certain readers; and he always spoke in the highest terms of the ability with which Dr Sumner had fought the religious part of the battle in the *Records of the Creation*. Mr Malthus might have been forgiven for not having anticipated this necessity. So capricious and contradictory are mankind, that, among the religious sects of the earlier ages, there was one which had taken up as their peculiar symbol, the probation comprised in the principle of population. The Shakers have since adopted the doctrine. 'Times and seasons —fixed for generation in animals—left to man as a trial—abused by him, typified by eating the apple.' From his narrative of the consequences of the forbidden fruit on our first parents, Milton might have studied 'the summary view of the *Millennial Church or United Society of Believers*.' Mr Malthus all along conceived that the particular case of physical and moral evil connected with the proportion between population and food, was only distinguished from other cases belonging to the general and unfathomable question of the existence of evil, by our being enabled to see a little more of our way towards an explanation of its object in this case than in many others. The extensive nature of the trials which the difficulty raises is very evident; while in every particular instance, the degree in which the difficulty exists is a circumstance eminently under the control of the particular individual.

It would not be surprising if, in his analysis of the causes of poverty, Mr Malthus should have discovered the peculiar nature of the evil to which the lower atmosphere of society is exposed, before he discovered the principle of the safety lamp by which the danger may be, to a considerable degree, evaded. In point of fact, however, the discoveries were, as far as we have the means of judging, nearly contemporary. In the title-page of the edition of 1803, the *Essay on Population* is announced to be 'a view of its past and present effects on human happiness; with an enquiry into our prospects respecting the future removal or mitigation of the evils which it occasions.' The subject thus branches off into three periods, the past, the present, and the future. The checks on population in them are divided into the positive and preventive. Misery and vice, in some shape or another, constitute the former, moral restraint the latter. With regard to

the degree that these checks have respectively operated, both formerly and at present, Mr Malthus has expressed the decisive opinion which experience and observation warrant. For the future, it would have been very unlike him to have spoken with equal assurance, or to have done much more than offer up encouraging hopes and earnest prayers. As far as past times are concerned, Mr Malthus uniformly retained his original classification, by which the checks then actually in force are confined to misery and vice, and the words, vice and misery, are left to be understood in their coarser meaning. 'I believe Mr Godwin would find it difficult to name any check, which in past ages has contributed to keep down the population to the level of the means of subsistence, that does not fairly come under some form of vice or misery; except, indeed, the check of moral restraint, which I have mentioned in the course of this work; and which, to say the truth, whatever hopes we may entertain of its prevalence in future, has undoubtedly, in past ages, operated with inconsiderable force.' In what proportion the different checks are taking hold of society in its present state, every body who will be at the pains of making the requisite observations has the same means of judging for himself as the author of the *Essay on Population*. It is a question of fact, where within a certain circle we have all of us the facts before us. Mr Malthus, in 1803, on apportioning the apparent improvement which has taken place in modern times, carefully distinguished the moral restraint, which is satisfied only by entire sensual forbearance, from the prudential restraint, by which a party is prevented from marrying, and nothing more. A moralist and a clergyman, he necessarily considered that simple abstinence from marriage might be only a mitigated species of vice. In the prudential restraint thus explained, he thought that he saw the principal cause, by means of which modern Europe has superseded, to a considerable extent, the more violently penal forms by which vice and misery were formerly represented. 'An infrequency of the marriage union, from the fear of a family, is the most powerful of the checks which in modern Europe keep down the population to the level of the means of subsistence.' Mr Malthus had nothing of Mandeville in his composition. It was not likely, therefore, that he should be morally content with the modification of vice, which he has here described. A considerable difference of opinion may probably prevail with respect to the average point which a pure moral restraint has hitherto reached in a large portion of any community. This difference will of course be greatly increased, as soon as we come to prognosticate for after times. On this subject, as on all

others, the future presents a tempting field for speculation. It is a field on which every one may and will take his own line : and where it will be much more easy to assert and contradict, than to offer either proof or probabilities of any very imposing order, upon either side. On introducing the principle of moral restraint into his classification in 1803, Mr Malthus stated, that, in doing so, he hoped that he had ‘ not violated the principles of ‘ just reasoning, nor expressed any opinion respecting the probable improvement of society, in which he was not borne out by ‘ the experience of the past.’ Mr Malthus gladly recognised the possibility that, as civilisation practically descended into the mass of the people, the influence of moral restraint upon the course of population might become more and more perceptible. But he was too cautious a philosopher to venture far into the unknown regions of wild analogy or mere conjecture. The day-dreams of Condorcet and Godwin had showed him the lengths we may be carried, if we once abandon experience for more enchanting guides. Human nature remaining the same as at present, his expectations on this point were by no means sanguine. Having satisfied, however, his conscience argumentatively by noticing the limits, indefinite as they were, within which he had felt compelled to circumscribe his hopes, he committed his work to the judgment of the public with the following forcible and affectionate appeal :—

‘ From a review of the state of society in former periods, compared with the present, I should certainly say, that the evils resulting from the principle of population have rather diminished than increased, even under the disadvantage of an almost total ignorance of their real cause. And if we can indulge the hope that this ignorance will be gradually dissipated, it does not seem unreasonable to expect that they will be still further diminished. The increase of absolute population which will, of course, take place, will evidently tend but little to weaken this expectation, as every thing depends upon the relative proportions between population and food, and not on the absolute number of people. In the former part of this work it appeared, that the countries which possessed the fewest people, often suffered the most from the effects of the principle of population ; and it can scarcely be doubted, that, taking Europe throughout, fewer famines and fewer diseases arising from want have prevailed in the last century, than those which preceded it. On the whole, therefore, though our future prospects respecting the mitigation of the evils arising from the principle of population, may not be so bright as we could wish, yet they are far from being entirely disheartening, and by no means preclude that gradual and progressive improvement in human society, which before the late wild speculations on the subject, was the object of rational expectation. To the laws of property and marriage, and to the apparently narrow principle of self-love, which prompts each individual to exert himself in bettering his condition, we are indebted for all the noblest exertions

of human genius, for every thing that distinguishes the civilized from the savage state. A strict enquiry into the principle of population obliges us to conclude, that we shall never be able to throw down the ladder by which we have risen to this eminence; but it by no means proves that we may not rise higher by the same means. The structure of society, in its great features, will probably always remain unchanged. We have every reason to believe, that it will always consist of a class of proprietors and a class of labourers; but the condition of each, and the proportion which they bear to each other, may be so altered as greatly to improve the harmony and beauty of the whole. It would indeed be a melancholy reflection, that while the views of physical science are daily enlarging, so as scarcely to be bounded by the most distant horizon, the science of moral and political philosophy should be confined within such narrow limits, or at best be so feeble in its influence, as to be unable to counteract the obstacles to human happiness arising from a single cause.'

In a question of proportion between food and population, Mr Malthus was not likely to overlook so plain a proposition as that every successive addition to the food must have a favourable effect towards improving that side of the proportion. But, in order to avoid doing more harm than good, by raising our expectations in that quarter too highly, he thought it expedient to point out so much the more strongly how little, in comparison, any increase of food, taken by itself, could contribute towards a permanent improvement of the condition of the poor.

'In an endeavour to raise the proportion of the quantity of provisions to the number of consumers in any country, our attention would naturally be first directed to the increasing of the absolute quantity of provisions; but finding that as fast as we did this, the number of consumers more than kept pace with it, and that with all our exertions we were still as far as ever behind, we should be convinced that our efforts directed only in this way would never succeed. It would appear to be setting the tortoise to catch the hare. Finding, therefore, that from the laws of nature, we could not proportion the food to the population, our next attempt should naturally be to proportion the population to the food. If we can persuade the hare to go to sleep, the tortoise may have some chance of overtaking her. We are not however to relax our efforts in increasing the quantity of provisions; but to combine another effort with it, that of keeping the population, when once it has been overtaken, at such a distance behind, as to effect the relative proportion which we desire; and thus unite the two grand desiderata, a great actual population and a state of society in which squalid poverty and dependence are comparatively but little known; two objects which are far from being incompatible.'

Such was the language of Mr Malthus in 1803, upon the mode in which this proportion would be best considered for practical purposes. The following passage from the new edition of his

Political Economy, will prove what little occasion he had found to vary it:—

‘It is of the utmost importance always to bear in mind that a great command over the necessities and conveniences of life may be effected in two ways, either by a rapid increase in the quantity and value of the funds destined for the maintenance of labour, or by the prudential habits of the labouring classes; and that as the former mode of improving their condition, is neither in the power of the poor to carry into effect themselves, nor can in the nature of things be permanent, the great resource of the labouring classes for their happiness must be in those prudential habits, which, if properly exercised, are capable of securing to them a fair proportion of the necessities and conveniences of life, from the earliest stage of society to the latest.’—(P. 260.)

The mind of Mr Malthus was not so positively set upon permanent measures as to think lightly of temporary ones; he only wished that we should know that they were but temporary, and that when we had made the most of them, we could make them nothing more. He has himself objected to the habit in theoretical writers of overlooking intervals of brightness and depression. Eight or ten years not unfrequently recurring, are, he observes, serious spaces in human life. Nobody, therefore, contended more strenuously in behalf of occasional relief for occasional distresses. At the same time, it is by a wise or fortunate co-operation with general principles, not only that measures of relief, but that the various chances which at its several stages civilisation may present, will be enabled to accomplish in this respect any lasting good. The greatest openings during the progressive advancement of society—the breaking up of feudal properties—a vast augmentation in the funds for the maintenance of labour—the discovery of remedies for mitigating diseases and saving the waste of human life, are all advantages which may be easily thrown away. Every thing depends upon the turn which the people happen to take under these new circumstances. Emigration may drain off the excess in the supply of labour on one hand, the abolition of restraints on commerce may extend the labour market on the other. But unless the lower orders avail themselves of the opportunity to raise their standard of comfort and to preserve it, when it has been once raised, by a prudent regulation of their numbers, the gleam will vanish with a single generation. There are many measures which are desirable as measures of occasional assistance; some, which may be indispensable as the means of giving prudential habits a space to form and act in. It is nevertheless equally true, that in prudential and moral habits, and in these alone, is lodged the specific remedy for the ever impending danger, with which the

principles of population, at the same time that it excites, also menaces society.

Truth travels slowly even when she has left her well. Perhaps, of all books much talked about—certainly, of all books that ever exercised any thing like its influence, none has been so little read, or so frequently misunderstood, as Mr Malthus's celebrated essay. The problem to be solved, was, the means by which the existing proportion between food and population is regulated in different countries. Mr Malthus has tendered an explanation satisfactory to political economists. But there are numerous and clamorous objectors still. Some cannot comprehend it out of mere stupidity: among these Mr Grahame entitled himself to a distinguished place. Others will not give it a hearing from a sentimental or religious horror. For instance, Dr Southey, Mr Coleridge, and Bishop Huntingford. The last was wont, when we were schoolboys, to stop audacious argument with one word from the Scriptures, 'increase and multiply.' Others deny the testimony of all experience. Such was Mr Weyland. Others, rather than submit to a natural solution of the phenomena, call in a special interposition of Providence at every step. Of this class, were Mr Godwin and Mr Sadler; who followed the romantic precedent of Dr Price and M. Muret, and imagined arbitrary laws of fecundity in the human species—varying according to the occasion. Under the same standard, although flocking in from another quarter, are philosophers, of the calibre of Mr Anderson, Mr Owen, and Mr Poulett Scrope. These cause-mongers go also to the storehouse of their fancy for visionary laws. The only difference is, that the new laws which they are in search of do not regard the prolific powers of mankind, but the conditions which determine the augmentation of human food. According to their statistical information, it is, has been, and for ages will be, the food which is kept down to the level of population, and not the population which is kept back within the limits of the food. No wonder that among adversaries of this description there are found persons who still persist that Mr Malthus must be a friend to the small-pox, the plague, the slave-trade, and to every species of misery and vice. He is charged with having lost sight of the interests of the poor, while looking only to wealth; he who has declared, 'if a country can only be rich by running a successful race for low wages, I should be disposed to say at once, perish such riches!' He is accused of underrating moral causes; although he has expressly stated, 'how very dangerous it is in political economy to draw conclusions from the physical qualities of the materials which are acted upon, without reference to the moral as well as

‘the physical qualities of the agents.’ It is imputed to him that he held slighting and dishonourable views concerning marriage. Yet, in truth, no body ever put its desirableness higher. This reproach was the more unjust: since in reality it was founded solely on the anxiety which he had manifested to preserve the marriage state in its purity and dignity, by holding it out to be the reward of virtue, and by seeking to secure it in comfort and independence. ‘It should always’ (he observed), ‘be represented as, what it really is, a state peculiarly suited to the nature of man, and calculated greatly to advance his happiness, and to remove the temptation to vice; but like property, or any other desirable object, its advantages should be shown to be unattainable, except under certain conditions.’ A man has no more right to set up a wife unless he can afford it, than to set up a carriage. The blameless life of Mr Malthus served him as a shield which arrows could not pierce, and on which dirt could not stay. He never paused or turned aside, or seemed even for a moment to take notice of abuse. To have made it of so much importance would have been an offence to the imperturbable rectitude and tranquillity of his nature. When he was obliged to speak of himself, he knew, however, that he had a moral as well as an intellectual right to tell Mr Weyland, and through him, the host of his abusers:—‘I trust that I am disposed to attach as much importance to the effects of morality and religion on the happiness of society even as Mr Weyland; but among the moral duties, I certainly include a restraint upon the inclination to an early marriage, when there is no reasonable prospect of maintenance for a family; and unless this species of virtuous self-denial be included in morality, I am quite at issue with Mr Weyland: and so distinctly deny his proposition as to say that no degree of religion or morality, no degree of rational liberty and security of person and property can, under the existing laws of nature, place the lower classes of society in a state of comfort and plenty.’

We have said that the Essay on Population has been much more talked about than read. This seems to have been almost equally the case with adversaries and admirers. Among the persons who it might be taken for granted were thoroughly acquainted with it, Mr Senior would certainly have been one. Yet Mr Senior gives a very different account of the matter in the letters addressed by him to Mr Malthus, and appended to his two lectures on Population. He there observes that he had been misled in the representation he had given of Mr Malthus’s opinions in his lectures by the way in which Mr Malthus had used the word ‘tendency:’ and adds, ‘I believe that I was led into

‘ this error principally by the conduct of all those writers who, since the appearance of your work, have written on population. The multitudes who have followed, and the few who have endeavoured to oppose you, have all assumed this to be your opinion. And yet when I recur to your writings, I see how inconsistent it is with your uniform statement, that the pressure of population upon subsistence is almost always the most severe in the rudest states of society, where the population is the least dense, and the means of procuring subsistence, supposing they were employed, would be the greatest in proportion to that population.’ Mr Senior has elsewhere stated that ‘ Mr Malthus’s opinions appear to have been considerably modified during the course of his long and brilliant philosophical career.’ We have not been able to find in Mr Malthus’s writings any evidence for this assertion beyond the extent which we have already noticed. Mr Malthus considered the quarto edition of 1803 as only nominally a second edition. It was in substance, as he says in the preface, a new work—the first in which (beyond a few words on Mr Pitt’s Poor Bill) he carried the application of principles to public measures—the first in which he examined the subject in its details: and the first which he thought worthy of his name. Nothing is easier than to ascertain the subsequent alterations which Mr Malthus introduced. In the preface to the third edition he almost enumerates the single paragraphs which he had changed. Mr Senior proceeds, ‘ But when the opposite doctrine, namely, that, in the absence of disturbing causes, subsistence is likely to increase more rapidly than population, was brought before him by Mr Senior, he appears to have disavowed, we will not say his former expressions, but the inferences to which they lead.’ Mr Malthus’s letter, as we read it, is so far from being a disavowal of any expressions or inferences to be found in his writings, that it appears to us to be a re-affirmance of them all. The constant pressure of population, he repeats, is the essence of the principle of his work. This pressure, therefore, must be felt in all stages of society; the only difference between an unimproved and an improved state of society will be the nature of the check employed—in the one case misery and vices of an atrocious kind; in the other, moral restraint, together with mitigated misery and vicious habits of a more humane and polished character. There will be still existing, therefore, not merely a tendency to press, but an absolute pressure; the difference being only this—that the pressure is not now so visible and shocking as at former times. In the further progress of civilisation it may be in some countries less severe than it is at present in England, and of a less immoral or violent descrip-

tion; yet, unless human nature changes, the advantages to be looked for in this direction, however indefinite, are not unlimited. The failures, we apprehend, must, in that case, continue to be so numerous, that population will after all be still 'kept principally 'back by vice and misery,' and the deduction to be made on this account from the 'permanent welfare of the mass of mankind' will still remain much more than can be made consistent with any scheme of a complete command over the means of comfortable subsistence by every body upon earth. We know of our own knowledge that Mr Malthus did not mean to retract, nor did he consider that he was understood to have retracted in this correspondence a single syllable of the opinions which he had previously published. He observes in his letter that he prefers his own words and meaning to what Mr Senior proposed to substitute. Some time afterwards, on alluding to the above discussion, he remarked, that it was among the disadvantages of public lectures, that the lecturer sometimes thought he was called upon to say something new, where nothing new was to be said. In case Mr Malthus had been convinced of the reasonableness of the objection taken to the language in which he had expressed himself, he would not have hesitated a moment to give it up. He was fully aware of the risk to which he had been exposed. In consequence, he observes, in the additions made to the Essay in 1817; 'It is probable, that having found the bow 'bent too much one way, I was induced to bend it too much the 'other, in order to make it straight. But I shall always be quite 'ready to blot out any part of the work which is considered by 'a competent tribunal as having a tendency to prevent the bow 'from becoming finally straight, and to impede the progress of 'truth.' The supposed deflection is so slight, that, after much careful looking for it, we have been unable to perceive it. The friends of truth need wish for nothing more than that the bow may be always kept in equally prudent hands.

Mr Senior is among the most clear and judicious expounders of Political Economy. He closes his notice of this little controversy with bearing his admiring testimony to the services which Mr Malthus had conferred upon the science to which he himself so honourably belongs.

'Although Mr Malthus himself, in his earlier publications, has, perhaps, fallen sometimes into the exaggeration which is natural to a discoverer, the error, if he has committed one, does not affect the practical conclusions which place him, as a benefactor to mankind, on a level with Adam Smith. Whether, in the absence of disturbing causes, it be the tendency of subsistence or of population to advance with greater rapidity, is a question of slight importance, if it be acknowledged that human happiness or misery depend principally on their relative advance,

and that there are causes, and causes within human control, by which that advance can be regulated. These are propositions which Mr Malthus has established by facts and reasoning, which, opposed as they were to long-rooted prejudice, and assailed by every species of sophistry and clamour, are now admitted by the majority of reasoners, and even by a large majority of those who take their opinions upon trust.'

Mr Ricardo's estimate of the merits of the *Essay on Population* is as strongly expressed in one of his letters. What is here called the first edition is evidently the edition of 1803.

'The edition which I have of your work is the first, and it is many years since I read it. The general impression which I retain of the book is excellent. The doctrines appeared so clear and so satisfactorily laid down that they excited an interest in me inferior only to that produced by Adam Smith's celebrated work. I remember mentioning to you, and I believe you told me that you had altered it in the following edition, that I thought you argued in some places as if the poor rates had no effect in increasing the quantity of food to be distributed—that I thought you were bound to admit that the poor laws would increase the demand, and consequently the supply. This admission does not weaken the grand point to be proved.'—(January 1816.)

On the publication of the fifth edition, Mr Ricardo wrote as follows:—

'I thought I had written to you about the additional matter in your excellent work, although I had not given it all the examination I intended. I read it as I was travelling, and noticed the pages wherever I saw the shadow of a difference between us, that I might look at the passages again when I got home, and give them my best consideration. I have it now here, and have been reading all the new matter again, and am surprised at the little that I can discover with the utmost ingenuity to differ from. In every part you are exceedingly clear, and time only is wanted to carry conviction to every mind.'—(Oct. 1817.)

Mr Malthus's *Essay on Rent* was a masterly performance, of which Mr Ricardo always spoke in the highest terms. The near approach which preceding writers, for instance Dr Anderson in the *Bee*, may have made to the correct principles, detracts little from its merits. While the independent but simultaneous publication by the late Sir E. West only shows that the science upon this subject had reached the point where accident or industry will determine to which of the leading minds the discovery shall fall. The substance of this *Essay* has been transferred to the *Principles of Political Economy*. This is not the case with Mr Malthus's other minor writings. A collection of them would form a very interesting volume. We wish some bookseller would undertake it. They are excellent examples of clear reasoning, comprehensive views, and, above all, of incomparable fairness. A list of them is given at the 42d page of the *Memoir*.

To which may be added two papers published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*: several papers, in this *Journal*: and an article in the *Quarterly Review*, on the main differences by which the new school of Political Economy is distinguished from the school of Adam Smith and Mr Malthus. This last article he considered one of the best things which he had ever done in Political Economy.

Mr Malthus was not fond of storms, as the petrel is said to be, for their own sake. But it will be seen, on looking at the date and nature of his pamphlets, that he usually turned out in one. At these times, the opportunity of being useful was excitement enough: and his spirits rose with the occasion. The exuberant chivalrousness of his youth had sobered down with years into a quiet civil courage, of which you were always sure. For it was grounded upon a just confidence in the purity of his intentions and the goodness of his cause. 'He feared no danger, for he knew no sin.' His 'investigation of the cause of the present high price of provisions' in 1800 was a good beginning. An ignorance of the real cause of the extreme highness of the price in proportion to the scarcity, as well as of the remedial proceedings which a scarcity required, was endangering the public peace. It was a novel thing for a young clergyman to be seen protecting middle-men and corn-factors against mobs and magistrates, and warning the ignorant of all classes to take heed of the perilous consequences of their selfish passion. He recommended the abolition of the assize of bread, and told the people that the 'popular clamour, headed by the Lord Chief Justice, and enforced throughout the country by the instructions of the Grand Juries, must make every reflecting mind tremble for the future supply of our markets.'

Another instance, although somewhat in a different way, is his pamphlets of 1814 and 1815 on the effect of Corn Laws. He was quite aware of the risk which his reputation was running by the course of argument he pursued on that occasion. He said that he well knew that nothing he had ever written had injured it so much. On the whole, too (to use his favourite summing up), he was not on this occasion as sure as usual of the soundness of the judgment which he had pronounced. He continued to think that the friends of truth and of fair-dealing had received considerable provocation by the one-sided manner, as well as by the insolence of personal imputations with which the discussion had been conducted against the landlords. He deemed it highly useful that inflammatory declamation should be met by cool argument—that both sides of the question should be heard with patience, and unreasonable expectations, one by one, exposed. There are invidious duties

which it demands a certain spirit to discharge. Of these, he felt it to be one, to put people upon their guard—that they were not to expect from the repeal of Corn Laws, advantages of a kind which no repeal of measures of this nature could possibly confer. This duty he never regretted that he had performed. But his general principles in favour of freedom of trade were so absolute, that, at times, doubts came over him, whether any exception ought to be admitted. It follows, that he was far from continuing always equally satisfied that the necessity of the particular exception, which he had argued, in behalf of restrictions upon the importation of corn was sufficiently made out. It may be useful to those people who believe that they have only to know what is a person's interest, in order to be enabled infallibly to infer what will be his opinions, to attend to what Mr Malthus has said in this respect, with regard to the doctrines held on Corn Laws and on Rent by Mr Ricardo and himself. 'It is somewhat singular that Mr Ricardo, a considerable receiver of rents, should have so much underrated their national importance, while I, who never received nor expect to receive any, should probably be accused of overrating their importance. Our different opinions, under these circumstances, may serve at least to show our mutual sincerity, and afford a strong presumption, that to whatever bias our minds may have been subjected in the doctrines we have laid down, it has not been that, against which perhaps it is most difficult to guard, the insensible bias of situation and interest.'

A universal distrust of mankind will not only often lead to personal injustice—it must be also often injurious to the public service. To substitute general suspicion for a knowledge of character is a poor way of governing. On two occasions Mr Malthus replied in print to charges made against the East India College, where he held the office of Professor of Political Economy. Mr Ricardo once remonstrated with Mr Douglas Kinnaid, for treating the authority and the testimony of Mr Malthus with so little ceremony, in one of his speeches against the College at the Court of Proprietors. Mr Kinnaid thought it a sufficient answer to observe that Mr Malthus was an interested witness. Now, the only advantageous way in which the English public can interpose on behalf of the people of India, is to secure at home as far as possible the moral and intellectual qualifications of the civil servants: that is, to raise and verify the capabilities of the young men who are periodically sent from England to be the real governors of that distant empire. We suppose that a similar scepticism on the possibility of disinterested answers is more widely spread. It seems otherwise scarcely possible, that on the different occasions when the most effectual means of impro-

ving that important service have been under discussion, the public should take so little interest in learning from the only people who can really tell them how much, in this respect, the East India College has done—wherefore it has done no more up to the present moment—and what it is, which it may be made capable of doing. This principle of universal scepticism is of late constantly interposed in the way of truth and reason. For instance, no Irish country gentleman is to be allowed, at the peril of his character, to have an opinion on Irish poor laws, save upon one side: and that not the side maintained by Malthus. Push the principle a little farther: and all appropriate knowledge will be excluded upon almost every subject. No Irishman must speak at all for or concerning Ireland. And only fools and knaves will have the monopoly of being heard as the only impartial witnesses, wherever sense or virtue are concerned.

We have already given from their correspondence some of Mr Ricardo's criticisms on Mr Malthus's writings. The correspondence is equally honourable to them both. Mr Ricardo expresses more than once his wish that the public might have the benefit of their discussions. We doubt whether they could ever have their discussions in a more instructive,—we are sure they never could in a more delightful form.

‘I should be very glad if we could fairly submit our different views to the public, that we might have some able heads engaged in considering them.’ (October, 1816.) ‘Your excuse for not going on with the discussion which you commenced is ingenious, and I ought to be satisfied with it, as it is accompanied with a pretty compliment to me—indeed as pretty a one as could well be paid to a person who is so uniformly your adversary. I, however, agree with you;—we know each other's sentiments so well, that we are not likely to do each other much good by private discussion. If I could manage my pen as well as you do yours, I think we might do some good by a public discussion.’—(November, 1821.)

Mr Ricardo took a pleasure in stimulating his friend's exertions where they differed. When they agreed, he felt a still more generous triumph in his success.

‘I am pleased to learn that you are busy writing, with a view to immediate publication. The public pay a most flattering attention to any thing from your pen, and you are not fulfilling your duty to society, if you do not avail yourself of this disposition to endeavour to remove the cloud of ignorance and prejudice which every where exists on the subjects which have particularly engaged your time and reflection.’—(January 13th, 1815.) ‘We have a right to look to you for the correction of some difficulties and contradictions with which political economy is encumbered.’—(May, 1816).

It is not often that criticism is invited with the ingenuous sincerity contained in the following challenge:—

‘With regard to any remarks on my opinions, you must be governed by your own discretion. If those opinions are wrong, I should like to see them refuted, but, thinking as I do, that they are, in all essential points, founded on correct principles, I ask for no mercy. I do not care how severely they are attacked; there is nothing you could say of them which would hurt me, if what you said did not express contempt, and that I know you do not feel for me. Act, therefore, towards me as if I were a perfect stranger, and notice me or not as you think best.’—(March, 1815.) ‘When I say mine is the true faith, I mean to express only my strong conviction that I am right. I hope you do not attach any thing like arrogance to the expression. I am in the habit of asserting my opinion strongly to you, and I am sure you would not wish me to do otherwise. I am satisfied that you should do the same by yours, and I dare say you will agree with me that you are not more inclined to mere authority without being convinced than I am.’—(October, 1820).

How true is it that the greatest minds have the least affectation and conceit! Mr Ricardo’s confidence, as above expressed, was graced by the most unfeigned humility. He thus acknowledges a compliment, which Mr Malthus had paid him in the first edition of his political economy.

‘The compliment you pay me in one of your notes is most flattering. I am pleased at knowing that you entertain a favourable opinion of me, but I fear that the world will think as I think, that your kind partiality has blinded you in this instance.’—(4th May, 1820).

The last sentence in what we believe was the last letter which Mr Ricardo wrote to Mr Malthus before his death, is a fit conclusion to this remarkable correspondence.

‘And now, my dear Malthus, I have done. Like other disputants, after much discussion, we each retain our own opinions. These discussions, however, never influence our friendship; I should not like you more than I do if you agreed in opinion with me.’—(31st August, 1823).

It is not to be wondered at, after this tender and almost prophetic parting, if the only time that we ever saw an approach to anger on the countenance of Mr Malthus, was, when he once mentioned attempts which had been made to cause or represent a jealousy between them. He added, ‘I never loved any body out of my own family so much. Our interchange of opinions was so unreserved, and the object after which we were both enquiring was so entirely the truth, and nothing else, that I cannot but think we sooner or later must have agreed.’

The world knows nothing of Mr Malthus but as a political economist. He was also an excellent judge of human life in all its bearings, and not the less so, from his disposition to look at

every thing on its brightest side. His particular opinions have been called melancholy. But he neither thought them so, nor found them so. The result of his general observation on mankind was even more favourable than that of Paley, who has always been considered (and justly) a very cheerful moralist. Paley rose up so embarrassed and subdued from a view of this life only, that he refuses, in his *Natural Theology*, to argue the case of the Divine benevolence, except on the supposition of a future state. On the contrary, life, in the eyes of Mr Malthus, 'independently of a future state, was, generally speaking, a blessing : ' its partial pains were 'dust in the balance ;' and, 'we have every reason' (he says) 'to think, that there is no more evil in the world than 'what is absolutely necessary as one of the ingredients 'in the mighty process.' His views respecting the specific object of the mighty process carrying on in this life were of a sort that are useless to the great body of mankind ; and as they were unsatisfactory to some of his private friends, he left them to their fate, to perish with his reply to the perishable theories of Condorcet and Godwin. They contain, however, the principle of the answer which he continued to give, as often as he was applied to for a philosophical solution of the problem of human life.

'It is an idea that will be found consistent equally with the natural phenomena around us, with the various events of human life, and with the successive revelations of God to man, to suppose that the world is a mighty process for the creation and formation of mind. Many vessels will necessarily come out of this great furnace in wrong shapes. These will be broken and thrown aside as useless ; while those vessels whose forms are full of truth, grace, and loveliness, will be wafted into happier situations, nearer the presence of the Mighty Maker.'

But Mr Malthus was not, what we sometimes see, a philosopher on paper only : able to legislate for society—unable to judge wisely, to will resolutely, and to act consistently at home. He knew himself and the degrees according to which different things were either suitable to or desirable for him. If he had judged of mankind by his own standard, he must have admitted as a truth that which he was constantly reproving as an error—the supposition, that all people were endowed with the requisite sagacity for discovering their true interest, and with the requisite strength of character to steadily abide by it. This power seemed in his own case to be so thoroughly innate, that we have often wondered whether it always was so, or what were the sort of difficulties which he had to overcome. There was nothing of the schools about him ; no constraint which suggested the thought of bygone efforts ; none of those pedantic rules, which are the

common props and outworks of artificial virtue or hollow reputation. Every thing in him was accessible and easy. While he had no fear of the masters of the earth getting in the way of his sunshine, he was sensible of the advantages of money and station up to a certain point. On the other hand, he saw that the point was reached, and that the turn at which the disadvantages begin to preponderate, takes place much sooner than many, who are yet neither misers nor spendthrifts, are in the least aware. The pleasures of the affections and of the understanding had long flowed in so freely and uninterruptedly upon him, that we are certain he would have regarded with apprehension any change in his position which would have encroached upon these enjoyments, and substituted more brilliant engagements in their room. At the same time, the disposers of preferment, whose favour he courted only by deserving it, have on this account nothing to plead in their excuse. It did not lie in the path which they are treading to ask what were the wants, the wishes, or the claims of the first Political Economist of his age. In saying ‘Malthus alone escaped their judging eye,’ there is no exception to be made in respect of any bishop that we ever heard of. With regard to great men and governments: Lord Liverpool had an aversion for political-economy-clergymen. We should like to know, notwithstanding, to what class of men on the face of the earth a knowledge of political economy can be more necessary than to the men who by their office are the most usual distributors of public charity, and the appointed teachers of the poor. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, we believe, did every thing in their power. But the fact is not the less painful. To the discouragement of great abilities, virtuously employed, and to the discredit of his country, Mr Malthus, at the age of seventy, died, having never held any thing in the Church, except some small family preferment. Were it not that it would seem to contradict its serene expression, we have often thought of writing under Linnell’s admirable portrait of him, “*Ingrata Patria.*” When we look at the nature of the pretensions in favour of which claims like those of Mr Malthus were, in point of fact, postponed, what are we to think of the destiny which overhangs the Church, and of the effrontery which continues to contend, that cathedral stalls and unequal livings must be kept up as the rewards of literary merit? The abuse of patronage has destroyed cathedral chapters. If it is persevered in, it must hasten the reformation of the remaining inequalities in the distribution of church property. An abuse of this nature is an evil which they that run can read: it is therefore the specific kind of evil which brings establishments to an untimely end. Paley put a question concerning Church

property fifty years ago. 'To those who have the management of such matters I submit this question; whether the impoverishment of the fund, by converting the best share of it into *annuities* for the gay and illiterate youth of great families, threatens not to starve and stifle the little clerical merit that is left amongst us?' (Moral Philosophy.) Paley asked the question. How was he answered? By neglect. The Church of England must be supposed to be either indifferent to clerical merit, or to be well assured that the clerical merit which it has is of a kind that can neither be starved nor stifled by human means. Otherwise it never could have expected it to survive the last half century of Suttons and Tomlines, Sparkes and Fishers. We are speaking much more in behalf of the public than in either anger or sorrow, on the personal account of Mr Malthus. With him, 'Goodness and greatness were not means but ends.' Impassive to abuse, almost unconscious of neglect, he was nevertheless peculiarly susceptible to praise. He often spoke of it as the thing which more than any other affected him to tears. Few things could have touched him more sensibly than any mark of public gratitude and private sympathy from the members of a government in whose political creed he perfectly agreed. If the poor law amendment bill has been difficult to carry, even under existing circumstances—it would have been absolutely impossible, unless Mr Malthus had stood in the gap for so many years, bearing the brunt of argument and obloquy, fearless of danger, regardless of every interest but the interests of truth.

The faculties and qualities of Mr Malthus appeared not simply to be in harmony with, but to be supported by each other. The keeping was so complete, that you could not imagine them apart; nor conceive that his moral or intellectual nature would have been either of them what they were, unless they had met, and acted, and grown up together. They had this, too, in common. The strength of both equally lay in the exquisite proportion of their respective parts. There was, in both cases, an irresistible, though imperceptible superintendence, which kept every thing in its proper place, and gave consistency and unity to the whole. The consequence was, that the whole produced an effect much beyond what might have been expected from a separate examination of the parts of which it was composed. Instead of the waste of intellectual power, or the wear and tear of moral struggles, in which so much of ordinary existences is consumed, he had always the clear mastery and possession of himself. The law of his nature fulfilled its onward course, free from disturbing causes. A smooth and winning calmness was thus

spread over all his motions, and diffused through his inmost being, making his life a mirror of clear and flowing waters, which it was beautiful to behold. But in order that a stranger may adequately appreciate an excellence of this order, it is necessary that he should become well acquainted with it. He must have time to see and take in the whole. For it is not in buildings only that one of the first effects of perfect proportion is to diminish apparent size, and that some degree of taste and experience is wanted to understand the nature and extent of the advantages which it confers. Mr Malthus in this manner combined and reconciled opposite natures in his own. He was upright without severity, blameless without insipidity, amiable without weakness. There was no counterbalancing of great virtues by great faults; no purchasing of an exemption from faults by the absence of virtues. It seemed almost as though he could not have had more of any virtue than he had without introducing some defect; so that, although a more brilliant exterior might easily be imagined to have been thus produced, the alteration nevertheless would probably have injured the proportion of the whole, and rendered it less powerful and less complete.

But more than this. The endowments of head and heart which were most characteristic of Mr Malthus, were precisely those which are more captivating than striking. They did not break out in sparkles, or come up in bubbles on the surface at a moment's notice; but were in their nature so calm and deep, that a superficial looker-on might pass them over altogether. He was eminently wise and good. Now, wisdom and goodness are not things to be judged of at first sight. We can easily understand that persons may have been thrown into his company, at a dinner party, or even at the Political Economy club, and have gone away with a certain feeling of disappointment. It is not ladies and gentlemen out of the country only, who require from the tongue of every distinguished man—no matter what may be the nature of his reputation—the successive sallies of a professional diner-out. Mr Malthus was so wanting in all the conditions necessary to display, that a Boswell would have lost his time with him. There was nothing about him of the flights of Burke. He would never have astonished the companion of five minutes caught with him in a shower under Temple Bar. He had, if possible, still less of the coarse antagonistic propensity which made so much of the conversational fame of Johnson. Instead of treating every company he fell in with as an enemy's party, whom he had to attack, expose, and rout, Mr Malthus felt it a duty and delight to accommodate himself to his company, and to put every body at their ease. He had no taste or talent for striking out sudden

incongruous resemblances ; but he excelled in tracing the simpler associations of thought, which are the very links of truth, and (as far as they depend on cause and effect) the elements of all useful knowledge. His playfulness, like that of almost all men eminent also for their judgment, took more the form of humour, than of wit. The humour which had distinguished him at school and college gradually subsided into an enjoyment of it in others rather than the exercise of it in himself. His early essay of 1798 had had in it much of the freshness of style, the various allusions and pleasant tone of Tucker. The disingenuous manner in which a portion of its figurative language was afterwards turned against him, naturally tended to confine him for the future, when addressing the public, to the course of his argument. He had been taught the danger of playing with this species of edge-tools. The scientific character of his later writings, and the unremitted thought which he of necessity bestowed on them, must also have powerfully contributed to the same effect. Accordingly an afternoon might only exhibit a character of this kind in the light of a very sensible and well-bred person. This never could be otherwise. For, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, Mr Malthus was a perfect gentleman, at all times and under all circumstances. But it was by degrees—seeing him day after day—that the extent and beauty of his nature unfolded itself to your view. His tastes and habits were, in truth, so simple and unassuming, that you were left to yourself, as occasion might occur, to discover his superiority. The discovery, when made, was so much the more delightful.

Mr Malthus had also this great advantage—whatever was his understanding, he always gave himself the full use of it. Its light was dry light, there was nothing of temper to discolour it, or of obliquity to turn it. The rectitude of his judgment was not simply left undisturbed ; it was invariably aided by the rectitude of his purpose. In estimating the relative importance of different subjects he had no criterion but their tendency to promote or to retard the happiness of mankind. In investigating the particular subject on which he might happen at any time to be engaged, he seemed to have no conception of the possibility of any other object than the discovery of truth. The combination of these two characteristics made him in all private relations, however serious or however trifling, always the same, strictly equitable and considerably indulgent. We have seen his sense of equity severely tried. As soon as he saw his way, there was not a moment's pause. The ease with which he rose, as it were, upon the wing and bore away into a purer region, was morally sublime. He was far from being indifferent to fame. But his devotion to

truth was so intense that he seemed physically incapable of arguing for victory. He was by no means unconscious of the value of his philosophical services. But there was an utter absence of all personal consideration in the main satisfaction which he derived from the survey of them; and he cared little in comparison who it was that had been right, provided only that the right prevailed. We are confident, in case, on farther discussion, his theory of population had been overthrown, that all sense of mortification would have been lost in the tranquil exultation that man had made good another step towards the vantage ground of truth. As is observed in the present *Memoir*, his love of excellence was quite distinct from the love of excelling. It is difficult to say how much of this is to be attributed to the fact that in the mode in which his education had been conducted, the motive of emulation had been left comparatively quiet. Not a trace of any consciousness of personal superiority ever appeared in his habits or demeanour. It is one of the blessings of well-ordered natures to be always comparatively at leisure and unconstrained. While he was most deeply engaged in his philosophical speculations, he could pass at once from his study to his drawingroom with an elastic step and placid countenance, to animate and share the cheerfulness around him. By a happy use of them, he made every day the best kind of holiday. But in later years, the days which he seemed to set apart particularly to enjoy as such, were the periodical visits of Mr Whishaw and Mr Smyth, two of the oldest of his friends. At the time that he was celebrated all over Europe, he continued, at an advanced age, to discharge with exemplary punctuality the most minute routine duties of the College at Haylebury, of which he was so great an ornament. He presumed on nothing from his reputation; he sought to be excused from nothing on account of his standing and his years. His discretion and urbanity, his authority and attraction, made him the most enviable colleague that the members of a public body could ever wish to act with; and his union of the severe and gentle virtues was so rare and so complete, that he was equally the object of their admiration and their love.

The Bishop of Chichester, speaking of the character of Mr Malthus in a social and domestic point of view, says truly—‘It is difficult to speak of it in terms which would be thought extravagant by those who knew him intimately, and who, after all, are the only judges of it.’ He adds, ‘His temper was so mild and placid, his allowances for others so large and so considerate, his desires so moderate, and his command over his own passions so complete, that the writer of this article, who has known him intimately for nearly fifty years, scarcely ever saw him ruffled,

‘ never angry, never above measure elated or depressed.’ (*Memoir*, p. 49.) In what we have ourselves been saying on this point we have spoken only that which we had the happiness of seeing; and we know our testimony is true. His mild and benevolent form is often before us. God forbid that we should forfeit the privilege of calling up into our chambers of imagery that so benignant presence! Yet, undoubtedly, we should feel that all honourable recollection of his friendship was inconsistent with the consciousness of having trespassed in his praise a syllable beyond—what he valued above all things—the modest and simple truth. Taking him all in all, he was the best man and truest philosopher we ever were acquainted with. It is some consolation on the loss of him, that we did not wait for his death to canonize his virtues. Looking back upon them, we can only repeat for ourselves what Bishop Burnet says of himself and of his free and frequent conversation with Archbishop Leighton. ‘ For that pattern which I saw in him, and for that conversation which I had with him, I know how much I have to answer to God.’

ART. X.—*Essai sur la Litterature Anglaise, et Considerations sur le Génie des Temps, des Hommes, et des Revolutions.* Par. M. le Vicomte de CHATEAUBRIAND. 2 Tom. 8vo. Paris: 1836.

2. *Sketches of English Literature, &c. Translated from the French of M. de Chateaubriand.* 2 Vols. 8vo. London: 1836.

HOWEVER ungracious the office of the critic may appear, it is undoubtedly true that the science of criticism is founded upon compliment. The very act of a formal examination of an author's works is a silent proof that we consider him worthy of serious and minute attention. M. De Chateaubriand is one who has long filled a wide space in the public eye; and we think it must be conceded that a man cannot make and retain a prominent and commanding station in the splendid literature of France without powers either eminent in themselves, or capable of a felicitous adaptation to the prevalent taste or habits of thought in the time in which he lives. Among popular authors, even in periods the most prodigal of intellect, we shall always find some who have mainly owed their celebrity to their coincidence with a sentiment peculiar to their age. The public love to see feelings, often the more keen for being artificial and temporary, reflected back upon them in ideal forms. It was to this cause that Sir Philip Sidney

owed much of his extraordinary reputation in his own day. This it was that gave the importance of fashion to Cowley's tortured conceits, and to the bombast of Dryden's heroic plays. This augmented to a fever the personal interest which Lord Byron created, and made his defects a portion of his fame. In each of these authors, in addition to whatever excellences they possessed calculated to charm and delight all time, there was a close sympathy with the epidemic of an era. The pedantic and florid chivalry of Elizabeth had its mirror in Sidney; the Court of Charles II, which, like all imitators, pushed the vices of contemporaneous literature in France to a fantastic excess, was delighted to find its affectations of language embodied in the genius of Cowley—its mock heroism, that so curiously contrasted its coarseness of taste, made stately and imposing by the power of Dryden; while, in our own age, the excited sentiment that could not but be called forth throughout the whole of Europe by the astonishing career of Napoleon, combined with the mental satiety that is common to a luxurious and highly civilized epoch, became blended and exalted by the fervid energy and exquisite style of Byron.

To a similar cause M. De Chateaubriand is, no doubt, indebted for much of his influence over the mind of his countrymen; for in France, during his earlier career, there were certain intellectual wants, which the fortunate constitution of his passions and talents enabled him to represent. The spirit of Rousseau (who, with all his faults, was the most eloquent and philosophical of all sentimental writers) still breathed throughout the nation; and France was eagerly waiting some successor to his mantle, when Chateaubriand and De Staël arose. But the terrors of the French Revolution,—the melancholy and disastrous extravagances which accompanied the sudden emancipation from a priesthood at once grinding and frivolous, and produced that worst of fanaticisms—the Bigotry of Unbelief—had led to a strong reaction in the more refined and imaginative circles of France. Another Rousseau, who should have preached infidelity, would have revolted the new spirit of society. Never, perhaps, was there a time in which the consolations of a future state were so universally desired as in the generation following the Reign of Terror. Few indeed were they who had not some to mourn for—some with whom the hope of future and permanent re-union presented a greater blessing than any which earth could offer. The victims of the guillotine were indeed less numerous than has been commonly supposed. But how many of the best, the bravest, the wisest, and the most virtuous,—those whose influence spread far beyond the narrow circle of hearth and home, reaching a scarcely definite limit of admirers, followers, disciples,—made the

moral amount of slaughter mighty and irremediable ! The wars, the conscriptions, the desolation that followed, complete the picture ; and in that most proud and romantic epoch of her history, when France struggled, first for liberty, and afterwards for empire, against the arms of a whole world, glory and lamentation went side by side. At such a moment, when faith in a future state, when the truth of Christian Revelation was so pre-eminently inestimable a boon,—while Deism, weakened, indeed, with the multitude, yet kept its stronghold amongst the men of letters, who still saw no models but in the philosophers of the last century,—an author whose talents no critic could deride, whose eloquence all men could understand, who appealed not to the reason of sages, but to the feelings of a sensitive population, who did not argue and prove, but who rushed at once to hearts open to receive him, in a glowing tide of poetry and passion, could not but be hailed with grateful and contagious enthusiasm. Such an author the French nation found in Chateaubriand. The *Génie du Christianisme* was the crowning work of a series of writings, in which the religious spirit of Christian Revelation is nearly always prominent and pervading. In reading this work we must, in justice to the author, transplant ourselves in thought to the time and place of its appearance. A philosopher, however great his natural power of argument and logic, who had seriously formed the grand design of bringing back religion to the hearts of his countrymen, would scarcely have had recourse to the weapons of the schools. There are periods when great and popular impressions upon the understanding can only be made by appeals to the feelings—when eloquence is more philosophical than logic—when, ‘although’ (to borrow Bacon’s comment on a passage in Aristotle) ‘the reason has ordinarily ‘over the imagination that control which a magistrate has ‘over a freeman—the latter may come to rule in its turn.’ If in a calmer period—if in his tranquil closet, a student, of what faith soever, should open the *Génie du Christianisme* with the expectation of finding new and convincing arguments for the truth of Christianity, he will be disappointed. The book was written for the mass, not for individuals, and was popular and effective precisely for the same reason, as the oration that sways a crowd may often be read without emotion. The old story of Tyrtæus is at least true as an allegory ;—when the many desire a leader, the Divine voice sometimes directs them to a poet. *Je n’ai point cédé*, says Chateaubriand, in his preface to the *Génie du Christianisme*, when he relates the cause that had induced himself to become a Christian—*Je n’ai point cédé à de grandes lumières surnaturelles, ma conviction est sorti du cœur—j’ai pleuré, et j’ai cru*. This egotism was the echo of a popular sentiment.

The multitude also had wept, and were therefore willing to believe!

Madame De Staël, who has many qualities in common with Chateaubriand,—who equals him in richness and glow of diction, who excels him in vigour of thought, whose reasoning faculties were more acute, whose imaginative powers were far more fertile,—had also a strong and poetical religious sentiment. But religion in her works does not take the active and imposing character that it does in Chateaubriand. She does not hold out the same positive assurances:—she implies, she hopes—Chateaubriand asserts and promises. It was by advancing the one step farther than De Staël that Chateaubriand at once reached the heart of the French public. His rank—his position in active life—his reverses—and withal his egotism, a quality often railed at, often ridiculed, but never ineffective in an eloquent writer, have all contributed to throw a splendour about the man; and his genius has unquestionably been inaccurately and far too partially gauged by those who measure the height of the author by the shadow of his celebrity. We do not mean, however, too sharply or too censoriously to examine the grounds upon which his admirers have built their eulogies and panegyrics. We have sufficient respect for the man;—we think that he has rendered to his countrymen sufficient service to induce us to speak of him with the general forbearance due to those who have gone through the weary struggle for fame, and at length repose beneath the laurel they have reared. We shall only attempt to point out some of those characteristics in the intellectual temperament of M. De Chateaubriand which appear to us to have produced, and still to exercise, an injurious effect upon French literature, and upon the proper and masculine objects with which the human mind should set out in quest of knowledge.

If Chateaubriand be sincere in his belief when he says ‘it is only by style that an author lives,’* that single sentiment may be the source of many of his most dangerous errors. He could not have chanced upon an aphorism more untrue. We scarcely know a single great writer of whom it can be said that he lives by his style. Style is the least durable of all an author’s peculiarities. In poetry, neither Spenser, nor Shakspeare, nor Milton, nor even Pope; in prose, neither Bacon, nor Raleigh, nor Addison, nor Johnson, nor Gibbon owe their immortality to their

* ‘Si Richardson n’a pas de style, il ne vivra pas, parce qu’on ne vit que par le style.’—*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise, chap. sur les Romans.*

style. We may as well say that men derive their souls from their dress, and that the imperishable spark took its origin from the marble of one age or the embroidered waistcoat of another. The style of an author has, no doubt, an immense effect upon his own immediate day—perhaps upon the succeeding generation—it sets a fashion to men of letters, as Lord Rochester or Beau Brummell may have set a fashion to men of pleasure. But the fashion in both is almost equally fugitive. The thought endures when the garb that clothed it is but a quaint and obsolete curiosity. When a man of genius embraces an error he too often makes the error a system, and certainly M. de Chateaubriand appears to us to have sacrificed largely to a very frivolous idol. In his regard for style, in his passion for the glitter of words, and the ornate pageantry of sounding phrases, we see the worst and most contagious vices of M. De Chateaubriand as an author. He appears to us as if he were wholly incapable of remembering that Truth is not represented to us as being superabundantly clothed; and in his florid sentences, even the simplicity of an ordinary fact appears before us tricked out from the most fantastic wardrobe of fiction. Thus all his writings have an artificial and theatrical air; the expression is ever more prominent than the thought; and as sculptors in the later age of Rome lost grace and vigour in proportion as they lavished their attention upon the draperies rather than the forms, so Monsieur De Chateaubriand, whose genius is not naturally of a very nervous order, becomes more and more feeble in proportion as he more and more labours to be effective in a wrong direction of art. His images do not look more life-like and corporeal because they are ingeniously hewn of parti-coloured marbles, and decorated with diamond eyes. Our author's passion for showy and elaborate wording is productive, however, of far worse faults than those of mannerism. It may be observed that nothing is more destructive to a quick intuition and a strong grasp of truth than an over fastidious and far-fetched selection of phrases: As it is somewhere said in Aulus Gellius, it is to split the 'pondera rerum' upon the 'verborum minutiis.' All the true ends of logic as a science were lost by the Schoolmen whom Bacon dethroned, when they reduced every thought to logical formula; and if this were the case with the pedantry of syllogisms, it is yet more natural that it should be the case with the pedantry of rhetoric. M. De Chateaubriand is ever seeking to say fine things, and he is ever saying false ones. Anxious to move, to startle, to astonish, he seems little to care by what means his object is effected. Always elaborating his words, he devotes but little consideration to the dogmas they promulgate. We can scarcely open a page at random even of the *Génie du*

Christianisme, his most learned and careful work, without falling upon a fallacy or a paradox. We have before said that we do not quarrel with this work because its general tone is declamatory instead of argumentative. We think he was philosophically right in treating his subject as a poet. But there is a truth in declamation as well as in argument,—in the poet as well as the mathematician. Shakspeare in one way is as true as Euclid in another. What we object to in Monsieur Chateaubriand, is not that he addresses himself to the heart, but that he is constantly thwarting his own progress to it by tawdry and impure ornaments; that he does not allow our reason to be passive; that he constantly irritates it against him; and that he is so perpetually throwing mock jewels into the well of Truth, that the disturbance of the surface scarcely ever permits us a quiet glimpse of the nymph below.

In the opening of the second chapter in the *Génie du Christianisme* occurs a fair illustration of his usual process of reasoning. He begins by stating his proposition in the following specimen of schoolboy metaphysics:—‘There is nothing ‘beautiful, or sweet, or great in life, but *mysteries* ;’ and then, to support his proposition by an historical fact, he gives us a poetical extravagance as an argumentative illustration. ‘*Le Secret*,’ he says, ‘is of a nature so divine, that the first men of ‘Asia only *spoke* in symbols.’ Now, by speaking in symbols, we suppose our author means that men in an infant state of civilisation had recourse to the clumsy expedient of hieroglyphics, not having yet discovered any thing better;—and that the first rude attempt *not to conceal* but to *record* and transmit their scanty portion of knowledge, is a proof of the divinity of *Le Secret*. According to M. De Chateaubriand, the writing-master is a very profane innovator! It will be observed, that we do not quarrel with the sentence first quoted, merely because it is an attempt at a fine sentiment; nor with the latter sentence because it is an attempt at a sublime illustration. We dislike them from their want of sense and apprehension of the truth. They appear to us to betray a mind that has contracted a habit, by constant indulgence of a false and meretricious taste, of supporting questionable commonplace by inapplicable bombast. Speaking of the primitive age of Christianity, he informs us that ‘then ‘wisdom was on the rocks, and in the caverns with the lions ;’ and exclaims, ‘*Jours trop tot évanouis!*’ as if rocks and lions were the most proper company for wisdom! He seizes upon some old exploded error, and states it as an incontestable axiom. Thus he says, without qualification, as if it were a mathematical and acknowledged truth, ‘the highest state of civilisation is

'the lowest state of morality,'—and 'to become a poet is to lose strength of thought!'—as if the greatest poets had not ever been among the most masculine thinkers of their time! These common-places abound in him—not so bad because they are commonplace, as because they are false. He loves them, he grapples with them because he likes to find his matter ready made, so that he may have more time to embellish his manner. He assures us gravely (we know not on what scriptural authority), that Adam was '*le plus éclairé et le meilleur des hommes, le plus puissant en pensée et le plus puissant en amour.*' Not content (he must pardon us for saying) with such stuff, a *platitudo* or absurdity is never with him a solitary ornament, but a base for a whole fabric of reasonings; and with an ambition that has, not altogether without justice, exposed him to the popular charge of *charlatanism*, there is scarcely a subject of science or art which he does not enter upon, with a total want of competent and digested learning, and with the usual substitute of sentimentality! He plunges into Natural History to ascertain why fishes are deprived of the organ of voice, while the animals of the earth have '*des chants et des cris.*' We expect here at least some profound physical conjecture; not at all, M. De Chateaubriand announces with the most oracular gravity, that the reason is 'because the water *a ses voix dans son propre élément, et, qu'au contraire, la terre est muette!*' This is very prettily said, but we think a man less confident of his phrases would scarcely have said it. '*Ces hardiesses*' (says our author, very sensibly, when speaking of another) '*font un effet très brillant; elles ont un FAUX air de génie.*' In criticism (in which M. de Chateaubriand indulges largely), his desire to dazzle, and his insensibility to what is intrinsically true, leads him into assumptions the most unconsidered, and propositions the most childish. Whenever he desires to establish any part of his theory, he does not care by what arguments he sets about it. So long as he can find room for an apostrophe, a simile, or a phrase, he thinks the object sufficiently answered. Thus, when his premises themselves are sound, his reasonings immediately throw out a new wing to the building upon more fanciful foundations. Asserting the benign influence of Christianity upon literature (a subject that, in the hands of a man of accurate knowledge and simple taste, would indeed furnish most exquisite additions to the philosophy of criticism), he is not contented without comparing Homer with Voltaire!—and so little does he even perceive that the appropriate is the very essence of the dramatic, that he holds it the height of excellence in Racine to have made the *Phædra* of the Grecian *mythi, une épouse Chrétienne!* Again, it is undoubtedly true that the spirit of Christianity has exercised an elevated and moral influence over descriptive

poetry. But Chateaubriand is never satisfied without pushing a quiet truth into a noisy extravagance ; and he therefore at once denies that descriptive poetry exists without Christianity. Even if we gave him up the ancients, which he insists on our doing—forgetful of the minute and elaborate pictures of scenery in the Greek tragedians, and that, the finest and most animated, description ever produced by an eye and heart vividly alive to external nature—the description of the beacon-fires in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus;—even if we give him up all this, we have only to remember the Oriental poetry—the Northern hymns—in order to feel that the descriptive is precisely that class of poetry, in all climes and times, the most universally cultivated. Even the warlike race of the South Sea Islands (in Tonga especially) rarely introduce love or war in their songs, but mostly scenery or rural description ; nor do they omit to interweave with their sketches, those touches of moralizing melancholy, which Chateaubriand considers the peculiar monopoly of Christian poets. Thus, in one of their more popular poems given us by Mr Mariner, they are invited to listen to ‘ the warbling of birds, ‘ the wooing of the wood-pigeon.’ ‘ As we stand motionless on ‘ the eminence over Anoo Manoo,’ proceeds this graceful song, ‘ the whistling of the wind among the branches of the lofty toa ‘ shall fill us with a pleasing melancholy, or we shall be seized ‘ with astonishment as we behold the roaring surf below endea- ‘ vouring, but in vain, to tear away the firm rocks. *Oh how ‘ much happier shall we be when thus employed, than when engaged ‘ in the troublesome and insipid affairs of life,*’ &c.

But, in fact, without going to Tonga, the least consideration of our intellectual constitution would be sufficient to show that poetry, dedicated to external objects, is ever that most generally pleasing to an early state of society ; and that the contemplation of nature would suggest to every one something of the melancholy and something of the simple morality which is ever interwoven with descriptive poetry, ancient or modern,—Classical, Oriental, Savage or Christian. In the same spirit of finding the worst reasons for the best cause, M. De Chateaubriand thinks Christianity more favourable than Classical Mythology to art ; *because it is of a nature altogether spiritual and divine*. But this, on the contrary, is precisely the reason why we have no original form of sculpture,—why in that art we are still driven to borrow from the Greeks;—why we become artificial, distorted, extravagant, the moment we attempt something more godlike than the graven images of a departed and sensual creed. The spiritual and mystic *may* inspire poetry ; for poetry does not invoke the imagination through coarse and palpable materials. But in sculpture, and even in

painting, the immense advantage of the Greeks was in the corporeal form of their religion, in opposition to the mystic. It was the spiritual and the mystic nature of their religion which, in Egypt and the East, depraved art to caricature, and the ideal to the monstrous. Idols with a hundred heads are the inventions of mystical creeds—Sculpture of the Symbolical. Thus, in short, crude, hardy, and extravagant are the constant reasonings of M. De Chateaubriand; and we scarcely know any of the various subjects he discusses which similar faults do not pervade and characterize;—we scarcely know a single mystery he undertakes to solve, a single question he magisterially adjudges, in which he does not give a reason at variance with a fact. He accounts for the poverty of the French in history, because the French do not lead a sufficiently domestic and private life for writing histories;—as if the habits of life were more domestic and private among the porticoes and gardens of the bustling, restless, feverish city that produced Thucydides and Xenophon! Always on the hunt for something startling, he is always contradicting himself: at one time he elaborately asserts the happy truth that Christianity is favourable to the sciences; at another he lays it down as an incontrovertible axiom that ‘the sciences conduce to irreligion, and irreligion to the sciences.’ It is this general want of accuracy, and of grave, well considered, honest, and unrhctorical regard for truth which mars the effect of M. De Chateaubriand’s most eloquent passages,—which cripples the utility of his most praiseworthy intentions,—and which renders the permanent impression he leaves on the public mind wholly inadequate to the noise which attends for a short time each of his brilliant but unsound publications. He is a grand pyrotechnist—but fireworks bequeath no light.

In the work now before us, Chateaubriand proclaims himself the founder of a new school—but we think he is rather the last of an old one. He seems to us to have advanced to the utmost the literary characteristics of Rousseau, whose early influence over his own mind he candidly confesses. It is true that it is a genius of a very different kind. Rousseau has more passion, more sympathy with the great interests of mankind; and in his mode of handling subjects, Rousseau, however largely he deal in declamation and sophistry, still proceeds, for the most part, by logical and thoughtful degrees. His premises may be false, or his conclusions may be false, but still his reasonings from one to the other are put in clear and methodical order. But Chateaubriand disdains all method and symmetry. Rousseau reasons and then sentimentalizes; Chateaubriand sentimentalizes and then reasons.

But it is in this that Chateaubriand is the pupil of Rousseau: He belongs to the school of words—not of things. The *Atala* of Chateaubriand, the *St Preux* of Rousseau, are, when viewed as creations of character, feeble and meagre. Each is made but the vehicle for eloquent declamation; and the character never grows the richer for all the wealth of words it exhibits. The author thrives, but it is at the expense of the hero. The author is often interesting; but somehow or other the hero remains an equally poor creature. Now, we do not mean to blame eloquence and poetry in themselves; they are natural, they are necessary, to the higher order of romantic fiction. But we think they should be so employed as always to embellish, refine, or exalt the characters into whose lips the eloquence and poetry are put. Thus, in *Hamlet*, the eloquence is a part of the character; the character is lost without it. Thus, to take, of course, a very inferior and ordinary example, one of the most poetical passages in ‘*Quentin Durward*’ is the last speech of Hayraddin, the Bohemian, before his death. But strike out a word of that poetry, and the final consummation of the character itself is marred. Now, in the school of writing commenced by Rousseau, and carried out by Chateaubriand, eloquence and *les belles phrases* are considered only in relation to the author as an eloquent declaimer, not to the character he portrays as an artist; and all individuality becomes weak and lost beneath the crushing prevalence of the writer’s own and intrusive habit of thought and style. But the School, as it is called, that has of late years sprung up in France, and of which Chateaubriand considers himself the founder, has unquestionably little in common with the school of *Atala* and *Julie*. If we are to consider Victor Hugo as the head of these later writers, we shall find that the exaggeration which undoubtedly pervades the works of himself and his followers, is precisely of an opposite nature. It is the exaggeration of character, not diction—of scenes, not sentiments—of passion, not rhetoric—of a feverish desire to produce, not original phrases, but original personages—not striking similes, but striking dramatic situations. And we think the source of this new school of Hugo’s is neither in Chateaubriand, nor in any national writer—but rather in the sudden inundation of English and German literature (through the coarse medium of translation) upon the French literary mind, at a time when it was preternaturally excited by vast political convulsions, and the great moral and social revolution with which those convulsions were associated. Shakspeare and Byron, Goethe and Schiller, had more to do with the most prominent and best established branch of the French romantic school, than

all the contemporaneous French authors put together. But out of the romantic school in France has grown an excrescence upon which we think Chateaubriand has exercised a very injurious influence;—we speak of that class of writers over whom Madame Dudevant (G. Sand) presides. Undoubtedly we absolve the eloquent Vicomte from the imputation of sanctioning or consciously inspiring the more revolting attributes of these writers. We believe the author of *Réné*, when he complains of the *Rénés* that have sprung up around him; and we invite peculiar attention to the following passage in the same chapter as that in which the complaint is to be found, and which makes one of the most faultless portions of the whole work. ‘A disease of the soul is not a permanent and natural state—we cannot reproduce it, make a *literature* of it—avail ourselves of it as a passion incessantly modified at the caprice of the various artists who mould it, and change its form.’ Far indeed is it from the ambition of M. De Chateaubriand to consider himself the master-dreamer of the morbid mystics who claim him as their Plato. Never were his vivid fancy and glowing declamation prostituted to the purpose of making a philosophy of vice. He may not always penetrate into the True, but he is never enamoured of the Corrupt. His sentiment, if sometimes maudlin, if sometimes illogical, is never the sentiment of harlots and sharpers of the *morgue* and the charcoal pan. Above all, M. De Chateaubriand is always a gentleman. His very weaknesses have something of the *preux chevalier*. He is often in the clouds, but he is never in the mire. Yet he is so far answerable for the faults of the writers we refer to, that we think it was chiefly from his example, as being nearer than that of Rousseau, that they have learnt to devote their ambition to startle and to dazzle—to study *words* as the principle of fine writing—to string together declamations upon feeling and sentiment, rather than to exhibit the play and action of great passions;—to render subjects, which ought to be gravely examined or profoundly felt, the lay figures for tawdry and ill-placed rhetoric—to make, in fact, their own egotistical feelings the deciders upon points the most sacred and solemn in philosophy and morals. A false system, commenced by Chateaubriand for virtuous objects, has been pressed by writers without his intellect and heart into the service of a vicious theory; and the illustration of a depraved experience. When he decried and attacked the exercise of the reasoning faculty, and the inductive process of argument, as more prejudicial to religion and faith than the dreams and impressions of an enthusiastic fancy, he gave an immense advantage to pseudo-moralists. It is precisely under the cover

of fine sentiments and sublime emotions, too elevated for vulgar minds, that the most pernicious and dissolute writers of his country, in the present day, have marched against all that is practical in ethics—all that is sound and natural in literature. He who attempts to dethrone common sense is more or less answerable for all the successors by whom she is replaced.

The French are fond of talking of Schools in literature. According to the popular phraseology, there are three or four new schools now existing amongst them. The rival academies of the Classic and the Romantic are subdivided into several seminaries. Each writer who hopes to obtain an important place in the public mind, is ambitious to set up a normal institution for himself; and a young man no sooner publishes a tale or a play, but what he vehemently desires that, like Victor Hugo, you should understand that he has founded a new school. If we say, this passage is inflated—that character is unnatural—surely this sentence is scarcely intelligible—the author smiles contemptuously, and replies, ‘Ignorant critics—all that you condemn in detail is a part of MY SYSTEM. I have set up a new school!’ The obvious consequence of this vast desire for originality and system, is an universal emulation who shall be the least simple and natural; and the fashionable literature of France, with all its varieties, assumes the one general character of being affected, extravagant, and distorted. Now, we believe that true and durable originality has never been produced by an *effort* to attain it. On the contrary, we suspect that those writers who have struck the public as the most novel and inventive, have usually commenced their career with close attention to previous models. The main and most characteristic attribute of real genius is, that it is essentially *imitative*. The strong and fervent ardour for the beautiful which exists in the poetical mind, leads it to admire, to study, and thence to imitate. By slow degrees, the very models, before his emulation, suggest to the man of profound and fertile talent a thousand new sources from which beauty may be drawn. His own imagination, first awakened by his judgment, wanders half unconsciously into new paths; and the world discovers that he is original, before he himself is inspired with the ambition of becoming so. The progress of Shakspeare is a type of the general career of minds destined to become the masters and models of the ONE Great School—the school of truth and nature. Shakspeare began first to alter and adapt the works of others; then to add and to embellish—and out of a deep study of high artists and imperishable art, rose at last the Othello and the Lear! So that in the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, Chateaubriand rightly observes that Shakspeare was ‘a last-born child.’

Neither Pope nor Lord Byron, men who, in our country, have produced the largest class of disciples, at first dreamed of becoming the founders of schools. The one, despairing of originality, desired only to polish and to perfect; the other, whether in the 'British Bards' or 'Childe Harold,' set before him the models of two kinds of poetry, each equally hackneyed and familiar. In the first, Byron saw Gifford and Pope; in the last, Beattie and Spenser. A great writer, intent upon embodying his own thoughts and creations in such a dress as seems to him most august and lovely, is too forgetful of the public to be anxious only to startle and astonish. He does not *hunt* for the odd and the new—he improves or re-constructs—he masters the problem before he deduces the corollary;—and it is thus he becomes an originator, an inventor, a discoverer. In literary history, the links between the last of a worn-out era—the first of an intellectual revolution—are never harsh and sudden, but gradual and almost invisible. The splendour of its native light, not the eccentricity of its gyrations, makes the character of each star, destined to shine for ever amongst the host, equally serene as luminous, with which it claims brotherhood and alliance. The writers who, before some of our contemporaries in France, were most punctilious in arrogating to themselves the title of a School, were the Della Cruscans. And in Germany, the initiated who spoke of the genius of Goethe were formally precise in explaining the system of the School of Kotzebue.

In M. De Chateaubriand's last work, we find many of the same peculiarities that distinguish his former productions. We do not agree with those who consider it the most superficial of his writings; but it is of a nature in which superficiality can be the most easily detected by the English reader. It resembles all its elder brethren in this, that its faults are those of the whole—its beauties those of detail. Its plan is radically erroneous; but many of its episodical digressions are admirable. Whenever M. De Chateaubriand affects recondite learning, he commits extraordinary blunders. In tracing the origin of the Latin language, a very ordinary philologist would prove to him that he has no ground to trace it, as if with the easy confidence of a man asserting an acknowledged problem, in great part from the Etruscan. Nor can we but smile at the sentimentality, if he be serious, which induces him to believe that the life of Homer was written by Herodotus; because it is so charming a thought that 'the life of the father of poets should be written by the father of history!' This is quite in the genius of Chateaubriand—to sacrifice a truth to a prettiness. But there are passages of vivid force and graphic conciseness incidental to his main theme which redeem

a thousand faults; such as his remarks upon the characteristics of the Middle Ages—upon the mind and qualities of Luther—upon the life and genius of Milton;—the forcible picture of Mirabeau;—upon Writing, as an Art; and even his own egotisms, though an impertinence in the work, are pleasing in themselves. With all his defects as an *author*, he is a *man*, whose account of himself posterity will not disdain to hear. We pass over, in silence, a variety of small mistakes, which we think excusable enough in one not professedly a deep critical student, in treating of the literature of another country. We regret, however, that knowing so little of Shakspeare's life and character, as even the best informed of us do, M. De Chateaubriand should have indulged in so many gratuitous hypotheses respecting him. We really think that the bright and genial creator of Othello and Desdemona—of Falstaff and Brutus,—all characters bottomed upon strong sympathies with humanity,—was the last of whom it could be said that 'he had a scorn of himself and the human race.'—'That he doubted every thing.'—'That he'—(he who gave to Juliet no elements but those of youth and love)—'believed no more in love than in any thing else. That 'he'—(who drew Hamlet, and Timon, and Lear)—'seems to have taken life as a fleeting unoccupied hour—a transient and agreeable leisure.' With all these puerilities, so commonplace as well as shallow, we are a little amused by the Vicomte's anxiety to claim our countryman as a *Catholic*; and at his discovery that Shakspeare's father was probably a Catholic also! But if M. De Chateaubriand is not very sensitive to those points in Shakspeare that are most admired by the poet's unenlightened countrymen, he is very ingenious in discovering beauties that had hitherto escaped us. Quoting the following lines from Margaret's speech in Richard III.,

"Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Farewell, York's queen—and queen of sad mischance!"

the Vicomte exclaims, in a paroxysm of admiration—"This is 'tragedy—the sublimest point of tragedy!'" We are sure that the latent sublimity of these sentences was never discovered before; and we confess that, now we ascertain what Chateaubriand *does* admire in Shakspeare, we are little surprised that there is so much in the Bard of Avon which he thinks it 'a wearisome task to read.'

It was a glorious task, and one yet to be undertaken, that Chateaubriand ought to have proposed to himself in the History of English Literature. But it is one that requires a very different order of intellect from that of the author of *Atala*—it

demands research patient and profound—a temper attached to order, but not crippled by a system—a philosophy that can comprehend where social and political circumstances influence literature, and where literature reacts upon and influences the former. The man who is capable of doing full justice to such a work, must not only feel as a poet, but judge as an historian.

The Normans are, next to the Hellenes, the most splendid people in history. Their influence over the world has been gigantic and permanent. They have formed the aristocracy of Europe; and we do not wonder at the pride with which men attempt to deduce their origin from so illustrious a race. They resembled the early Hellenes in many characteristics—their strong spirit of aristocracy—their limited monarchies—their restlessness and thirst for action—their pride, daring, and that almost intuitive taste for luxury which preceded their civilisation rather than arose from it. But they had not the wonderful perception of the beautiful which distinguishes the Hellenes and the Ionic portion of the (as we hold undoubtedly *kindred*) Pelasgi from all other of the great families of mankind. The first influences of the Normans in England were not favourable to our national poetry. Their own songs and lyrics had not the freshness and simplicity which usually characterise an early literature: they were for the most part at once rude and affected. The Conquest necessarily imposed a sudden check upon the growth of the native literature—the spirit of the people, which is the true germ of a national poetry, was crushed—their very language was ridiculed as barbarous—popular Saxon writings became translations or imitations from the French; and the Normans suggested not only the subject-matter for legendary lore, but, by the fashion of rhyme, the very mode in which the themes were to be shaped. But although our romance-poetry, if it did not absolutely spring out of that of France, must at least regard the *Trouvere* as its foster-father; yet, until something of the national and popular spirit began to revive under the new shapes which our infant literature had been violently constrained to assume, nothing could be more feeble and wretched than its languid and unhealthful aspect. It was not until a national spirit was once more formed that a national bard arose. Then, all the foreign and French adulterations began no longer to smother, but seemed to embellish and enrich, an original and characteristic muse; and Chaucer, though Norman by descent, a courtier and a scholar, the favourite of clerks and nobles, became at once the poet of a people; and united into one unique and decided whole the attributes and characteristics not more of the conquerors than the conquered.

With the Anglo-Saxons, a calm, settled, and agricultural people, there appears to have been a deep passion for simple nature and rural description, which is not common with the Normans; and which from first to last has made a striking feature in our national poetry. There was also among the Saxons, derived from their old political constitution, a strong popular feeling. Poets in England seem to have felt betimes a desire to have the multitude as an audience. Robert Mannyng, whose name bespeaks a Saxon origin, though he is generally known to us as Robert de Brunne, *i. e.* Robert of the Priory of Brunne (our first known versifier in the 14th century) declares the object of his 'Rhyming Chronicle' to be 'not for the lerid,* but the 'lewed.†

But some of the circumstances that most injured for a time our early literature, served, perhaps, to keep it from stagnation, and to stamp on it its most durable impressions. Thus it was precisely because in writing English our first rude minstrels addressed themselves, perforce, to the large masses of men,—to burghers, franklins, and boors,—that, despite the contagion of a foreign and artificial muse, there sprung up, in the ways and thoroughfares, a poetry especially robust, catholic, and manly. The very circumstance of there being two languages in England,—one for the nobles, one for the people,—though for a time it humbled and debased intellectual effort in the native language, imposed a certain limit, defined and insurmountable, to the influence of an alien and exotic tongue. And, while knights and nobles were listening to Norman madrigals, amongst more popular audiences the national genius was allowed to form itself; often borrowing from the more courtly lyres, but amalgamating every addition, and referring all to the best test—that of the greatest number. Thus the literary feelings kept pace, upon the whole, with the social advancement of the people,—grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength; and thus when Chaucer‡ wrote, though borrowing largely from the early

* Learned.

† Low.

‡ It will be obvious to the reader that our limits will only allow us to sketch a rapid outline of a very comprehensive and voluminous subject. Our general positions would be greatly strengthened if we could indulge in references to other early English writers, such as Gower, and particularly the author of *Pierce Plowman*. It is not want of space alone that prevents our touching upon contemporaneous poetry in Scotland. We think that there are so many curious and startling phenomena connected with that part of Literary History, that it would itself require an elaborate criticism.

Italian poetry—though not untinged by the Norman—it was at once a national poet formed by national circumstances, and appealing to a nation! Though, as we before said, a scholar and a courtier, it was in Chaucer that the literary spirit of the English people, vigorous, simple, and truthful, found its voice. It was an immense encouragement to the English language that a man so clerkly and so well with the great, should have given it the preference to the French. Unquestionably the extraordinary popularity of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*,’ and the ‘*Troilus and Cresseide*’ had a prodigious effect in rendering the language of a conquered people not only familiar but musical to the conquerors. Chaucer wrote for the people, but it was in the style of a gentleman. And he at once familiarized the Anglo-Norman and refined the Anglo-Saxon genius. The sympathies of Chaucer are not those of coteries and courts, they are with common and universal feelings. He has a passionate love of nature, and his minute and close descriptions are very different indeed from the pastoral affectations of the *Trouveres* and *Troubadours*. He has also that clear and racy power of discriminating and individualizing character, which springs from an observant eye and a social temper. Chaucer is the earliest writer in modern literature whose characters are strongly marked and distinct. His personages are to those of Boccaccio what Homer’s are to those of Virgil; and the study of Chaucer would, like that of Homer, conduce insensibly to the Drama. It was, perhaps, his constitutional sympathy with broad interests and universal feelings, no less than the concession of his reason to the tenets of Wickliff, that made Chaucer a satirist of monks and priests. He seems to have had a practical and shrewd philosophy in his easy sarcasms on those holy men, which is more subtle and thoughtful than the careless gibes of the *Troubadours*. The active career of Chaucer, his keen observation of the natural, whether in men or scenery, tended, perhaps, to make him the great founder of a very remarkable distinction of English literature,—namely, the mixture of the humorous and pathetic—the solemn and the comic. Faithful to human life, from which he insensibly drew his rules, he painted its changes as he saw them; and it is difficult to say in which style he excels the most, the grave or the gay. In his easy and muscular play, as it were, with his subjects, he may have found an example in Boccaccio. But it was Chaucer’s excellence, that he took no models of which Nature was not the Original. Perhaps if we were to name that author who had the greatest influence upon the English Drama, we should select Chaucer. His spirit is more visible in that department of our poetry, than any other. In fact the poetry of tales, as literature

became a more active agent of society, passed into the poetry of plays. The same individuality of character, correctness of purpose, and admixture of the grave and humorous, which gave life to narrative, took root in the drama, and became dialogue and action.

It was indeed an obstinate and dreary sterility of genius that succeeded to the sudden burst of the lyre of Chaucer;—from Chaucer to Surrey—from the reign of Henry IV. to that of Henry VIII. We do not think that the cause of this long barrenness has ever been satisfactorily explained. It is not enough to say with Mr Campbell,* that during the reigns from Henry IV. to Henry VII., under the evils of civil war, ‘the public spirit was ‘brutalized,’ ‘that the wealth of the rich was employed only in ‘war, and that the chance of patronage was taken from the scholar.’ All this is very true; but poetry requires neither the wealth of the rich nor the chance of patronage. Nor is civil war, regarded only in itself, an element in which the voice of the syren cannot be heard above the roar of the waves around. Mr Campbell justly observes, that in the religious schisms and political distractions of Italy, her arts and literature were not stinted of immortal fruit. But he appears to us to fall into a common error when he considers that the cause of the contrast between Italy and England, in not dissimilar political circumstances, was that ‘we had no Nicholas V., nor House of Medici,’ no ‘princes ‘and magistrates who vied with each other in calling men of ‘genius around them.’ We think that the patronage of the great is serviceable in cultivating mediocrity, not in producing great men;—that it will make a court elegant and lettered, that it will diffuse something of refinement even throughout a people, but that it is wholly ineffective in producing men of rare and pre-eminent genius. It may purify the atmosphere, but it does not create the stars. Great men have generally been celebrated before they have been patronized. We hear much of the patronage bestowed upon Phidias and Michel Angelo; but it was because Phidias was already a great artist that Pericles sought and honoured him; it was because the fame of Michel Angelo rang throughout lands where no patronage was extended to him, that he was employed to make statues for Julius II., and became civil engineer (!) to Leo X. The genius of Sicily was apparent before the poets of continental Greece adorned the courts of her tyrants; and the graceful urbanity of Francis I., which received the Muses as guests, failed to fix them as citizens. It is

* *Specimens of English Poetry*, vol. i., p. 80.

true that the religious persecutions, the sanguinary wars, the fearful commotions of England, from the death of Richard II. to the accession of Henry VII., were not friendly to the growth of science, but they were not necessarily fatal to poetry; nor, when we come to examine, do we find that poetry was in the least neglected; on the contrary, poetry was sought after and popular. There was no dearth of poetry, such as it was—there was only a dearth of great poets. The fifteenth century enrols the names of no less than seventy minstrels, enumerated by the antiquarian diligence of Ritson, of whom little more than the names are known to posterity. We have therefore to ascertain the cause, not why there was no poetry, but why there were no great poets. Perhaps one cause was this,—poetry is not only an art, it is an art that, in its loftier degrees, is founded upon high intellectual endowments. Now, there was that in the character of the times which absorbed all high intellect in political events. Amidst the contests for names and badges, white roses and red, there was a deeper and mightier struggle going on. The sturdy and iron Saxon spirit was re-awakened, and the multitude were already sensible of the advantages of civil rights and religious liberty. The reign, or rather the minority of Richard II. bequeathed the germs of undying revolutions in the rebellion of Wat Tyler,—in the daring heresy of Wickliff,—not unjustly termed the ‘morn-ing star of the Reformation.’ Mighty events on the surface, mighty thoughts and interests in the heart, of society, made such men, whom the strength of the social principle might have rendered great poets—actors, not contemplators. That in those wars principles went beyond the conflicts of party,—that great interests advanced in the shift and change of lordly and oligarchic politics, is evident from this:—No sooner was the strife over, no sooner did the first Tudor ascend a peaceful throne, than we find, amongst the wrecks of the broken feudal system, the majestic elements of a middle class. Superficial historians have made Henry VII. the founder of a middle class. But workmen can do nothing without materials. Henry VII. could not have made a middle class a century back. All that he did was to form and concentrate into order the rudiments of a new power, which not kings but time had created, and which even that subtle and profound monarch never could have overthrown. In the fifteenth century, the time was past for the chivalric and amorous poetry of the Norman and knightly muse. It was not the gay feuds of nobles and barons, of tournaments and lady love, that rent England to her centre. On the one hand, men of rank were now too much in earnest;—battle was too close upon their hearths, to allow the old and easy alternative of the lyre and the sword.

On the other hand, the people were not indisposed to listen to song in the short and stern intervals of leisure; and several writers appear to have enjoyed no inconsiderable popularity. Yet the people of themselves were not sufficiently advanced to produce a poet worthy to command posterity. Times as fierce produced a Dante; but it was not a people, it was a nobility that produced a Dante. There was nothing, then, in that age to prevent poetry being written,—poetry was written in abundance. But there was something in that age that prevented the creation of a great poet.

When a people are emerged from a barbarous life, but not yet advanced to general civilisation—when the nobles and the populace—when the ‘lerid’ and the ‘lewed’ make two distinct classes—a poet, who is necessarily, as we before said, *imitative* and studious, must be formed amongst the learned and the great. He must have had the advantage of some kind of education, the inspiration of some kind of models not known to the herd. Thus, as we before intimated, amongst nobles and scholars rose Dante in Italy—Chaucer in England. In such times, the University or the Court will be the national seminary of the muse. Now, this severance from the multitude will ordinarily tend to render the poet pedantic, stiff, or constrained—the sentiment of the people is the best corrective of the formality of the schools. But in the fifteenth century in England—not only was a court broken up—not only were kings made the tools of religious persecution and sectarian party—not only were nobles engaged in unrelaxing and ferocious slaughter at home or abroad; but even in the Universities the spirit of frivolous and formal quibbling, so common to an ignorant age burying itself in the ashes of dead tongues, was passing to its meridian. And a pseudo-Aristotelian succeeded in realizing one part of Plato’s Utopia, and banishing poets from its republic. But if (an exception to a common rule), in such times, poetry should arise amongst an unlettered, busy, and toilsome populace—it would be almost sure not only to partake of the coarseness and boorishness of its audience, but to be dedicated to the fugitive and fleeting humours and passions most congenial to the crisis of the day. Chaucer, whose habits of mind were formed before society was torn into chaos by the Civil Wars, happily combined the elegance and scholarship of one class with the broad and homely humanities of the other. But it is no wonder that Chaucer stood alone, as bigotry and slaughter closed over the momentary and precocious light which his genius shed upon the time. Even under more favourable circumstances, it may be reasonably doubted whether Chaucer would have found a successor much sooner than he did. We

are too apt to measure the order of the Past by our experience or the Present. But we must remember, that in the time of Chaucer there was no press. His poems were not like short and passionate lyrics which could fix themselves in the hearts of an illiterate population, and so, silently imbue the national taste, and beget national inspiration—their study was confined to few—and those few were men mostly of the cloister or the bar. Occleve was educated in the Municipal Law. Andrew of Wyntown was a Prior. Lydgate (the most popular and fertile of all Chaucer's pupils) was a Benedictine monk. It was scarcely amongst such academies—the concentrated retreats of song and erudition, that, even had the fifteenth century been a happier and more peaceful age, the healthful sociality, or the well-bred grace of Chaucer could have founded a fortunate race of imitators.

Meanwhile, however, the language improves, and Lydgate, and others inferior to him, sufficed to keep alive amongst the people something like a taste for the form and shows of poetry. But when the peace and order of the first Tudor's reign prepared the way for the pomp of Henry VIII.,—when the progress of civilisation and luxury produced, out of the disordered elements of a turbulent aristocracy, a settled nor uncultivated court,—when the Middle Class, long forming, became confessed and apparent,—when the invention of Printing had poured many popular, though now forgotten treasures of ballad and romance upon the delight of the populace, we suddenly perceive, almost at the same time, the re-appearance above the soil, beneath which they had for some time shunned the light, of two distinct streams of poetry, the Popular and the Courtly.

The first somewhat preceded the last. To say nothing of the ballad of the 'Nut-brown Maid,' which is referred by Warton to the year 1500, it was before the later court poets of Henry VIII.'s time wove their 'aureate terms' into elaborate sonnets, that Skelton poured forth his fierce and unmitigated scurrilities, in the simplest and sturdiest English: though a priest and a scholar, he has nothing priestly or refined about him. He represented the vulgar feeling against Wolsey in the plain and hearty railing, that with the vulgar is ever most effective. Equally simple and rude is Heywood the Epigrammatist, who was even popular at court, though his muse was, by emphasis, plebeian;—but Henry was not an over-fastidious critic. And in forcible contradistinction to these writers, we have the didactic and harmonious polish of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Italian smoothness and feminine elegance of Surrey. It may amuse the general reader to note the contrast between the writers of these two schools.

WYATT.

A description of such an one as he would love.

‘ A face that should content me wondrous well
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold,
 Of lively look, all grief for to repell,
 With right good grace, so would I that it should
 Speak without word, such words as none can tell.
 Her tress alsò should be of crisped gold.
 With wit, and these, perchance I might be tried,
 And knit again with knot that should not slide.’

SKELTON.

Character of Sir Thomas More.

‘ But now we have a knight
 That is a man of might,
 All armed for to fight,
 And put the truth to flight ;
 By Bow-bell policy,
 With his poetry,
 Had his sophistry
 To mock and make a lie,’ &c.

SURREY.

Description and praise of his Love, Geraldine.

‘ From Tuscan came my lady’s worthy race ;
 Fair Florence was, some time, her antient seat ;
 The Western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber’s cliffs, first gave her lively heat.
 Foster’d she was with milk of Irish breast ;
 Her sire an earl ; her dame of prince’s blood ;
 From tender years in Britain did she rest
 With king’s child, where she tasteth costly food.
 Honsdon did first present her to mine ey’n ;
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight ;
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas, doth chace me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind ; her virtues from above ;—
 Happy is he that can obtain her love !’

HEYWOOD.

Two wishers for two manner of mouths.

‘ “ I wish thou hadst a little narrow mouth, wife,
 Little and little, to drop out words in strife.”
 ‘ “ And I wish you, sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
 To speak all that ever you shall speak at once !”

Thus flowed together from two sources,—one of which may be traced to the very heart of the people, whilst the other sprung up from a less native, though more flowery Helicon, which from Chaucer to Surrey was perpetually fed by Italian springs,—those contrasted channels of literary genius, which, though united for a time, as we shall presently note, in one common reservoir, long continued to flow in parallel directions;—which afterwards saw the doggrel of Skelton expand into Butler, and the conceits of Surrey merge into the scientific affectations of Cowley. It was the Stage which united these opposite schools of poetry,—which brought the passionate and hearty populace, the ornate and fastidious nobles, upon a common ground of enjoyment and delight. The moving scene, the vivid plot, the energy and life of breathing characters, could charm the one,—the prodigal and dainty poetry of expression could fascinate the other. The strained conceits of Surrey and the sonneteers ripened into the picturesque and metaphorical exuberance of Shakspeare's dialogue; the simply marked individuality of Chaucer was cultivated into the affluent and copious metaphysical distinctions of Shakspeare's characters. Nearly all the rest of the splendid literature of Elizabeth and James was a sealed fountain to the people. It was a literature of sages and statesmen, of scholars and poets. But the great distinctions of society were not yet so amalgamated and blended as to make such stores a literature for the people. Even so late as the republican wars, the great popular champion Milton advocated the cause of the majority in a dialect that could be only appreciated by the few. But the English Drama opened its enchanted land to all; and perhaps more directly and immediately than any other causes less latent and less dwelt upon, awakened the imagination, and quickened the thought, of the bulk of the nation. The drama made also the connecting link between Poetry and Prose; it tended partly to characterise, something even to create, the gorgeous fabrics of language which were built up in the reign of James. In most countries, but in Greece and in England especially, the drama precedes the scientific or artistical formation of prose. It is the bridge over which the thought and the fancy, hitherto devoted to Verse, pass into a new region.

M. De Chateaubriand, whilst discussing the principles of the Reformation with temper and discretion, considering that he is a Catholic, yet does but scanty justice to the wonderful impetus which that vast event gave to the human mind. He assumes that the Catholic religion was essentially popular, that it was built up by the feelings of nations, and that the Reformation was the work of princes and gentlemen. But we

are not sure (and we will confine our illustrations to the subject immediately before us) when we see the delight with which the people had long listened to satires upon the Roman priestcraft,—when we find, long years before, that Wickliffe went to St Paul's with the mob for his body-guard,—whether Henry in this country, or Frederick of Saxony in Germany, did more for Protestantism than Constantine did for the primitive Catholicism. And for the rest, if it was under the auspices of a king that Protestantism arose in England, so the Roman church took root amongst us under auspices equally royal. But it matters little whether revolutions are effected by aristocracies or by democratic action; so long as the *principles* themselves must conduce to popular results. The democratic impulse of the Reformation was not in the motives of the agents, it was in the assertion of one imperishable principle—the liberty of thought—a principle which the Reformers themselves could not arrest. It was also precisely because princes and magistrates headed the popular feeling, that the Reformation produced another most important result in England. It drew all the classes of society in closer contact with each other; and the translation of the Bible formed one broad and green Oasis of literature and poetry, upon which all minds, the subtle and the blunt, the illiterate and the learned, met at a common well of instruction and delight, of solace and of hope.

Still, however, when the degrees of education have long been unequal in a country—when the body of the people have long been condemned to the mere rudiments of learning, and the few have been lost among the subtleties and conceits of schools—a generation must pass before literature becomes, as it were, fused and unimpeded in its circulation—before the public form one single and united audience. Even after the Civil Wars—even subsequent to the Restoration of Charles II., there was a court literature which was not the literature of the great English public.

While Cowley was introducing a new species of exaggeration and conceit into poetry, Herrick was continuing the old line of sweet and fanciful songsters that, formed amongst graceful and romantic knights and cavaliers, will ever be admired, but never widely popular. There was a struggle between the affectations of the old school, in which the Italian genius predominated, and the affectations of a new one, which had resorted to the more prosaic fashion of the French. Under the influence of the masculine vigour of Dryden, the last ultimately predominated; and that great author preserved enough of the true national spirit to be almost the first who excited an equal attention amongst the few and the many. His tales and his satires were

poems for a nation; his loose comedies, his stilted tragedies, were the corrupted fooleries of a court. It is a common error in criticism to suppose that the faults in taste and judgment of a great writer are those committed in compliance with the *popular* sentiment of the time—they are usually committed in compliance with the *courtly* or the *critical* one. The least consideration would suffice to prove that Shakspeare's amorous and artificial conceits, his strained and overlaid metaphors, his bad wit and play upon words, were not for the *groundlings*, but the *euphuists*. So all the worse faults of Dryden,—his detestable morality in his comedies, his high-flown bombast in his rhyming tragedies,—were meant for the court not the commonalty. There is so much of natural impulse and passion in a vast multitude, that a man who addresses, we do not say the reason, but the heart, of a multitude, is never long in the wrong. Even in the present day, when the public is so much more formed into one whole, we have been assured by those most competent to form a practical judgment (and the evidence before the Dramatic Committee confirms the assertion), that the taste of the gallery is more truly and soundly fastidious than that of the censor. Dryden was not only the first, as a poet, who began to unite all classes into one audience, but he also went far towards that end as a prose writer. In mere style, his beautiful English forms the happiest medium between the ornate of the scholar and the familiar of the people: had his subjects been those of more general interest, he would have effected the union which more familiar writers could not do; for the usual law of prose literature is to *descend*; and it is only at rare intervals, and then through the medium of poetry, that the uneducated and rude can seize and absorb the admiration of the polished and erudite. It is the man whose taste is with the few, whose heart is with the many, that makes the author of all ranks. The most thoroughly popular prose writer of Charles the Second's time was Bunyan: he embodied the most exalted sentiment, namely—the religious one—in the most familiar language; and he brought the most creative imagination to the level of the most ordinary reason. But Bunyan was not admired by the few, before, many generations afterwards, the continued admiration of the many forced him on their notice. It was not till the reign of Anne we begin to perceive that the fashionable and the popular literature were one and the same; that the public was no longer composed of discordant parts, but was a mighty and blended whole. No one has hitherto sufficiently estimated the profound and vast consequences which ought properly to be deduced from the praise applied to the 'Spectator,' 'that it brought philosophy from the closet to the ordinary hearths and homes of men.' The style framed

by Addison and others was undoubtedly prejudicial to much that was grand and sonorous in the structure of our language ;—to the learning and poetry, the majesty and daring, of the prose writers in the reigns of the Stuarts. But it compensated for all this by the compromise it effected between the critics and the people. The few, less scholastic and high-flown, the many, more thoughtful and intellectual,—now was the time to effect the union between both parties,—and now appeared, both in prose and verse, the writers who succeeded in doing so. Swift, Addison, Pope, Steele arose ; and their beauties were those which a whole nation could understand.

This was the true merit of the writers of Anne's time ; their correctness and purity of idiom have been greatly over-rated. It is wrong to consider them better models than Shakspeare and Bacon, than Browne, and Butler, and Herrick ; but they were fortunate in uniting the homely and the practical with the elegant and the critical. That form of literature in which the old English characteristics most lingered, was the blank verse. There, relieved from the weight of the Latin solemnity of Milton, still was to be found the copious riches of diction,—the minute adherence to animated nature, which we cannot discover in the French periods of the prose writers, and the artificial paintings of the rhymesters ; for in this department of verse the great and bold models of the old play-writers were still left unassailed and unadulterated by the more fashionable examples of France. France had no poetry in blank verse for us to imitate. The effect of the junction between all classes produced by the writers we refer to was fortunately this, that when the wide and vast public was added to the *coteries*, a corrective against the stagnation of *coteries* was at hand. Thus, when the artificial school was still in its highest vogue, it was by appealing to a large circle that passion and poetry were re-created. Fielding and Richardson broke up a new ground, by elevating the old dull romance,—the Clelias and Cassandras,—to a level with the drama ; and by bringing the humours, the passions, and the manners of the great body of mankind into more familiar, minute, and active operation, than even the stage itself will allow. But unless they had been enabled to appeal to a wide multitude, what could Fielding and Richardson have done ? Time went on ;—our poetry languished ;—the last fashion of our literature was in its dotage, when again it was restored to vigour and life. But how ? by appealing to critics and scholars ? No ! By applying the researches of the antiquary to revive the old poetical spirit of the nation. Percy's ballads did something to make the public sensible that there was that in the sources of English poetry, fresher, and truer, and

more healthful, than they could discover in the languid channels over which the Nymphs of Twickenham still presided. Gray redeemed the rhetorical structure and false glitter of his diction by the natural and the lovely subjects he selected; and the ode to Eton College, the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, were successful and most influential attempts to bring poetry back from the surface of social satire to the deep fountains of universal thought and sentiment. Goldsmith was perhaps the greatest and most various genius of his time. The 'Little Goldy' of Boswell, the snubbed pet of Johnson, produced the best comedy, the best novel, and the sweetest and most pathetic poetry of the Johnsonian era. Even in the compilations he got up for the booksellers, he familiarized the general reader to the beauties of a chaste and lucid style; and did much to counteract the pernicious influence which Johnson exercised upon good taste and natural composition. But what would Gray have been had he written only to the scholastic microcosm of the Stuarts? The 'Deserted Village' of Goldsmith would never have been written by a man who had only a court or an academy to address. The wholesome influence of a miscellaneous public is visible also upon the prose as well as the poetry of the period; and as eloquence was transmitted to a people,—as political concerns grew every man's business—as political genius, no longer confined to the schemes of closet-statesmen, became associated with Catholic interests, so eloquence broke forth in our senate. Then was heard the thunder of Chatham—a prelude to the burst and the blaze that followed;—the fancy and the wit of Sheridan—the simple yet studied majesty of Pitt—then did the passionate and Gothic intellect of Burke revive, and dedicate to every-day affairs, the pomp and poetry of the Elizabethan age; and then did the learning of the schools, the precision of the logician, the manhood and fire of the true English genius, meet in the robust and vigorous energy of Fox! It was the appeal to a people, not the cold deference to a school, that called up the Letters of Junius—the imperishable compositions of Burke;—that gave human body and strength to the set and crippled diction of the one, and concealed the iron weapon beneath the prodigal myrtle of the other.

At a late period in the last century flourished simultaneously two poets,* of very different qualities and attributes, but alike in this—each was born to rank among the poets of the people. The poetry of Cowper produced a great effect upon a very large class

* Cowper's *Task* was published 1785—a volume of Burns's Poems were printed at Kilmarnock 1786.

of readers; but we doubt whether it acted much upon the purely poetical portion of the public. On the other hand, we think it might be shown that the poetry of Burns not only operated on the wide circle of readers, but was peculiarly intense upon the small circle of authors. It acted twice upon the world—first on the existent society, and secondly on the literature of the next generation. We are yet, indeed, living under the moral influence of Burns: we are yet unaware of all the fruit it may ripen. In these pages, for a reason we have elsewhere stated, we have not entered into the fertile field of Scottish poetry. But we cannot be quite silent upon Burns; for we see his breathing and vivifying spirit every where abroad. Not only is it manifest in the philosophy of Wordsworth, in the glorious lyrics of Campbell, in the patriotic melodies of Moore; but wherever, in the vast and crowded haunts of labour and trade, the humble artisan feels the sense of his own dignity—burns with the desire of the beautiful—is haunted with the dream of knowledge—gathers up the daisy from the plough-share, and estimates at their true distinctions of value the ‘guinea stamp’ and the ‘gowd’—*there*, yet glows, elevates, and inspires the royal and gentle spirit, with its lion courage and dove-like tenderness of Robert Burns! And this is the man of whom M. De Chateaubriand contents himself with saying,—‘He wrote several drinking ‘songs, full of humour, without the elegance of the songs of ‘Desaugiers!’

The last century went out amongst the ashes of extinguished luminaries. Our literature was in all the decrepitude of exhausted age, when by a recurrence of its first principles, it broke forth into the lustiness and vigour of a second youth. It was from the most popular and national sources, long re-discovered, but partially visited, that a new inspiration was drawn. Scott went to the literature of the Democracy,—the legends and the ballads,—and thence was conceived a poetry dear to every class, and full of associations to every ear. Wordsworth sought a subtle philosophy and a high-wrought religion in the homeliest wells of sentiment and emotion; and Byron, unconsciously to himself, derived all the magic of his singularly popular poetry from his deep sympathy with mankind, in the most common and human sources of melancholy reflection, viz. the vanity of life and the satiety of pleasure. Affecting the unsocial and the misanthropic, the secret of his whole genius is in this marvellous sympathy with all that interests his time. Whether quarrelling about the merits of Pope, or heading an expedition into Greece, or describing modern society in *Don Juan*, or invoking ancient idols in *Childe Harold*—lampooning, or declaiming, or moralizing, or debating—

Byron is always thrusting himself into the centre of human interests, and fighting with the mob, on the pretence that they will not let him out of the crowd.

The compromise between all classes of the public, effected by the writers of Anne's day, was therefore, like all compromises, literary or political, effected between the oligarchy and the democracy—the democracy, once admitted into the general compact, gained in the long run; and profiting by the intelligence, the taste, and the energy of the few, became, from the mere fact of being appealed to and consulted, accurate judges and wise reformers.

We have selected, in the foregoing remarks, a certain point of view, in which we think the History of English Literature should be regarded; as being one not only of which M. De Chateaubriand seems generally insensible, but to which we could desire the attention of more serious and penetrating speculators to be invited. The more the principal eras of our literature are examined, the more it will be found, first, that it was distinguished, at a very early period, from that of France, by a strong sympathy with the people. This much indeed M. De Chateaubriand allows; since he says, with truth and discernment, 'that the poems, chronicles, and romances of England, have an element which was formerly wanting to ours, the popular element.' And, secondly, it will be noted that it has been by a new infusion of that element, a new return to its first principles, that, in times of languor and apparent decline, its vigour and youth have been restored. We are not among the decriers of the present day, or among the despondent sceptics as to the future. We see in our political progress much that, in accordance with the spirit and experience of the past, must be favourable to literature. Till the harmony between intelligence and the people is destroyed, we think that the genius of our language is possessed of the great elixir of renewed and regenerated life.

Our limits have forced us to omit many views to which the work before us naturally gives rise. We could have wished to enter at some length into the characteristics of the writers M. De Chateaubriand has rejected altogether from his catalogue. We could have wished yet more, to pause with him in his view of the Reformation—in his estimate of our great Reformers. We know not any subject more inviting to an historical critic, than the portraits of those gigantic agents of the most enduring of all modern revolutions. Each character so prominent and so individualized! Wickliff, with the daring of the demagogue, not the fortitude of the martyr;—popular rather from his resistance to men and institutions, than from his opinions, which were recondite, paro-

doxical, and full of all the learned crotchets and heated metaphysics of his time. Luther, full of sublimity and coarseness, but in every foible and in every excess pre-eminently a MAN;—conquering all obstacles, less by his intellectual genius than by his moral and physical qualities;—engaging the popular sympathies, not by craft, by reasoning, by imposture, but by his deep and genial social feelings. It was as if it were the strong pulsations of his own human heart, struggling sometimes with others, sometimes against itself—that made the true vibration from Luther to the world! Most of the early reformers took up the doctrine of predestination: it is a leading feature in their creed not sufficiently considered in its importance. The doctrine of predestination is the greatest foe to the terrors of superstition, and the greatest friend to the enthusiasm of fanaticism. The large proportion of successful reformers are enthusiasts—and on calculation, we think it would be discovered that a large proportion of enthusiasts are fatalists. Calvin supplied to the predestinarianism of Wickliff and Luther, an elegance and force of reasoning unknown to either. But Calvin could not have worked without great precursors. He was one of the dragon seed of the blood of martyrs. Others through the passions awakened the reason, but it was to the reason, now awakened, that Calvin principally appealed. Harsh, austere, formal, the dry characteristics of Calvin form the greatest contrast to the irregular passion and affectionate biases of Luther. But Calvin was a man of pure zeal and steadfast sincerity: his firm convictions made him uncharitable. He was not aware of the results which were to spring from the part he played. The man who burnt Servetus could not have foreseen that he was to be the founder of a sect most identified with the principle of Liberty of Conscience. In opposition to these bold and rugged innovators, what soft and apostolic beauty in Melancthon, the St John of the reformers—the influence of whose spirit has been more extensive than the influence of his creed! And what knowledge of mankind, what intuition into the spirit of a peculiar time and people—what vigorous philosophy, what practical experience does it not require to do full justice to Knox? M. De Chateaubriand seems to think that the tendency of the Reformation has been towards barbarism. He asks what has it created—and replies, ‘It may point to the ruins ‘it has made, and amidst which it has planted a few gardens and ‘established some manufactures.’ We are really not desirous of reviving bootless and unwise quarrels between creed and creed. But we say that if there had been no Reformation, M. de Chateaubriand might never have written a book upon the literature of England. We place Protestant Germany and Protestant Britain (where Protestantism is most strong) against Catholic Italy and

Catholic Spain (where Catholicism is most in force). When M. De Chateaubriand points to the arts of Italy in the Middle Ages, and attributes their growth to the influence of the Roman Church, he is evidently unaware of the answer a Protestant schoolboy might make him. Those arts grew up under democratic governments; and if the religion, not the government, had produced them, why did they cease as the governments expired, though the religion remained no less influential? Why, above all, were those arts the most rife in Florence, over which the Papacy exercised but slight control? and why did Rome, the very seat and focus of the Pontifical sway, never produce a single great man of original mind, except perhaps Cola di Rienzi? and even he not only appeared at a time when the Papal dominion had emigrated into France, but affected to be a religious reformer, no less than a political redeemer. But we content ourselves with defending a ground sacred in our eyes, not only as Christians, but as philosophers and freemen; and we do not desire, nor do we think that in the nineteenth century it is necessary for the purposes of truth, to carry the question into the quarters of our assailant.

We now take our leave of M. De Chateaubriand. Although what we have said cannot please his admirers, neither will it satisfy his decriers. We have endeavoured to judge and to treat of him without prejudice or passion, and rather with forbearance than severity. We have spoken strongly, it is true, of certain of his characteristics which appear to us to be faults; but it is because we consider the faults to be contagious, and of that class which is more noxious in those who catch the disease, than in those with whom it originates. For the rest, we sincerely think, that when it shall belong to posterity to sit in judgment on M. De Chateaubriand, he will be considered as one of those whose career is like a part of their works;—whose personal and literary character are inseparably blended together;—whose action has been poetry, whose poetry action; and that whatever station, regarded simply as an author, he may assume, he will,—at least in the more complex character of a man whose path, lying through many picturesque reverses, has been always brightened by the light of a graceful, eloquent, and honourable mind,—go down to distant generations as not the least interesting and attractive actor in an age that must ever appear an astonishing epoch in human records, whether from the events it has witnessed, or the men it has produced.

ART. XI.—*What Next? Or, the Peers and the Third Time of Asking.* 8vo. London: 1837.

THIS is a seasonable pamphlet,—taking the reader in a business-like manner to the two or three points of view, from which alone the real necessities of the present moment can be distinctly seen. It shows the true nature of our position—what has been done—what is left to be done—and by what means alone the last can be accomplished without a national convulsion. Radical newspapers have joined Lord Lyndhurst in the sneer on the Ministers, with which that consistent leader of the House of Lords summed up his destructive Conservatism at the close of the last Sessions. ‘Your promises were, as you then were, mighty: your performances, as you now are, nothing.’ These nothings, it is proved, make up, after all, a considerable sum, though a great deal less than was to be desired, and something less than was expected. Why and how it came to pass that the promises and the performances coincide no better, are questions which can be answered by nobody, so well as by Lord Lyndhurst himself. In the meantime, under actual circumstances, the consideration of most immediate interest with thinking people, is not so much what forms of constitution, or what administrative measures are abstractedly the best, as—by what course, without putting too much to hazard, the advantages which we have recently acquired may be most extensively improved. It is by a steady union and co-operation of Reformers of every description in support of the most liberal government, of which the divided state of public opinion admits at present, and by this alone that men of reforming politics can reasonably hope to advance forward, step by step. A disunion among Reformers, however plausible and exciting the arguments which may seek to justify it, or by whatever disappointments it may have been provoked—will most assuredly throw Reformers back. In the few words to which we now confine ourselves, we are doing little more than recalling to the minds of independent men the mischiefs of disunion—mischiefs, which it is the misfortune of sanguine temperaments and manly characters too frequently to overlook.

The approaching Session brings together the imperial Parliament under circumstances of awful responsibility. It will determine, under whose charge the government of the country is to be placed. Whether it is to be continued in the hands of men, who, however popular in their spirit, and reforming in their measures, nevertheless, among the present divisions of

political opinion, represent in strictness a middle party; or, whether the management of public affairs is to be transferred to either of the extremes. The latter supposition is the same thing as supposing that the Tories are restored to power. For, the Radicals know as well as we do, that their means at present are destructive only. They may destroy an administration; they cannot form one.

The restoration of the Tories to power, even for a day, on pure Tory principles, is an occurrence only one degree less impossible than the formation of a Radical cabinet. The attempt could lead to nothing but to alarm in England—in Ireland to civil war. It cannot enter into the mind of man to conceive a Tory restoration as a thing peaceable or permanent; unless it should be accompanied by new combinations among the principal persons engaged in public life, and by corresponding concessions and compromises upon all the great measures of principle and policy, respecting which the minds of men are, up to the present instant, so much divided and disturbed. Coalitions of this kind, when absolutely necessary for the public safety, are nevertheless extremely difficult and infinitely hazardous. They are of very delicate negotiation,—are exposed to manifold misconstructions,—and can never be looked at with greater favour than that they may become the least of two evils. To this complexion, however, on the supposed contingency, things must come at last. The English people are likely, above all other, soon to weary of temporary administrations constructed only to totter and be destroyed. If the Radicals were to withdraw from the support of a Whig government in sufficient numbers to produce or threaten an inveterate derangement of the public service, they may rest well assured that they would not be called into consultation concerning the appropriate remedies for the disorders which their impatience will have caused. The spear which has inflicted the wound will not be thought the instrument best suited to heal it. It is the preceding question alone—whether the crisis is or is not to arise—which the Radicals have the power of deciding. Sir Robert Peel counted before upon their dissatisfaction with the Whigs, for not having admitted them to office, and for not going sufficiently fast and far towards organic changes in the constitution. He was disappointed in that expectation. We are certain that he will be equally mistaken, if his new fortune-tellers should have persuaded him that the Radicals are become more foolish and desperate now, than they were found to be a few months back. At the same time, in a situation where the balance of parties hangs in so nice a scale as at the present moment, the temper and discretion of the bulk of any party is not security enough. It is fearful

to think, how small a number of persons is wanted to do all the mischief. When it is once done, a future opens upon us, of which nobody can pretend to see the end.

We have waited to see whether any light was to be thrown on the approaching session from the political festivities at Bath and Glasgow. The respective revelations have not come to much. We have too high a notion of their common sense to believe that any influential portion of the Radical party is identified with the speakers at the Bath dinner. Supposing, however, the temper and views there displayed to be transferred on any considerable scale to the House of Commons, there is an end to the Whig Government; which, in that event, will most probably never rise again in either its ancient form, or its ancient substance. The time will then have arrived at which, prudent men, bent, above all things, on providing in the first place for the public safety, will be compelled to revise their course,—to calmly re-examine the comparative strength of parties, and also the comparative importance of the principles and measures, on which the several parties differ and agree. The period will then have arrived when, if we are to have a government at all, we must consider what, among many severe sacrifices, is the least amount of sacrifice, necessary for putting upon a safe and permanent basis, those new arrangements which the desertion of a certain number of Radical malecontents from the support of a reforming government may have rendered unavoidable. But we cannot believe that this will be the turn which affairs will take. We pause for the meeting of Parliament, and for the regular opening of the campaign by captains of more authority. It is impossible to anticipate that the proceedings of Sir W. Molesworth and Mr Roebuck are destined, in the present day, to injure the cause of good government as extensively as it formerly was by Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Cobbett. Should the dilemma occur, the recent speech of Sir Robert Peel furnishes but scanty materials for conjecturing what is the prospect which he sees before him, or what is the course which he is meditating to pursue. He can hardly dream, under any circumstances, of being able to bring together a cabinet made up according to his own devices, or after the undefinable harmonies on which he formed his last. Yet he has not uttered a syllable concerning the terms which might make it feasible that a government could be framed at once so liberal and comprehensive as to comprise in it those possible sections of Whigs and Tories whom lovers of their country can ever wish to see in the same Cabinet.

When a vast variety of questions are under debate, and public

opinion is broken up into so many minute elements and subdivisions as at present, there must be great uncertainty in all the methods by which men, who nevertheless are looking equally in a great degree to public opinion as their guide, would proceed to collect and calculate the gross result. This contrariety of opinion, and uncertainty in the criterions of it, are among the principal difficulties of popular governments. The difficulty is infinitely increased when the contrariety travels along distinct *strata* of society, and is taken up and incorporated by the form of the constitution into the very mechanism of the state. This is the case, however, as often as two co-ordinate legislative assemblies have the misfortune to reflect distinct opinions belonging to the classes which they severally represent. In this particular instance the business of life will force its way at last—the deadlock, sooner or later, must be removed. The House of Lords can scarcely be ignorant that among some men the only question is, how shall it be done? If the subjects on which the stoppage takes place are subjects which cannot be deferred, a clear passage must be obtained for them by an alteration in the material constitution of the machine. The alteration must in this case specifically consist in taking away from one or other of these opposite opinions the means of expressing itself with co-ordinate authority. The double machinery must be so far rendered single that the weaker opinion shall be made to work concurrent with the stronger. There can be no escaping from the condition contemplated in the old saying—where two are to ride on the same horse, one must ride behind. The dispute is always, which. If the difference should fortunately exist only upon subjects which can wait, society can afford to give the weaker of the two classes of opinion the benefit of time;—at least it will hopefully trust awhile to the gradual operation of moral causes,—to free discussion and the prevalence of truth,—or, at the worst, to the prudential necessity of giving way on one side or the other, when it is evident that otherwise the material breaking up of the machine itself is an alternative which can no longer be evaded. On the other hand, where the impediments arising from differences in public opinion do not assume so formidable a peculiarity as that which is created by an irreconcilable discrepancy betwixt a House of Lords and a House of Commons, the conflicts to be endured and the obstacles to be got over are of a far less painful and embarrassing description. Still they may be serious enough to task to the uttermost the reason, patience, and charity of the opposite parties into which a community shall chance to be divided; and more especially may put in requisition all the conscience,

courage, and discernment of its public men. For Great Britain, however, even in this predicament, we have little fear but that it will come out of the fire more frightened than hurt. In the structure of its society, and in the harmony between its chief institutions, whether civil or ecclesiastical, and the mass of its population, it has so far consolidated its powers that—as far as positive misdemeanours in legislation or administration are concerned—to govern very ill in either England or Scotland is out of the question. In saying this we have neither temptation nor disposition to understate the difference between the character and conduct of the principal persons engaged in public life; nor do we speak slightingly of the advantages of a united legislature and a united people. Although we may ultimately see the causes of delay withdrawn or overcome, and the measures fairly consequent on the Reform Bill may at last be carried through by those whose attachment to these measures is guaranteed by their previous attachment to the principles of Reform, the time cannot be lost with impunity. There will be much intermediate suffering; and measures too long in ripening find that from hope deferred the heart has been rendered sick. But when we come to Ireland the case is entirely changed. Ireland cannot wait. If the Whig government should be destroyed or damaged, or obstinately thwarted, we do fear for Ireland with regard to those very measures in which, and in their immediate settlement, the safety of that unhappy country is involved. Imagine the most probable of all consequences,—an Irish civil war. When the shrieks are borne, and the burnings flare across the Channel, will the people of England quietly look on? With regard to England itself, interminable differences of political opinion produce no other immediate effect beyond the overthrow or deposition of successive Cabinets;—that is a misfortune which inevitably brings on either great calamities or vigorous resolutions in its train. The shattering or enfeebling of the administration of affairs by jealous demands and groundless defections might, for a time, disorganize the functions of government, and throw such a cloud over the confidence of ordinary minds as would be highly dangerous in so artificial a condition of society as ours. This, however, is a state of things which could not continue long. An extreme case will show it. If the multiplicity of its political unions were to succeed so far in disuniting the English nation as to sever it into twelve equal fractions, and if the eleven were uniformly to combine against the twelfth, it would be impossible to make a government. Every approximation to this extreme case is an approach to the impossibility. If a Radical government is out of the question, and the Radicals nevertheless proceed to over-

turn, disqualify, and degrade every other form of liberal government, the English constituencies must soon perceive the paramount necessity of looking at the question upon other and higher grounds than those from which they had looked at it before. The only stable government which they can make, may not be in several respects, both as to men and measures, precisely the government which the majority even would have chosen. But it will probably be the best on which, under the circumstances, the majority can expect that they should agree; and this will be enough for them. In any state of the public mind which we have known or can foresee, there can be little doubt from what materials, and on what principles, such a government must be formed. The Radical tendencies imputed to the Whig government have cost it many of its original adherents. As soon as the Reform Bill was well passed, the government had to choose, according to its measures, at which end of its supporters the secessions should take place. A middle party is almost always less popular than it ought to be; but as the struggle proceeds, it is generally found in the long run to be stronger than it has appeared. In the leaning between these two extremes which the Whig government has manifested, we think that, as far as it has hitherto been called upon to choose, it has performed its duty by the public. It follows, that in so doing it has realized for itself the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the intermediate position on which it took its stand. Among the most painful obligations of this position is the necessity which it imposes, of withstanding the remonstrances, and of submitting to the loss of unreasonable friends. But in proportion as Whigs are, and have been true Reformers, they are bound to watch over the Reform Bill, and to defy the cry of 'wo to those 'who stop,' by which Reform is turned to Revolution.

Those among the Radicals, who, if they had their own way, would break up the Whig government, profess to have no such intention. The occurrence, in case it shall take place, will be an untoward incident consequent on the general policy which, in justice to their own opinions, they feel called upon to pursue. The English people must have fallen off considerably from the practical good sense for which they once were famous, and by the cautious exercise of which they got the start in the glorious privilege of teaching the nations how to live, if proceedings of this kind can raise the gentlemen, who shall pursue them, in the esteem of their country, as sensible and useful politicians. And what is the mighty object for which these risks are to be run? In order, at a period when questions of life and death regarding Ireland are pressing on the Legislature, to precipitate a legislative discussion regarding doctrines which have not yet had time to sink into the public mind.

If these matters are intended to be settled by reason, and if their teachers have the same confidence in the reasons by which they are understood to be made out as the commonwealthsmen of old had in theirs, there never was a more fitting occasion for acting upon the principles promulgated in 1659 by Harrington, when he put forth *a word concerning a House of Peers*. ‘Where seed’ (he says) ‘is well sown and rooted, intervening possessions and interests are like such weather as, holding back the spring, yet improves the harvest: Commonwealthsmen may have a cold time on’t, but upon the commonwealth it must bestow fermentation. If *the old English Constitution** be found practicable, commonwealthsmen are satisfied in their consciences, and so ready in fair ways to return and submit, not only for wrath but for conscience sake. But (let divines cry atheism, and lawyers treason) if it be once discovered to common understanding that *the old English Constitution* is impracticable, then in comes the commonwealth not by halves, but with all its tackling, full sail, displaying its streamers, and flourishing with top and top-gallant.’

Suppose the Whig Government to be broken up by the partial secession or opposition of the Radicals, the Radicals will be answerable to the country for all the consequences of their tactics. A Tory Administration, with disquietudes in England, and civil war in Ireland, will, in all human probability, be the first fruits of their new policy; whilst in the rear must come on further changes which it passes human sagacity to shadow forth, in their outline or results. Of these we might probably be driven to place among the least, all the fears and dangers and discredits which attach to administrative coalitions, however necessary in themselves, and however they may have been forced by the public, from the emergency of the case, upon public men professing practicable opinions. If the Radical faith be ever destined to flourish in English soil, the example of such egregious misconduct will, we doubt not, throw back its progress for many a year.

On the other hand, let us take the more pleasing and probable alternative, and suppose that such a majority of the Radicals remains faithful to the present Government as will enable it to carry on the public service in the House of Commons. In this case it is high time for the House of Lords to be upon its guard.

* Harrington’s word is—monarchy. We have translated it *cypres*, into—the old English Constitution—according to the arguments and language of the present day.

It is as its friends that we say so. We beseech it to look to the dangers which it will accumulate upon itself, and upon the constitution, by intemperate perseverance in the spirit and conduct which it has recently displayed. To our minds, it is as clear as the sun at noon, that it is vain to think of governing Ireland in peace, prosperity, and honour, except Ireland be governed on the same principles of common sense, equality, and justice, both in Church and State, which have succeeded so well, and which alone could by possibility have succeeded in the kindred realms of England and Scotland. To take issue on the distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant communities, they may rest assured, will never do. If the House of Lords continue to recognise Lord Lyndhurst for their leader, the House of Lords by so doing proclaims itself the enemy of the Irish people—that people whom he has denounced aliens in blood, language, and religion. If the House of Lords persists to keep itself, whether under the same or any guidance, in an attitude of hostility to a popularly elected House of Commons, it will soon become utterly impossible for those who are, and wish to continue warm friends of the institution, successfully to defend it. A determined severance of itself from the common interests of the state, on the part of any one of its constituent members, can only end in revolution. In whatever form, and from whatever quarter it may come, such a revolution will be much more extensive and much more fatal than any thing comprised in the complete establishment of all the hundred organic changes which the most fertile Radical invention has hitherto devised.

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